Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
FEBRUARY 1988

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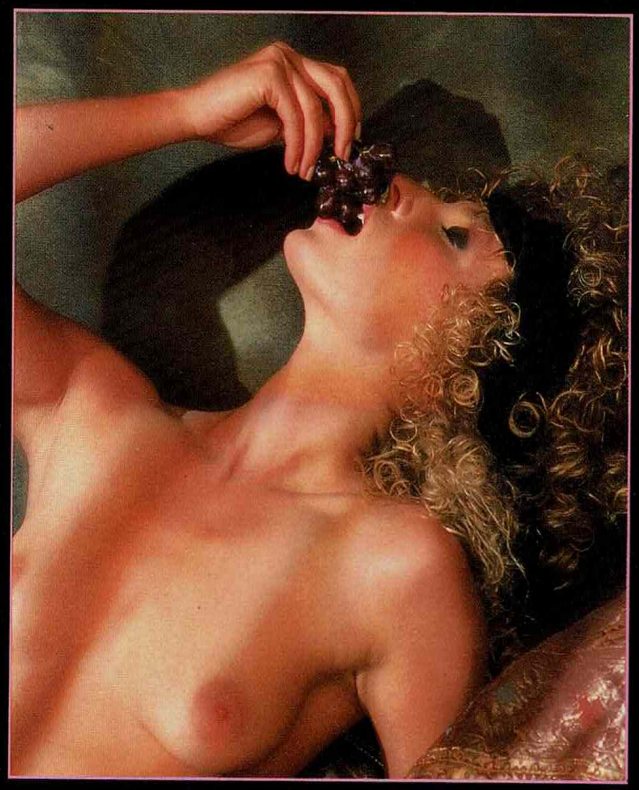
EDITION



GOLDEN DILDO AWARDS:
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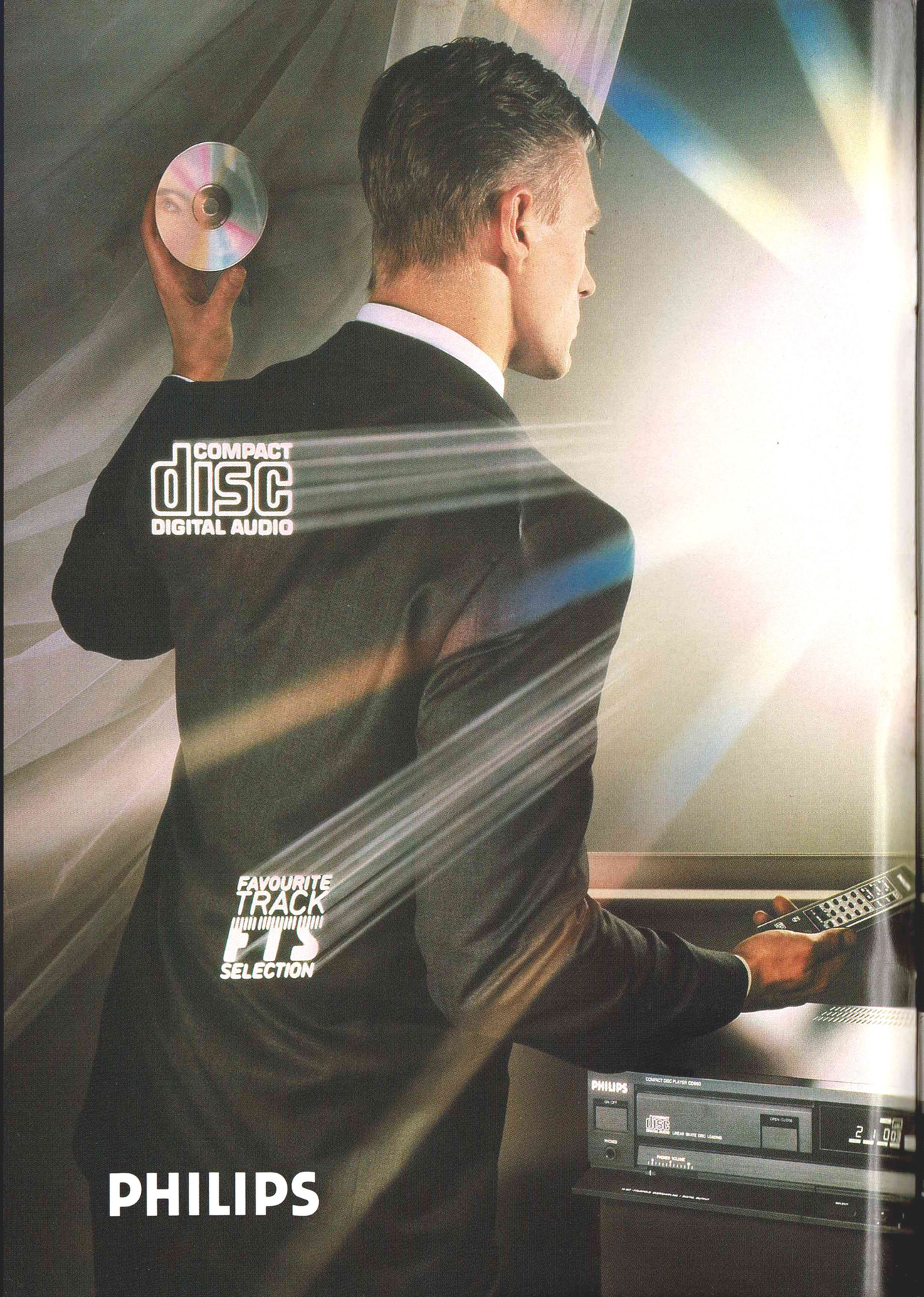

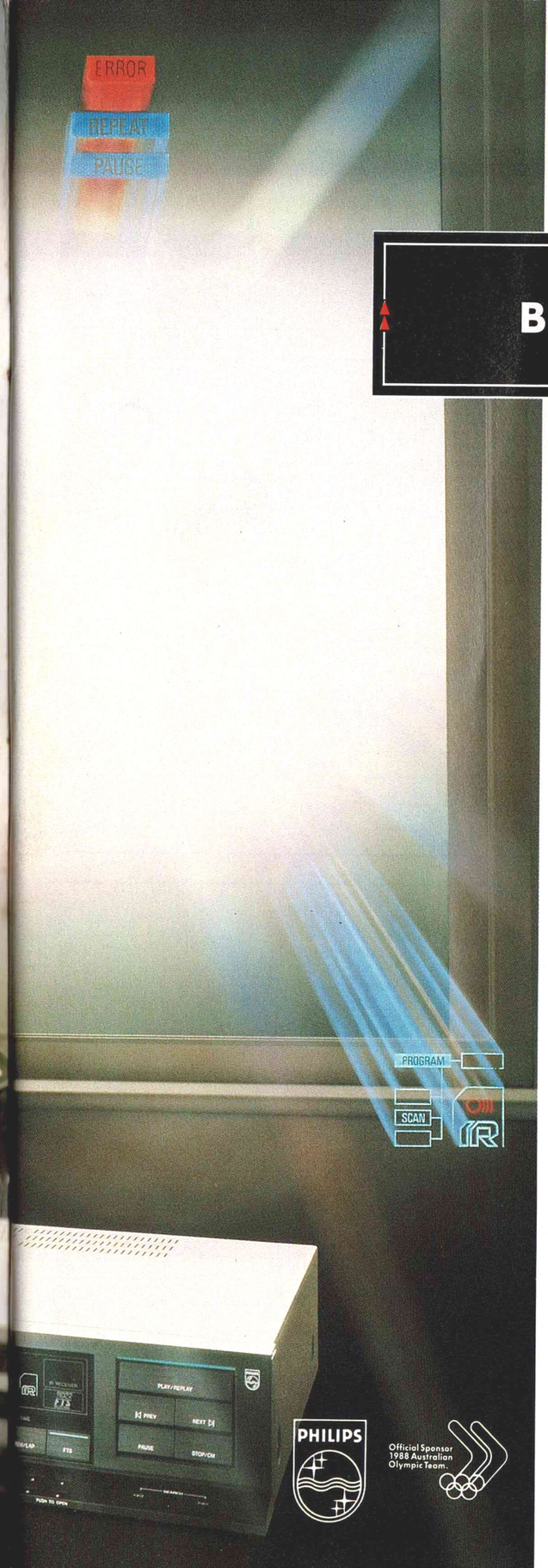

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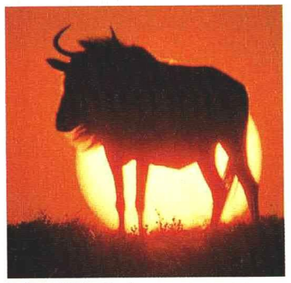
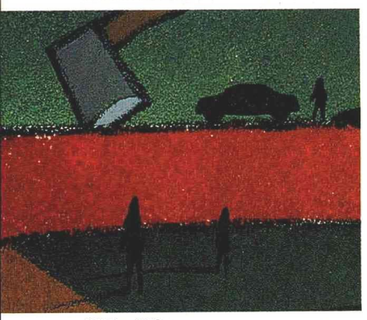
Ugly Australians — The Plumber



Twilight Of The Giants

Women And Porn



Will You Kill?

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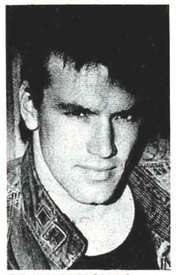
GRAHAM MONRO

RAY CONDON

MAURICE WHITTA

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BILL LEAK

HOUSECALL

WILL YOU KILL?
What kind of a question is that to ask a decent self-respecting Australian? You might be surprised to know that 95 percent of this year's murders will be committed by ordinary people who never imagined they would take someone's life — until they did. Forensic psychologist **Maurice Whitta** produces some chilling cases from his files to prove the point and presents a quiz to determine your chances of ending up with blood on your hands. **Ray Condon's** illustration is on page 32.

GOLDEN DILDO AWARDS
Celebrating the moronic minutiae of life in this great country, we present the second annual Golden Dildo Awards — glittering prizes for all those Australians who have distinguished themselves in the past year by acts ranging from the dopey to the downright deplorable. *Penthouse* bores it up 'em on page 80.

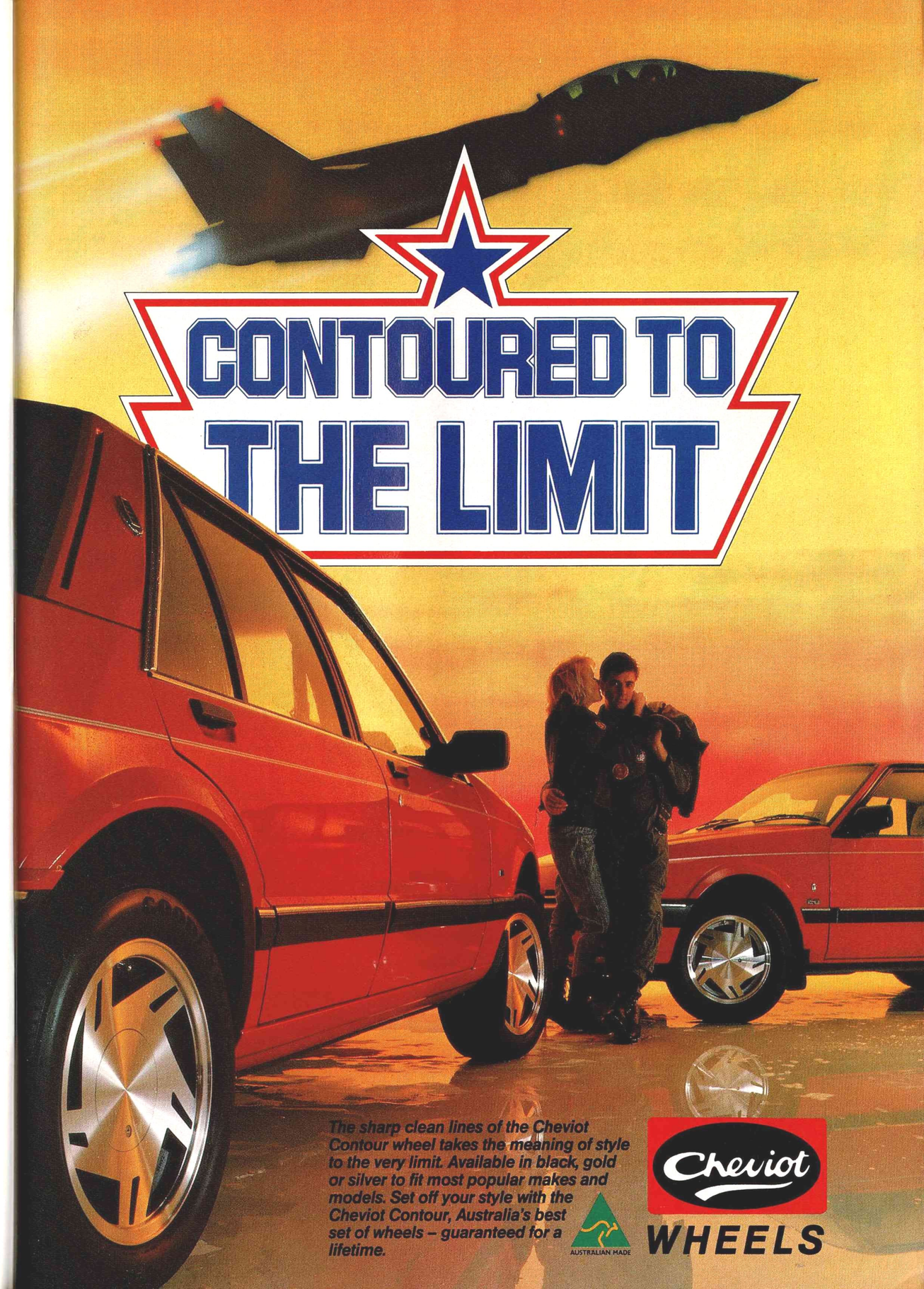
TWILIGHT OF THE GIANTS
Africa's Namib Desert was one of the world's great wildlife treasures until government officials, appointed to safeguard the reserve, embarked on a senseless slaughter. **Mitch Reardon** tells the story of an environmental tragedy in words and pictures — some hauntingly beautiful, others poignant and pitiful. Turn to page 74.

THE UGLY AUSTRALIANS
Harry Grogan takes the Missus to see Kamahl at the Revesby Workers Club and ends up blowing close to 200 bucks on the pokies. That's when the shit hits the fan. **Robert English**, a master of scathing satire, cuts close to the bone in Part I of a new series examining the cultural and social mores of *real* Australians. Will you get a guernsey on English's hilarious hit list? Turn to **Bill Leak's** illustration on page 58.

WOMEN AND PORN
With wowserism out of control in the US and gaining ground on our own free-thinking shores, it's time to take a penetrating look at the propaganda pumped out by the antiporn pundits. Feminist **Marcia Pally** exposes the shallowness of reactionary rhetoric and concludes that women must not swallow the doctrine that sex is sexist. The illustration on page 54 was crafted by **Shimon Okshteyn**.

THE RETURN OF HARLEY-DAVIDSON
The former king of the road has roared out of a near-terminal slump and is back where it belongs. The new breed of Harley doesn't just sound good and look wild; it now has a competitive price and the sort of dependability that used to spell "Made In Japan." **Bill McKinnon** charts the rise of Harley-Davidson in the Eighties, with photos by **Graham Monro.** Turn to page 50.

TONY CURTIS INTERVIEW
The brash, wise-arse kid from the Bronx is still a brash wise-arse, which makes his recollections of Hollywood and its machinations, intrigues and tragedies all the more interesting. **Allan Sonnenschein** conducted a free-wheeling rave with the actor-turned-artist while **Cynthia Johnson** shot the accompanying photo. The interview starts on page 98.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Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

B-grade fantasy?

Peter McDonald's story on sexual fantasies, which appeared in your September edition, was very interesting and entertaining. Like Mr McDonald I am a long-since failed high school teacher and I have known those torturous dreams of alluring schoolgirls. His discussion of the business at Salon Kittys further guaranteed my closest attention. Until recently I was one of those who provided security for that particular establishment. The sight of the many schoolgirls and French maids provided me with regular amusement.

However the only fantasy that I might have wished to be fulfilled there was that of the security guard (me) for an S&D house being detained by the girls and sexually molested (for free, of course, as a guard's wages cannot accommodate the charges). Unfortunately, the ladies were either too busy or didn't share my fantasy. That was a shame as it would have been rooted in reality.

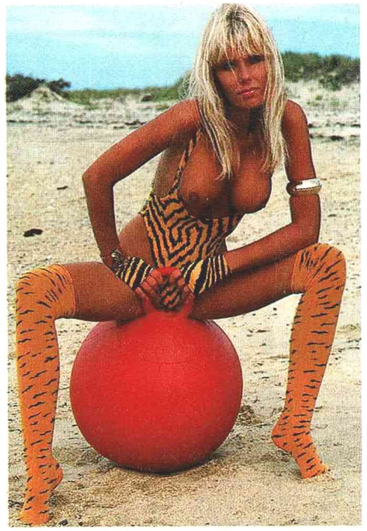
The only way I can enjoy the acting out of my dreams and desires is for them to become real. Perhaps I am cursed with an overcommitment to philosophical truth. Yet even as I write I am domiciled on the ultimate fantasy island, a land where real schoolgirls, nurses and maids can be had for a fraction of the cost of a visit to Salon Kittys. In this place where the depraved meet the deprived, nothing is beyond your reach. Fifteen-year-old virgins, women in uniform (with real loaded guns) and any other mind-blowing fantasies are not out of reach. The only limiting factor is one's own personal conscience. — *John R. Spencer, Cebu City, Philippines*

The mad mechanic

As a racing car enthusiast, I was interested to read your article The Mad Mechanic about Larry Perkins (November 1987). The article was interesting in more ways than one.

When Perkins referred to driving the "tin tops" (touring cars), he talked primarily of Commodores and the HDT, and made no mention of his love of Fords. This is strange as LP's got his "rival" Ford-driver's name (Dick Johnson) on his overalls.

Did you get a photo of the wrong person? Or did he change racing teams? Or was the article not altogether true? Have I been sniffing too much racing fuel? — *Martin Wulf, Ashgrove, Qld*



No mistaking Amanda

PS — The pictorial of Amanda Wolfe showed the most gorgeous body I have seen in a long time (no mistakes there, I'm sure). Congratulations to both *Penthouse* and Amanda.

In late 1985 Perkins drove a Ford Mustang with Dick Johnson for a couple of long-distance races, including the 1985 James Hardie 1000. Is it not conceivable he would wear the badge of the team for which he was racing in those two events? It is safe to say Larry Perkins has no hidden affection for Fords. — Peter McKay

More Moore

I didn't think you could do better than the past issues I have received. However the photography in the October edition achieved this. How do you do it?

Gaelle was just gorgeous but, if anything, Michelle Moore was that much more. Her eyes. Was it the lighting? Also her body was exquisitely perfect.

It must be a devilishly hard decision choosing a centrefold because I must classify Michelle as centrefold material. How about a second session with her? Please.—*G. Wood, White Gum Valley, WA*

Revolting boys

From the moment I first heard them, I suspected the Beastie Boys to be a bunch of acne-pitted, no-talent fuckwits — a gloating, pathetic parody of the bigoted nerds who form their following. Your story in October *Penthouse* convinces me that my first impressions were right on the money. My only regret is the way your magazine's treatment of them serves to vaguely legitimise a mongrel afterbirth of rock and roll. Beasties suck. — *T.L., Epping, NSW*

Good Connections

As a fiction fan I'm writing to commend you on your inclusion of the story Connections in your November issue. Susan Geason's piece was stylish, fast and world-wearily witty. More of the same, please; this is surely a writer to watch. And on that note, might I add that I liked the photo of her on your Housecall page, too. — *A.R. Calder, Melbourne, Vic*

Magnificent obsession

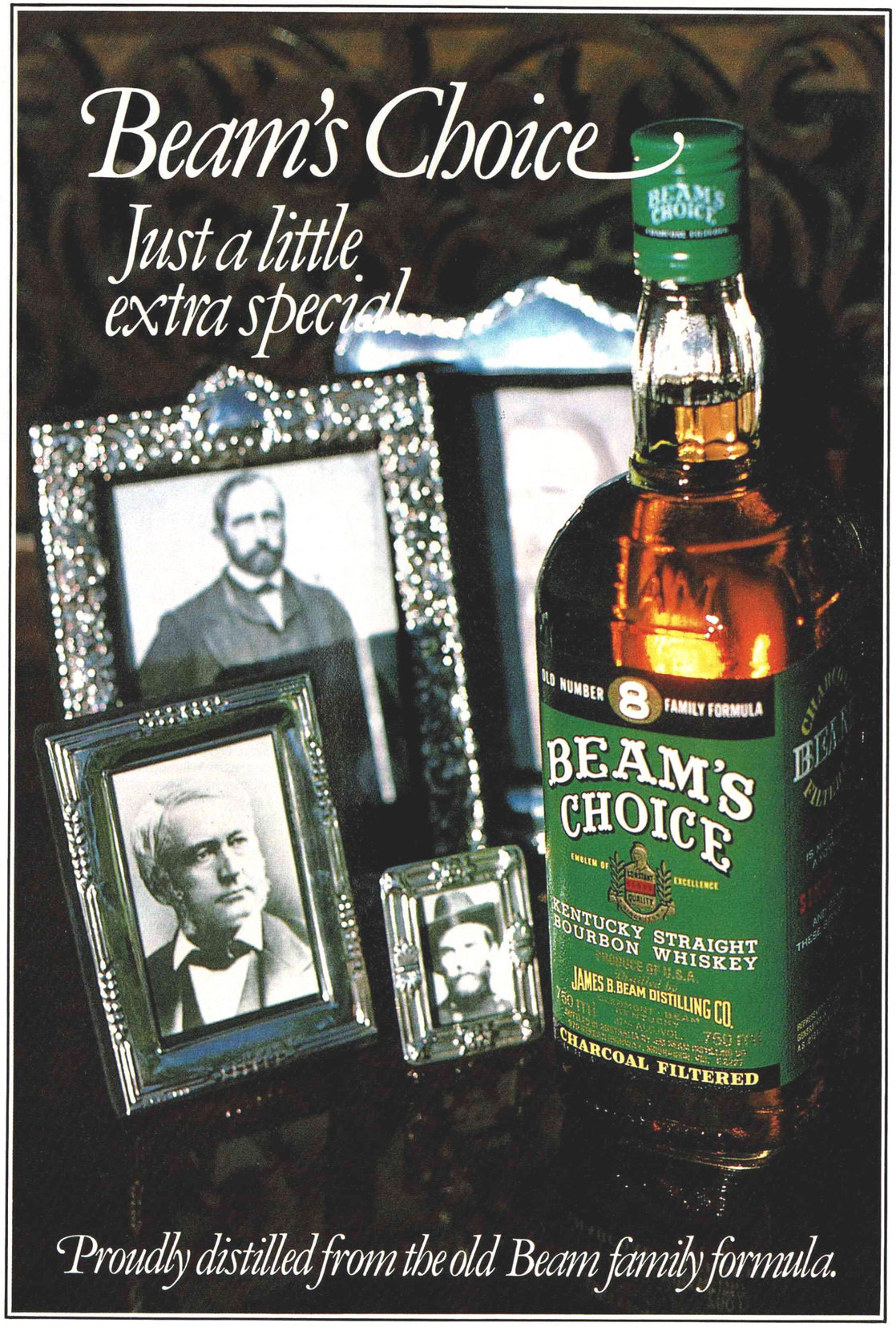
Where does C.J. Mackay get off writing about male penis obsession? I contend that it is she, not the Australian male population, who is obsessed with the male appendage. Have you counted the number of times she refers to the masculine reproductive organ in any given column? Try it some time; you'll find that the pork swords keep popping up with obsessive frequency. How about it? — *Name and address withheld*

Ms Mackay is not above admitting a certain partiality to the male member but she suggests that an accusation of penis obsession may be a case of you stretching your point. — Ed

First the bad news

Just a short note to give you some good news and some bad news. First the bad news. I thought that your supposed humor article The Wit And Wisdom Of Ronald Reagan was perhaps the unfunniest load of crap I have ever read in your magazine. To think that any writer could stuff up a humorous article when he's got such fertile funny material to work with has me well and truly baffled.

Now the good news. Everything else in your November issue was up to your usual high standard. The girls, the stories, columns and my favorite Johnny Topper were red hot. You give good magazine. — *F. Cooper, Adelaide, SA*



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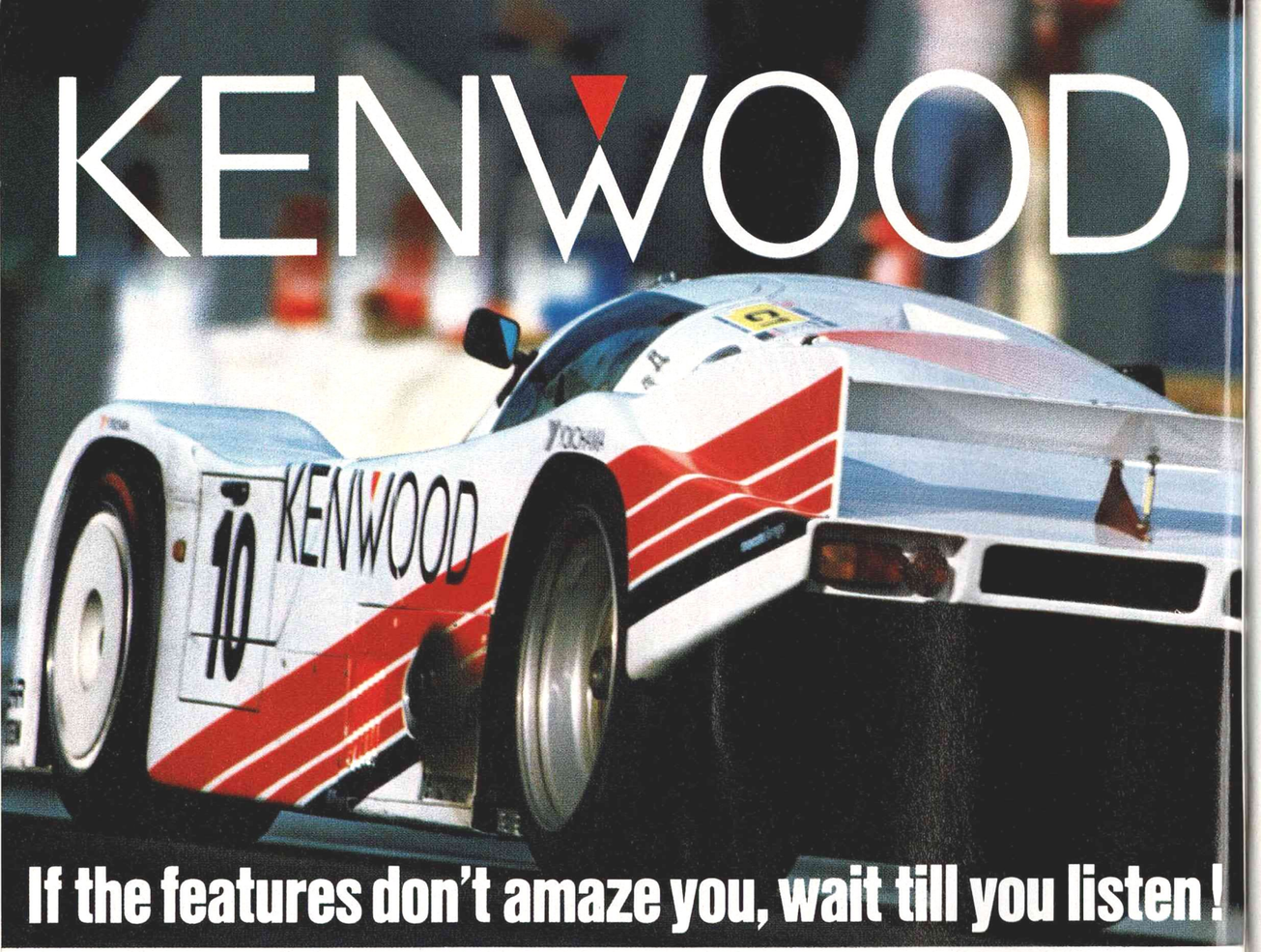

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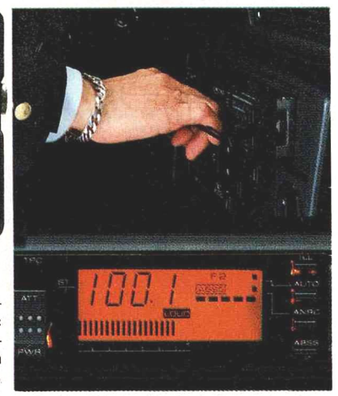

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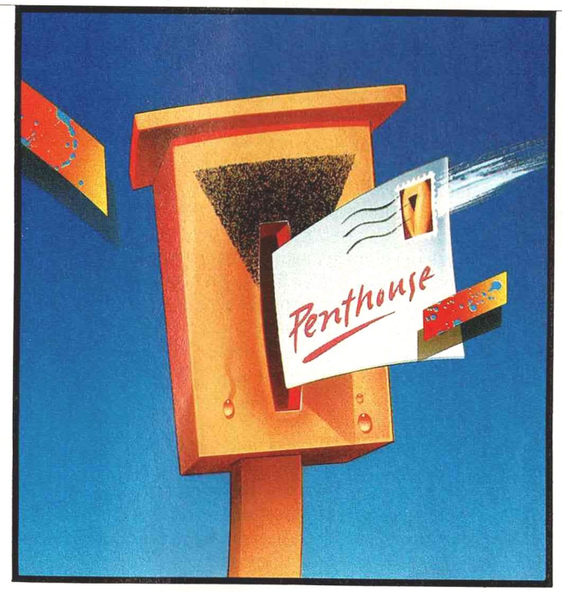


What are friends for?

A few weeks ago I had a client coming in from Perth for a few days. As usual, he wanted me to fix him up with a whore. He is extremely selective but I knew a couple of girls who would please him and didn't think it would be any problem.

When I got home I told my wife I had to arrange a date for Paul. Ann knew what was going on. She asked how much he paid. When I told her, Ann said she could use some spending money and would like to spend the night with him herself.

Ann gets laid on her own from time to time. She doesn't try to hide it, and I don't object since I know her affairs are strictly sexual. I wasn't too keen on the idea of her playing the role of whore but it obviously turned her on, and there was no doubt in my mind that Paul would get a real kick out of her. Ann is very pretty and has a body built for sex. She has full, firm tits with big nipples, a tiny waist and long, gorgeous legs. When it comes to sex she believes in anything goes. I agreed to go along with it, on the condition that I have a little fun with Paul first.

I couldn't meet Paul at the airport, but I called him at his hotel and made arrangements to meet for dinner. The subject of a woman didn't come up. He assumed I would bring someone for him. The time was set for 7 pm and we would meet at the restaurant. Ann wore a short, black cocktail dress with a low neckline, suspender belt, stockings, bikini panties and no brassiere.

When we arrived Paul had a seat in a booth. He was really giving Ann the eye, and said she looked terrific. Paul got up and guided Ann into the booth on his side. I just introduced her as "Ann" and we ordered a drink. Before we were halfway through that drink, Paul's right hand was under the table and I knew he was playing with my wife's legs. I made out that I didn't notice what was going on. When Ann leaned forward the front of her dress would gape a bit and Paul would receive a clear view of her tits.

A little later Ann began to squirm. She gave a signal to let me know he was feeling her up. I gave him a few minutes, then made a remark about how our wedding anniversary was coming up. Paul almost choked on his drink. He was obviously trying to pull his hand from beneath Ann's panties. She reached down to grab his arm and hold it there. She turned to him and said, "You do want to fuck me, don't you?"

We let him squirm for a few minutes. Ann told him she was prepared to spend the night with him, at the usual rates, partly because she wanted the spending money, and partly because she was curious. Paul got over the shock and wanted to take Ann up to the room and put it to her right then. She insisted that we eat first, but suggested that he go on playing with her.

When the meal was over we stood up to leave. Ann asked me to come to the room with them for a few minutes. Paul was nervous about it, but he wanted to get in her panties so bad I think he would have gone along with anything. When we got to the room Ann asked for the money. When he paid her my wife slipped her dress off and told Paul he could have anything he wanted.

He was just standing there staring at her. Ann opened his pants and took his cock out, then dropped to her knees and took his cock in her mouth. She sucked him for just a minute, then moved to the bed, slipped her panties off and spread her legs. Paul didn't even get his pants off. He dropped between Ann's legs and rammed his cock up her pussy.

Ann threw her legs around Paul. She was as hot for it by then as he was. After only a few strokes she was almost screaming that she was coming. Her pussy was coming up to meet every stroke. It didn't take him long, but by the time he shot his load in her, Ann was ready to make it again.

Ann sucked him off again just long enough to clean him off. I started to leave them. Ann stopped me long enough to tell me she would spend the night with Paul and see me in the morning before I went to work. When I left the room Paul had his face between my wife's legs and his cock in her mouth.

Ann called me the next morning, but didn't get home before I had to leave. It was around noon when Paul showed up at the office. We went out for a drink. Paul told me he wanted to extend his stay for a couple of nights if my wife would sleep with him. He told me Ann was the best fuck he had ever had. We called Ann. She was anxious to spend a couple more nights with him.

Ann told me she had a girlfriend she had been sleeping with from time to time that I would enjoy, and she would make arrangements for Carol to spend those two nights with me.

Paul told me he wanted to take my wife to a sex club that night. He wanted to see other men fucking her, and find out just how much she could take. He said he couldn't last for two more nights without some help.

They called around 2.30 in the morning after getting back from the sex club. Ann told me she had a ball, and that she had told Paul about Carol. He wanted to spend the last night in a foursome to watch Ann making out with another woman. I had been wondering about the same thing.

I never dreamed how exciting it could be to watch two beautiful naked women making love to each other, or to have two women sucking my cock at the same time. Paul will be coming back in a couple of weeks. This time the four of us are going to the sex club and we're going to get my wife fucked by every man in the place. — *Name and address withheld*

FORUM

Car trips

I would like to share with you an experience that I had with my lover during one of those hot summer nights. We are both in our early forties and get a lot of pleasure from our long hours of lovemaking; we try to sneak it into our busy schedules whenever we can.

One very hot afternoon I started to feel very horny and was hoping to get together with Dan later that evening. However, he had to attend a meeting and had very little time to do anything. Just before closing time (we work for the same company), I went to the rest room, took off all my undergarments, and covered my naked body with only my dress. Feeling the dress caressing my bare skin got me hotter by the minute. My nipples and pussy were really begging for attention now! I asked Dan to escort me to my car. When we arrived, I told him that the least he could do was to give me a good-night kiss. When we started kissing, he suddenly noticed that I was not wearing a bra. I took that opportunity to tell him I was sans all undergarments! I began to unbutton my dress, getting him more and more turned on. He told me that he was sorry, but that he really did not have any time to make love to me.

Before he could finish his sentence, I had unzipped his pants and freed his fabulous hard-on from it's confinement. I bent down and kissed his cock, and took it into my mouth. I tasted the first pearls of precome and knew that I would have to have him right there! Being on public display with cars and people all around did not stop us from making it against the car. The chances of being caught in the act just added to the excitement. Dan and I both came in a wild climax just as someone passed by the car!

On my way home I could not stop thinking about this incident. The more I thought, the wetter I got. I started playing with my clit and brought myself to another earthshaking orgasm. I looked out the passenger window and saw that a trucker had been following me alongside and had been watching my whole performance through the open sunroof of my car. The truck driver gave me the thumbs-up sign. I smiled, and drove all the way home with a big grin on my face. This whole experience has really added to our sex lives, and we fuck in public any chance we get. — *Name and address withheld*

Fashion show

I'm a happily married 32-year-old woman. My husband and I have a very satisfying sex life, and have always enjoyed reading *Penthouse*. For quite some time I've been extremely aroused by the nude pictures in your magazine, and I get very turned on by the Forum letters in which two women make love. I wondered if I was a closet bisexual, and I felt guilty about it. I knew that I'd never encourage or seek out a lesbian relationship, yet I was curious and desired one.

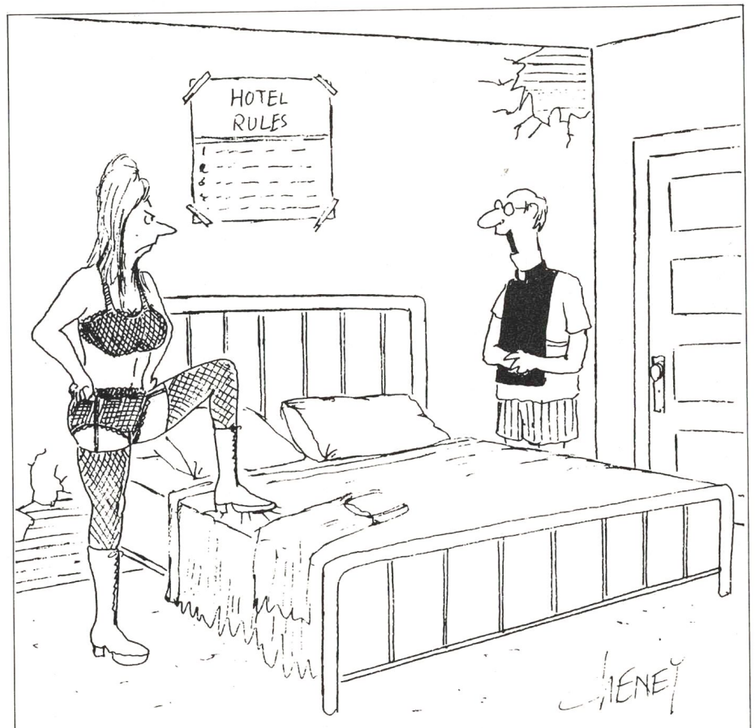
Last January, my husband and I were planning a trip to the South Pacific. The shops in the local mall didn't have a decent selection of the summer clothes I needed for the trip, so a friend suggested I try a small boutique about ten kilometres north. I drove up one day after work, arriving around 4.30. It had a great selection of clothes. I started by trying on sundresses, and chose three to buy. By then it was nearing five, which was closing time. All the customers were gone, leaving me with the two very attractive young women who owned the shop. I told them that I'd expected it to be open much later, and said that I'd hoped to try on some halter tops and swimsuits. Although one of the saleswomen had to leave, the other one, Laverne, said she had some work to do before leaving, and told me I could try on more clothes. She locked the door and pulled the curtains.

I picked out some bathing suits and tops, and went into the large dressing room. First I tried on some halter tops with my jeans. Laverne knocked on the door and opened it, asking how I was doing. I had on a skimpy top, and she said it looked great. I have small breasts, but the top was flattering. My nipples could be seen through the thin material, and I noticed her staring at them. I told her I was doing fine and was going to try on the swimsuits, and she left the room.

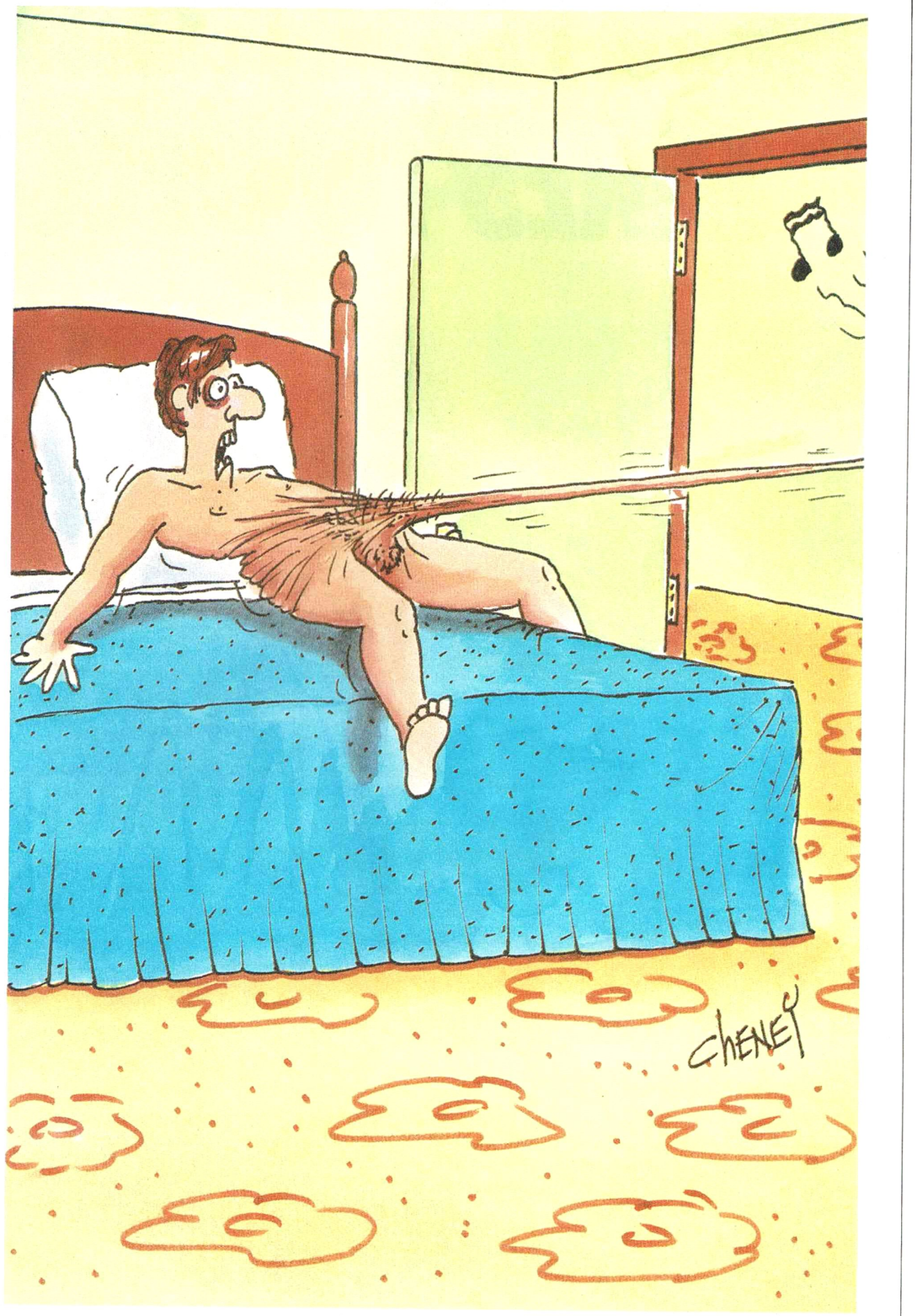
I put on the first suit, a bikini. I didn't like it, and took off the top. Then Laverne came in again. I modestly covered my breasts and told her I was going to try on another suit. She offered to hang up the suit I didn't like, and picked up the top and hanger. I felt trapped, and told myself not to be so modest. I turned my back, stripped off the bottoms, and handed them to her. When Laverne handed me the top to the next suit, I saw in the mirror that she was looking at my trimmed bush. I slipped the top on, and she hooked it in the back. She handed me the bottom part, for which I had to bend over to slip on, giving her a view of my arse. I told her that I didn't like that suit either, and she told me to take it off while she got me another one to try on.

Laverne came back with a tiny bikini that I would never have the nerve to wear in public. She helped me with the top, which was made of a meshlike material that made my breasts totally visible. My nipples hardened and pressed against it. Then I put on the bottom, which was practically a G-string. The back barely covered the crack of my arse, and it was made of the same see-through material as the top. The front had a small triangle that barely covered my bush.

I turned in front of the mirror, looking at



"I lied . . . I don't have $50, but I can make you the patron saint of your profession!"



"Please, Barbara, forget the goddamn phone!"

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myself from all angles. Laughing, I said I'd buy it just to wear in private for my husband.

Laverne smiled, and pretended to check the fit of the suit. She ran her fingers inside the back strap of the top, and continued around to the front. Then she gently and slowly circled my nipples, hardening them even more. She slid the straps down from my shoulders and pulled the top down so my breasts were free. Cupping my tits in her hands, she leaned down and ran her tongue around one nipple, then the other. She began to suck them, gently at first, and then harder. Continuing to suck, she led me to the bench against the wall, sat down and pulled me down beside her.

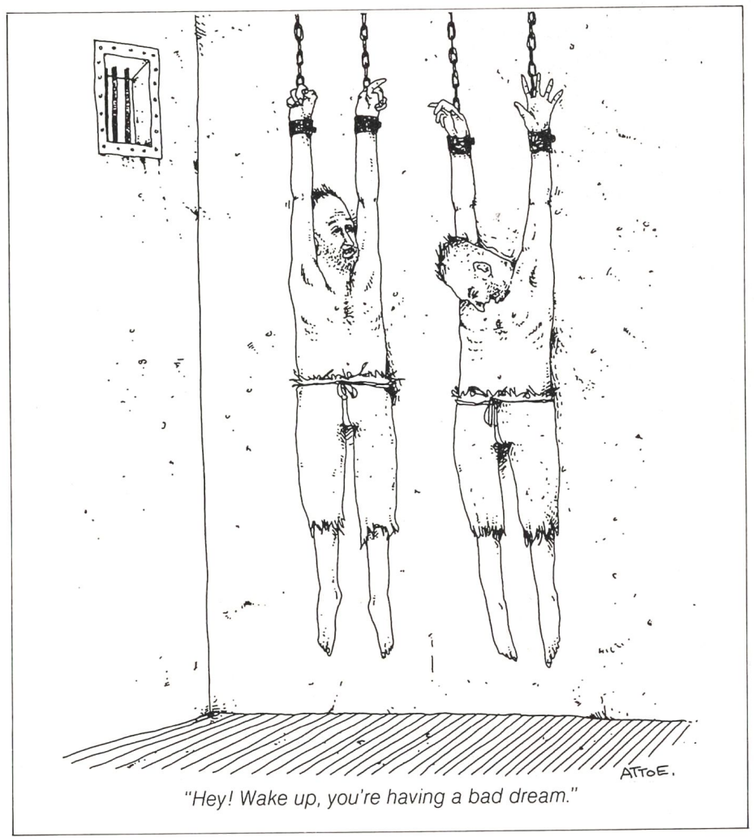
Laverne reached behind me and unhooked the top, slid it from my arms, and let it fall to the floor. Still sitting, she went back to sucking my tits while she reached behind and caressed my buns. She ran her fingers up and down my behind, first over the material, then under it. She pulled my bikini bottom down, and helped me step out of it. I had to hold on to her for balance — I was weak with desire. Laverne told me to lie down on the floor, and she left the room. She returned with two pillows, one rather small and soft, which she placed under my head, and the other larger and firmer, which she placed under my arse, far enough back so my pussy was away from its edge.

Laverne stood up and slowly stripped, her eyes fixed on my body. Her breasts were beautiful — much larger than mine, with dark nipples. Her bush was blonde, what little hair there was. She knelt beside me and told me to suck her tits. I played with her boobs for a long time, squeezing them together, licking and sucking them. She moved down between my pussy lips. Using both hands, she alternately squeezed my lips together while pulling on them and spreading them open. My inner cunt lips are very large — she put them both in her mouth and sucked hard. She flicked her tongue between my pussy lips and into my cunt. While she was eating me, I looked up and saw that the other owner of the shop, Nadine, hadn't left after all. She was standing in the doorway, smiling, and rubbing her hand between her legs. As she began to strip, I came in an explosion.

Laverne took my place on the pillow while Nadine got between her legs. She inserted several fingers in her pussy, leaned down, and ate her while she finger-fucked her. Laverne was already so aroused she quickly came. Now it was Nadine's turn to lie on the pillow. As I positioned myself in front of her, I told them I'd never done this before. Joining me between Nadine's legs, Laverne said that she'd teach me, but I didn't need much encouragement. I wanted to taste her pussy. She had a thick, dark bush, but had cleanly shaved the area around her cunt lips. Laverne and I took turns eating Nadine's snatch, and when Laverne saw that I could handle it on my own, she moved down behind me and played with my pussy. She put several fingers in me while she teased my clit with her other hand.

I tongued Nadine until she came. Then I leaned farther down, sticking my arse almost straight in the air, as Laverne brought me to another climax. As I dressed to leave, Nadine was sucking on Laverne's tits while her fingers were buried in her pussy. They told me to be sure to come back some time.

When I returned from holiday, my friend who had recommended the boutique confessed to me that she knew what would happen — she had set me up! The two of us have had several wonderful tongue-fucking sessions, and we hope to join Laverne and Nadine some time soon for a fabulous foursome. — *Name and address withheld*



"Hey! Wake up, you're having a bad dream."

Water sports

I stopped at a small hotel for the night. The people there suggested that I visit a nearby lake. They said a young man like me would not be disappointed, and they were right.

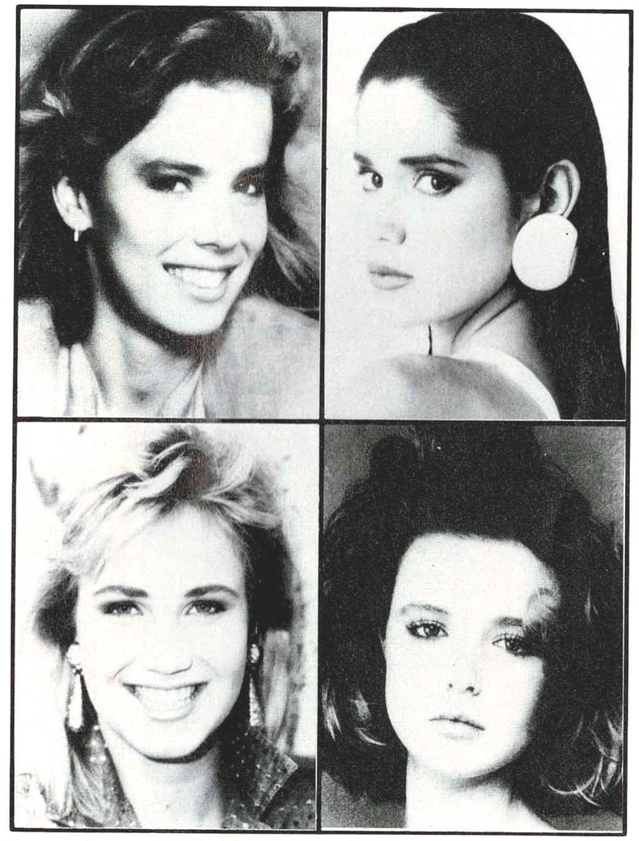
The next morning I rented a motorboat. Intending to stay for just two hours, all I took was a bathing suit. As I reached the middle of the lake, the motor died. I tried to get it started, but nothing worked. Finally, after three hours of being stranded, I was approached by another boat. I yelled and they came to my rescue.

The rescue team consisted of a couple named Wanda and Sid. They tied my boat to theirs and offered me a beer. Just as I climbed on to their boat, their motor died, too! We all sat around the middle of the lake drinking beer and talking. Sid suggested that we all go skinny-dipping. Wanda was a little shy at first, but then joined in the party. After several more hours, we were finally saved by the people who rented us the boats. They offered us a nice speedboat as compensation for all our troubles. As we began to cruise, Wanda said, "Now I'm really getting excited!" Sid put his finger between Wanda's legs as she beckoned me to come to her. I stopped the boat, turned off the motor, and began to suck her breasts. Her nipples were salty from the water and tasted delicious!

Sid looked me straight in the eye and said, "I want you to fuck my wife." I gladly obliged and slid my cock right into her. Making love on a boat is almost like making love on a water bed, only nicer. While I was fucking Wanda, Sid put his cock in her mouth and whispered, "Wanda, this is your fantasy come true. Tell us what you want us to do." Wanda replied, "Just keep me rocking."

Sid got hard and we switched places. He sank his cock into her pussy and she

Are you losing more than your hair?



As your hair recedes, so may your confidence. Because premature baldness, hair loss and thinning hair can cause you a tremendous amount of anxiety.

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SAMBUCA BY GALLIANO A LIQUEUR Dello Stretto Speciale of Livorno PRODUCE OF ITALY

began to suck me off. We shot into her at the same time. Wanda was the perfect docking ground for both of us.

We relaxed a little while and had another drink. Then we proceeded to have another session of lovemaking. This one was even better than the first. By this time, it was getting dark. We got dressed and headed for the shore. I thanked them for the rescue and a great afternoon. When I returned to the hotel, I thanked the proprietors for their recommendation. I told them that I'd never seen such a beautiful sight and that they were right, I was not disappointed at having made the trip. — *Name and address withheld*

Foreign exchange

I want to tell you about my experiences with foreign-exchange students. We have had several live with us, and they have been a delight for me, particularly the Latins. Fortunately for me, my husband travels and has lots of meetings when he's home.

First, let me tell you about Jose from Spain. He was just 18 when he came to us, seemingly shy and quiet. He would sit beside me and lay his head on my breast. I'd tell my husband that he was just homesick and needed a mother's care, although I'd notice a small bulge in Jose's pants. Sometimes we'd playfully wrestle. He said his family did this back home. His hand would always seem to touch my boobs and behind, but of course, I considered it accidental. Then he started pinning me on the bed by sitting on my pelvis. Those times, his bulge was much bigger. I could feel the hard knot pressing into me, and was getting anxious to see what he had down there.

I found out soon when, while my husband was gone, we decided to wrestle nude. When Jose pinned me, we seemed to end up with his nice, dark, hard prick sliding right up into me. I'll have to admit that I was in no hurry to remove it. In fact, we usually would both come before it would fall out. He loved tit sucking, and I got a lot of that too. His young mouth felt very good tugging on my nipples. From this play, Jose graduated to coming into my bed in the morning, after my husband had left for work. He would bring that beautiful body under the covers, next to me. It got to where as soon as my husband walked out the door, I'd strip nude and wait for him. Jose never disappointed me. He would squeeze and suck my boobs, then he'd sink that beautiful tool deep into my cunt and we'd fuck until he filled me with come. This was a beautiful way to awaken.

Later, Raul came to stay with us. He was also 18, though taller and more mature. Nothing happened until one night we were

Continued on page 118

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

HATE YOURSELF

A lot of nonsense is being spouted lately about the need to experience "self-love", to embrace all your faults and learn to live with them in peace and harmony. So you're fat? No, make that obscenely obese. Don't have your tummy stapled. No, love it, baby. Go with it. Eat more. Exercise less. Have it off with yourself in the folds of your own stomach.

You've got acne? Stop propping up the multinational chemical companies. Kiss your image in the mirror each morning. Dream of the craters of the moon erupting with brown slime. Go to it.

Until you wake up one morning, and discover that . . . it's all gone. It's melted away in an orgy of self-gratification not seen since the days of the late Onan. Or the unlamented rock warbler Marilyn.

At least that's the scenario proposed by the "self-love" theorists — who are always skinny and blemish-free and usually asexual, resembling attendants in a Body Shop outlet, or a new Christian folk-rock group.

But what they don't tell you is . . . who's gonna love you now you're no longer the person you were? Your woman found you cuddly and unthreatening. Your friends tolerated you as the butt of their jokes. And, next to you, they always scrubbed up well. Now they're dropping you faster than they would a lisping man with purple lesions on his chest. Even your own mother is aghast. Deep down, she'd always wanted a canetoad for a son.

And it's costing you a fortune to buy a new wardrobe. You've got to subscribe to *Follow Me* and *Go* and *Mode* to get the new image right.

This is the path of self-love? No wonder St Paul denounced it.

What none of these self-lovers tell you is that they only got to this point of blissful detachment, and a two-page spread in *Unicorn* magazine, because since the age of three they have uniformly, consistently, and without qualification, loathed themselves.

I've already mentioned Paul, one of the world's great haters. Who remembers Saul of Tarsus, eh?

And what about Woody Allen? Consider, for a moment, what happens if he lets go all that angst? I mean, what if his analyst actually cured him? No more stories of passionate affairs with the world's leading ladies. No more refusing to turn up for his Oscar. Instead, a boring little file clerk in a government department, playing trad jazz on the weekends.

What if Charles Atlas had come to love being a 97-pound weakling with sandy blight? What if Germaine Greer had really loved being a woman? Where would she be? We'd be a lot better off, but she'd be grading English papers at Riverina CAE.

No. Anger is the answer to your life problems. More than anger. Intense, self-inflicted, personal hatred. Let me give you a good example.

A Hungarian friend of mine absolutely loathed the fact that, at the age of 20, he was going bald. He loathed it as only a Hungarian whose image of manhood is threatened can loathe something. He tried everything. Finally, after all the normal remedies had failed, he heard that Yoga could make the hair grow. (Just think of the Maharishi, Bhagwan, and company.)

With all the fanaticism for the bizarre that only a Hungarian engaged in retrieving his manhood can muster, he threw himself into the Plough, the Ox, the Wheel . . . the whole thing. Day after day, for five years.

Nothing happened. Enraged with his lack of willpower he went to India and threw himself at the feet of Yogi after Yogi. He learned to speak Hindi. He went to Japan. He came back through Indonesia. Balder by the day.

Today his head resembles a lovingly kept brown football. His body is a finely tuned machine. He runs a martial arts academy under a Korean alias. He's raking in the loot. The women just love his empathetic understanding of Yin and Yang. And he still loathes his baldness with an all-consuming passion.

But is he happy in his self-hatred? You bet your copies of *I'm OK, You're OK* and *Love Your Disease* he is. — *Bernard Branson*

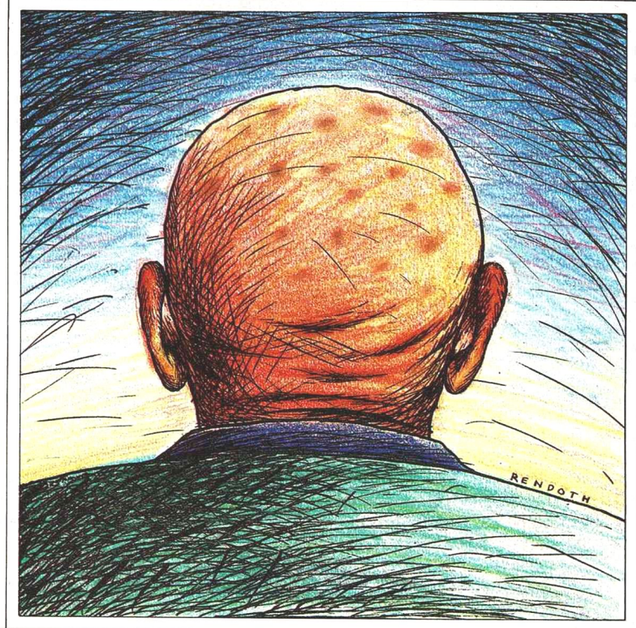


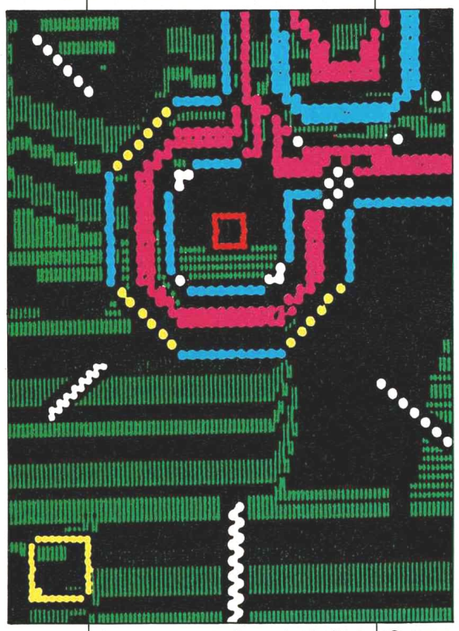
Illustration by Graham Rendoth

LUST

COMPUTER SEX

Every night at nine all over America, it's party time at the Compusex Electronic Hotel and Singles Bar. Tonight I'm feeling frisky. I'm going to the party as "Big Mac" so that all the women will know I'm not there to just pile up the connect-time charges.

How do I get to the party? I push a button. A minute later the Compusex computer beams me into the main room, where things are already in party mode. Two hundred people I know are in the room—people like Long Horn, Lolita, Big Tits, and Phone Sex. Fast Eddie and Sweet Gwendolyn are already off in the orgy pit having a scramble party. Fast Eddie's my pal and has e-mailed me the secret password to the orgy pit. After scanning the people in the ballroom at 1200 Baud, I decide to check out the scramble party. My fingers do a little tap dance on my keyboard and . . . presto! I'm down in one of Compuserve's private rooms. As usual, Fast Eddie's there directing the action. Since I'm into "research" I decide to lurk a little and listen to what's going on. The scene plays out as follows:



Sweet Gwendolyn: So why do the ladies all call you Fast Eddie?

Fast Eddie: Because I give good modem, that's why. What are you wearing tonight?

Sweet Gwendolyn: I'm wearing skintight spandex pants and a very sheer blouse.

Fast Eddie: Undo the buttons of that blouse and come over here by the bed.

Sweet Gwendolyn: There, how do you like my breasts? Are they big enough for you? I've always thought they're a bit on the small side.

Fast Eddie: Anything more than a mouthful is wasted. Bring them here to me, Gwen. That's right. Now kneel here, Gwen, and let me peel off your slacks. Hmmm, that's a wonderfully firm arse you've got.

Sweet Gwendolyn: It's for you tonight, Eddie. Just you.

Fast Eddie: Promise you won't go back into public and pick up some other guy?

Sweet Gwendolyn: Yes, yes. Just screw me here. Now. I won't. Not at least for an hour. Feel how my thighs are closing around your hand. Bring your cock closer to my breasts. Run it over my nipples. That's it. Slowly . . . now stroke the insides of my thighs.

Fast Eddie: Hold it. Let me check here . . . yep, we've got a lurker. Who's there? Don't you know it's rude to come to an orgy and not join in?

Sweet Gwendolyn: Hey, who is it? If you're a guy, take off your clothes and jump in bed with us. I'd love to go down on you while Eddie's making love to me.

Big Mac: Ahh . . . it's just me.

Fast Eddie: Christ, it's Big Mac. Mac, are you stil taking notes for that *Penthouse* article? When are you going to get with it and swing?

Big Mac: Well, yes. Hey, I'm married and my wife wouldn't understand.

Sweet Gwendolyn: Everyone here's married . . . just not married to each other. Who's to know? Bring your bod over here and give me some action. If you're not here to screw, you're wasting money.

Big Mac: Just think of me as a voyeur.

Sweet Gwendolyn: I'd rather think of you as a hunky guy who's going to screw my brains out right now.

Fast Eddie: C'mon, Gwen's hot enough for both of us.

Big Mac: Not right now. Maybe later. I've got an interview scheduled with Sex God.

Sweet Gwendolyn: Sex God! He's a pervert. At least he was with me. Into bondage and leather.

Fast Eddie: See ya later, Big Mac. C'mon Gwen. Open those thighs. Did I ever tell you that bright red pubic hair punches my buttons?

For years now, every night has been electronic singles night on Compuserve's Adult CB channel, and in this age of AIDS, antiporn, and other strange afflictions of the body and mind, swinging behind the green screen of the computer is how many people — sometimes as many as 200 a night — choose to expand their social and sexual conquests. Until someone finds a cure for lethal social diseases, compusex is probably the hottest and certainly the safest sexual alternative.

In order to have compusex, all you need is a computer, a modem, a credit card, and a fairly active sexual imagination. With a little practice you too can join in on what has to be the largest and longest "real time" group grope in existence. If you get tired of all the heavy sex, you can just press a button and — *poof* — you are history. But the orgy goes on and on . . . every night of the year.

The way compusex — or computer dating, as it is coyly called — works is quite easy if you can operate a typewriter. Assuming you have a computer, what you need is a modem. A modem is an electronic device that enables your computer to talk to any other computer that is similarly equipped over the telephone lines. In the past, only the Defence Department and large corporations were able to do this; but with the advent of personal computers and cheap modems, large networks that enable private individuals to telecommunicate with one another have grown up over the past five years.

The largest of these networks, with over a quarter of a million subscribers, is Compuserve. It offers a host of electronic services — everything from business advice to computer programs to a mail-order electronic shopping mall — and also boasts the largest collection of people actively trying to get electronically laid in its electronic hotel. You become a member of Compuserve by buying a Compuserve Kit, which costs anywhere from $30 to $50. For this you get a guidebook that tells you how to make your way around the electronic land of Compuserve, or CIS (Compuserve Information Services), plus a few free hours of connect time. Connect time is the key to the substantial revenues

Continued on page 124

Illustration by COLLIDE

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AVARICE

BORROWER PHASE

I recently had the pleasure of negotiating a loan well in excess of my usual paltry borrowings — about 100 times bigger, in fact.

Suffice it to say the basic principles for borrowing a grand to pay the car insurance and borrowing a million to buy out a company are the same: as long as the bank has absolute triple-nine gold-plated security four times the value of the loan, you can at least start talking.

Which is why Australia is such a debtor nation today.

People much smarter than you or I discovered long ago what I have just discovered: that it's as easy to borrow ten dollars as it is to borrow one, or 100, or a 100,000, as long as the bank has its edge. So that next time you need to borrow to pay the car insurance simply go for half a million and use the loose change to pay the insurance. As long as you can earn better than what the bank charges as interest you're in front.

Ah yes, the catch. Or the second catch. The first catch is security, or at least margin — you usually must have, in the first place, at least a fifth and closer to half of the total to be invested.

The second phase is of course paying for the loan — servicing the debt, in bankerese.

Now I'd like to be able to give you the full bottle on how banks set their interest rates. But it's all a bit like the weather. Predicting the interest rate the bank will charge is just as iffy — even though you might have all the facts and figures there at your disposal.

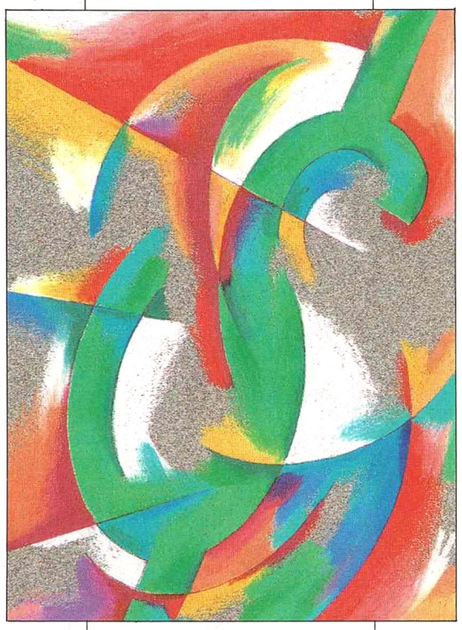


Illustration by Chris Payne

This is because behind the quiet marble exterior gleaming with efficiency and humming with computers nobody has the slightest clue about what is happening. Out there in the great wide world oil prices are pulling economies one way and copper prices are pulling another; money is leaving one place and turning up in another; and while the bank may settle its book at day's end all the banks can never do that: because the day never ends! As Sydney closes, London opens, and the merry chase goes on. Money is chasing business all round the world and behind it are the bankers and accountants trying to mark it all down, to record it so that they know where it is.

Maybe they might get it right — for one second. But the money-go-round never stops and so the balance sheet is only ever a static photograph of a dynamic process, a time capsule which bears only passing resemblance to the present.

So how is some poor suburban bank johnny going to know what to charge you?

Ha, you say, he reads it off a bit of paper printed in head office and kept in his right hand drawer. Well, maybe that's okay down there on the retail side but man, when you're in the million dollar league they play a different game.

When you borrow big you borrow bills. Bills are tricky things which are designed to load the gun in favor of the bank. Bills are fancy IOUs where you promise to repay a certain amount at a certain date — usually 90 or 180 days from the time the bill is written. When you borrow on a bill you don't get the full face value of the bill — that's simply what you have contracted to repay, which is the total of what you actually need — and get — plus the interest charge on it.

Say you need $100,000 for six months. Say the interest rate is 13 percent per annum. Well, first off the banker whacks another two points on the interest rate because you aren't BHP: that makes the interest rate 15 percent — over six months call it 7.5 percent or $7500 — which means you have to take a bill promising to pay $107,500 in six months to get your $100,000.

But then there's the establishment fee or some other fancy name. That's another point or so. Then valuation fee for the security and stamp duty: possibly another $5000 odd. So you're now borrowing $112,500 to get $100,000.

And then in six months time you discover you still need $100,000 so you have to roll the bill over. With a bit of luck you won't get hit with all the extra fees, and maybe interest rates have come down a bit, but you'll still be up for two points over the going rate (whatever rate the bank chooses) and, because you have to pay back $112,500 simply to get $100,000, you will have to recalculate your drawdown on the higher figure: ie say 7 percent of $112,500 which is $7875, which means, forgetting any other charges, you'll have to borrow $120,375 simply to mark time. So check that out. Interest rates are 13 percent. You're paying two points on top of this — 15 percent — but end up paying more than 20 percent.

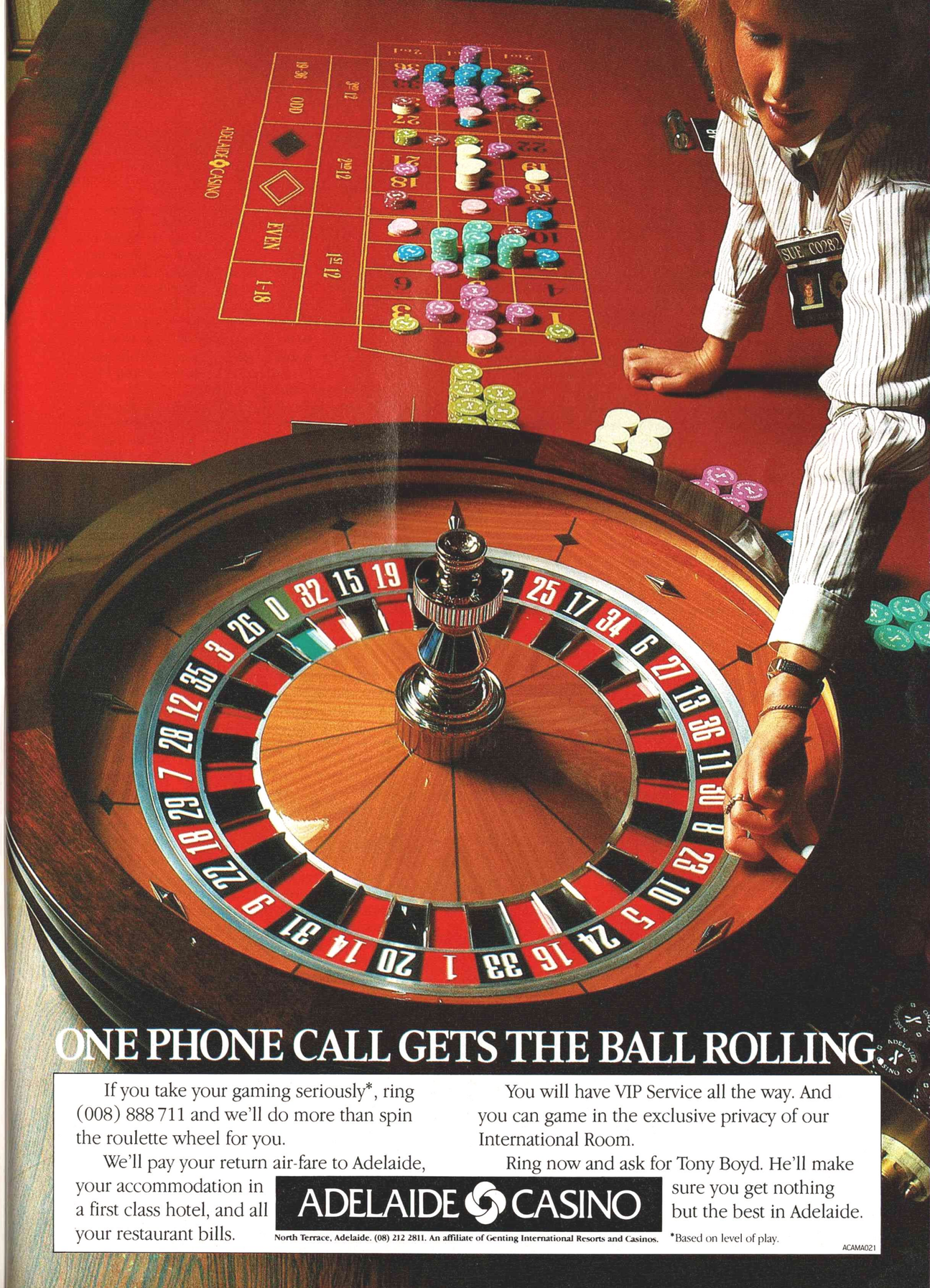
So if you want to borrow the money for a long time you should arrange a different sort of deal, something along the lines of a multi-currency subordinated bearer warrant convertible debenture issue based on the swap rate.

Otherwise you're stuck with the boring old term loan which the banks aren't all that keen on these days unless they have an annual review of the interest rate — and even then they're not all that popular unless they're given against security of real property secured by a mortgage.

This is because a secondary market in loans is available; the banks take the bit of paper they get from you promising to pay so many dollars in x months' time and flog that off to somebody else, thereby getting their money straight away which they can then lend out to somebody else. As the bank is quite content to just take its slice off the top, the more times it can lend out the same million dollars the more money it makes.

The only thing you, the borrower, have on your side is the fact that there *are* a lot of banks out there all falling over themselves to lend money to good risks. Which means you should be able to play off one against the other to get lower fees. The main trick here is not to be too reliant on any one bank — and to keep as many assets out of the bank's hands as possible.

But isn't that the problem all of us face? — *David Quicksilver*



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The Seventies showed that over-keen clients who went too far, tore their spinal cords and made themselves paraplegics turned their yearning from centimetres to dollars, and sued viciously from their wheelchairs.

For the same reason, forget the old mail-order speciality, the erection-keeper or penile tourniquet, with its potential for creating gangrene.

But some of the oldest parts of the industry can still be highly profitable for the entrepreneur who will not merely compete, but go creatively into the market place to do better.

Approached that way, the shop-front sex aids business is almost virgin territory, multitudes of sex shops and adult bookstores notwithstanding.

"We found the field is really wide open," explains one newcomer whose wee-staffed shops have taken over Melbourne. "It's like most Australian businesses. Lots of those screened doorways shelter anti-customer salespeople, loafers who don't like being interrupted when they're reading *Woman's Day*, or chatty girls who assume every customer is a young swinger.

"We opened our chain to give *service*. We understand that regardless of age, manner or appearance, most customers are shy souls who can't buy from sneering punks with four-letter vocabularies. So we train our staff to serve anyone, not just

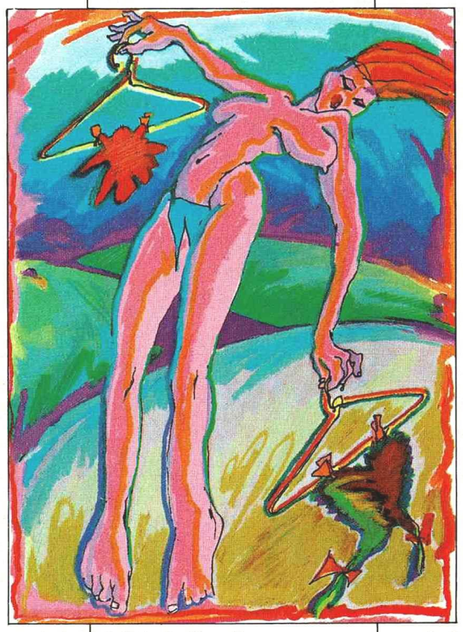

Illustration by Julia Edworthy

their look-alikes."

More profit from creativity if you brainstorm new trends to spot profitable links with established body-changing: "The first time I heard about dwarf-tossing," says Wong Lee, long-time manufacturer of elevator shoes, "I doubled our advertising budget and put in a new production line."

Wong's factory still can't meet the demand. As undetectable as hairpieces, and adding four centimetres to your height, his old standhighs have become lifesavers for those who would rather be clubfooted than hurled.

The undetectable hairpiece itself — "undetectable" expressing both the hopes of wearers and the sense of humor of suppliers — is old hat, but despite competition from transplants it is still big business, hinting at enormous profits for the inventive entrepreneur who comes up with a *really* undetectable wig, complete with hairline and a part you can see skin through.

But for big profits in hair now, lower your sights.

The merkin is ripe for luxuriant regrowth. This pubic wig from the 18th Century is today's fastest growing fad, heading for the sliced bread and blue jeans class, and potentially transmogrification's biggest earner in the late Eighties and the Nineties.

No historian is sure why the next-to-the-skin sporran was first sold. Perhaps when now forgotton fevers were rife, some people lost their curls, or there may have been a demand when only ladies of a certain class shaved low, and donned a merkin when they wished to appear up-market. Whatever, today's stick-on bush is not undetectable but flagrant, designed to decorate rather than deceive, a glossy fashion accessory strictly for fun.

No longer just for the envious, the merkin has become enviable. While it offers rich color in place of the mousey muffs all too many blondes and brunettes would rather not show, putting them on the same fiery level as the redheaded league, it offers glamor and lascivious excitement far beyond that.

Curled, jewelled, bedecked and beribboned, with unlimited scope for any styling you can think of, the modern fur apron is all things to all sexes. As a tease disguise, looking like nudity while keeping everything warm, the merkin is an in-laws shocker and crowd-pleaser which is already replacing the hostess gown in Hunter's Hill and Brighton.

Is the merkin all green grass? No. Even though the entrepreneur who starts today will be ahead of the competition, and can expect to avoid most of the early mistakes made at other people's expense, there are problems. Bushes of Botany Bay says, "It's not plastic parsley. Good stuff is made from genuine hair, from the right place on the animal, and in Australia we don't have the poverty-line masses who supply raw material in the States.

"Labor's a problem too. Making human hair wigs has been a dying trade for years, so tradesmen are scarce. And when you can get them, they write their own contracts. And when someone starts an AIDS scare, no money will keep them hands-on."

Hand-making is slow too, another reason why Bushes is ironing the kinks out of a modified rug-weaving machine, fully computerised and automated, which demands a good outlay, but offers almost unlimited production. "And the market's so big, it justifies all the trouble."

You will need creativity, and the know-how and staying power to solve supply and labor problems, but with those qualities, the entrepreneur who dives into the custom muff will come up with more than seed pearls. — *Hugh Bickway*

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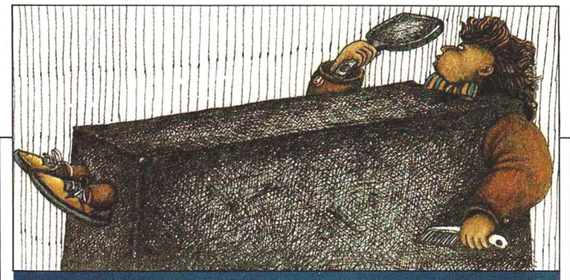


TOO SHY

It is writ that the meek will inherit the Earth come Judgement Day — but given the hundreds of Australians investing in personal development systems, it seems that not too many shrinking violets are particularly keen to hang around that long to hit paydirt.

Shy people might perform a job or function perfectly — and make great friends, *when you get to know them* — but something about timidity works against them out there in the real world. For a start, shyness makes *other people* uncomfortable. Business associates, you *don't* want to make feel uncomfortable. They're not interested necessarily in a pocket full of jokes. It's just nice to shoot the breeze. Even The Book encourages people not to get too carried away with the meekness trip: "There is he that destroyeth his own soul through bashfulness."

Of course, everybody admits to shyness in certain situations: shy with the boss, shy with a new partner, shy on the telephone, shy with clothes off . . . But some people are *really* shy.

Some people are so shy they can't even join a group for assertiveness training for fear of the other shy people they might meet.

Actually, shy people are well liked. That's because they're easily manipulated. When the victim realises he is losing out because of it, then it becomes a problem.

What must be understood is that confidence is an enviable gift in some, but an acquired skill in most. A new outfit has arrived on our shores to turn shy people into citizens of the world by teaching this skill.

Illustration by Mark Tremlett

The walls of the office of John Robert Powers Personal Development Systems, in North Sydney, indicate the essence of this successful international network. For a start, there are mirrors — lots of mirrors. Walk in there and you can't help but be confronted with your image: that slouch, that perspiration stain . . .

Powers teaches you to manipulate that image and to play the game. Fashion know-how, visual poise and grooming are just a few of their many programs. "Scruffy" is the big no-no. In this world, "scruffy" is how you describe axe murderers and child molesters — not employees.

But it's not all about image. According to the lore, John Robert Powers became a theatrical and modelling agent in the States shortly after World War I. "He became concerned at the number of glamorous young women who apparently had everything, but failed to make the grade as models. Others, perhaps less good-looking, went on to become stars.

"Mr Powers came to the conclusion that good looks alone were not enough. Success or failure depended on mental attitude." So reads their promo. The outfit must be on to something: today they have operations all over the States, in Indonesia, Guam, Philippines, Singapore, Japan (*very* big) and Thailand. There is another office in Adelaide, besides the Sydney location, with tentative plans for further expansion.

What they're on to is nothing new to the many psychologists and therapists who teach assertiveness training, but by tailoring the principles of positivity for the business world in an atmosphere of fun, they turn people from shrinking violets into go-getters.

You tailor a program to suit yourself. Experts in particular fields are employed on a part-time basis to take the classes. These include Personal Development, "the art of controlling your own destiny, replacing bad habits with positive attitudes"; Social Awareness, "gain poise and self-confidence by knowing what is expected of you in any business or social situation"; Communication, in which you learn to "speak more clearly and say what you mean"; and Executive Grooming, "specially designed for the up and coming young executive." In the latter, speech phobias are addressed, and a client learns how to handle a television interview.

Manager of the Sydney office, Hugh Reynolds, says many clients are those with low self-esteem, who "can't get a job, and can't get a girlfriend", but increasingly they cater for large businesses who willingly pay for their employees to sharpen their acts.

Quite a few clients are those who feel they have lost their footing in the world after a trauma, perhaps the loss of a loved one. An important social service? "We stay away from the medical aspects and any clinical psychology," says Reynolds.

All of the services offered can be found elsewhere, but bringing them all together under the one roof gives it the quality of a contemporary finishing school, without the exclusive gearing for women.

Evidence of such a system's success is obviously hard to measure, but the fact that about 30 percent of clients have been referred by other Powers graduates is an indication of positive results.

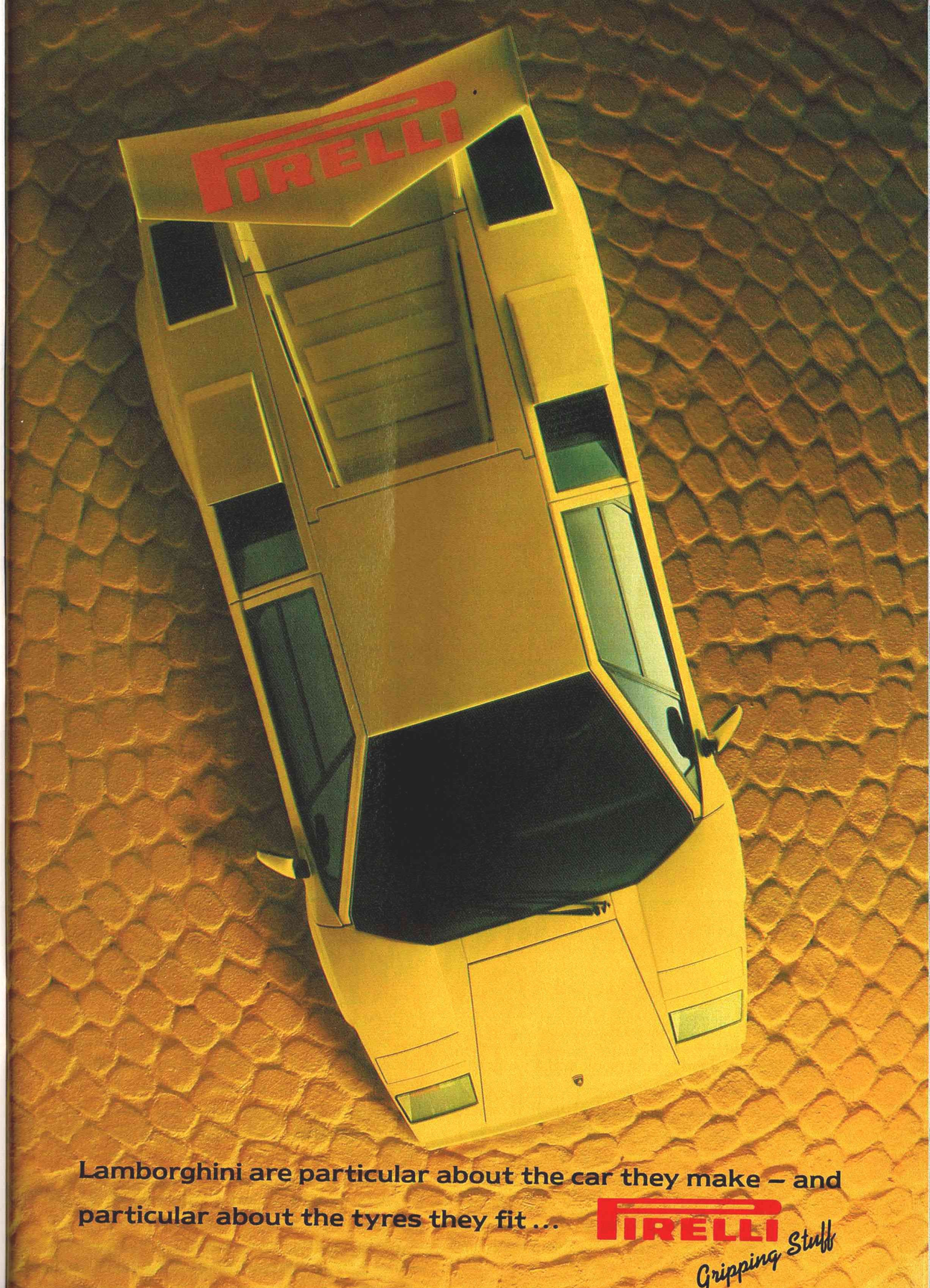
"We had one man in his thirties come in and tell us that he'd been to about a dozen job interviews, all of which he was very well qualified for, but without success. I could tell straight away what his problem was . . . He mumbled into his beard. I certainly wouldn't have employed him. And he was [wait for it] scruffy."

After kindling an awareness of fashion, providing some elocution lessons, and a few dry runs rehearsing the interview, Reynolds reports with a fair amount of pride that his client cracked a position on his very next try.

"But nothing will work unless a client wants it to work. One young man was sent here by his boss as a last resort, but he didn't like what he saw and went back to the office."

The result? "He turned up at work the next day to find he was sacked."

Don't be too shy to ring (02) 959 4988 for a chat about what Powers can offer. — *Graem Sims*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10 Homing antenna (low and mid)
11 ALR-41 antenna
12 Flight control computers
13 Feel and trim assembly
14 Forward avionics bay
15 Angle-of-attack probe
16 UHF Comm/Tacan No 2
17 Module forward bulkhead and stabilization flaps (2)
18 Twin nosewheels
19 Shock strut
20 Underfloor impact attenuation bag stowage (4)
21 Nosewheel well
22 LOX converter
23 Rudder pedals
24 Control column
25 LOX heat exchanger
26 Auxiliary flotation bag pressure bottle
27 Weapons sight
28 Forward parachute bridle line
29 De-fog nozzle
30 Windscreen
31 Starboard console
32 Emergency oxygen bottle
33 Crew seats
34 Bulkhead console
35 Wing sweep control handle
36 Recovery chute catapult
37 Provision/survival pack
38 Attenuation bags pressure bottle
39 Recovery chute
40 Aft parachute bridle line
41 UHF
42 Stabilization-brake chute
43 Self-righting bag
44 UHF
45 ECM antennae (port and starboard)
46 Forward fuselage fuel bay (2,340 Imp gal/10,638 litres)
47 Ground refuelling receptacle
48 Weapons bay
49 Module pitch flaps (port and starboard)
50 Aft flotation bag stowage
51 Air refuelling receptacle
52 Primary heat-exchanger (air-to-water)
53 Ram air inlet
54 Rate gyros
55 Rotating glove
56 Inlet variable spike
57 Port intake
58 Air brake/undercarriage door
59 Auxiliary inlet blow-in doors
60 Rotating glove pivot point
61 Inlet vortex generators
62 Wing sweep pivot
63 Wing centre-box assembly
64 Wing sweep actuator
65 Wing sweep feedback
66 Control runs
67 Rotating glove drive set
68 Inboard pivot pylons (2)
69 Auxiliary drop tanks (500 Imp gal/2,273 litres)
70 Outboard fixed pylon (subsonic/jettisonable)
71 Slat drive set
72 Wing fuel tank (324 Imp gal/1,473 litres)
73 Leading-edge slat
74 Starboard navigation light
75 Flap drive set
76 Outboard spoiler actuator
77 Starboard spoilers
78 Inboard spoiler actuator
79 Flaps
80 Wing swept position
81 Auxiliary flap
82 Auxiliary flap actuator
83 Nuclear weapons and weapons control equipment package
84 Wing sweep/Hi Lift control box
85 Flap, slat and glove drive mechanism
86 Starboard engine bay
87 Yaw feel spring
88 Roll feel spring
89 Yaw trim actuator
90 Yaw damper servo
91 Roll stick position transducer
92 Pitch trim actuator (manual)
93 Roll damper servo
94 Pitch trim actuator (series)
95 Pitch feel spring
96 Pitch-roll mixer
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99 Aft fuselage frames
100 Aft fuselage fuel bays (1,191 Imp gal/5,413 litres)
101 Horizontal stabilizer servo actuator
102 Starboard horizontal stabilizer
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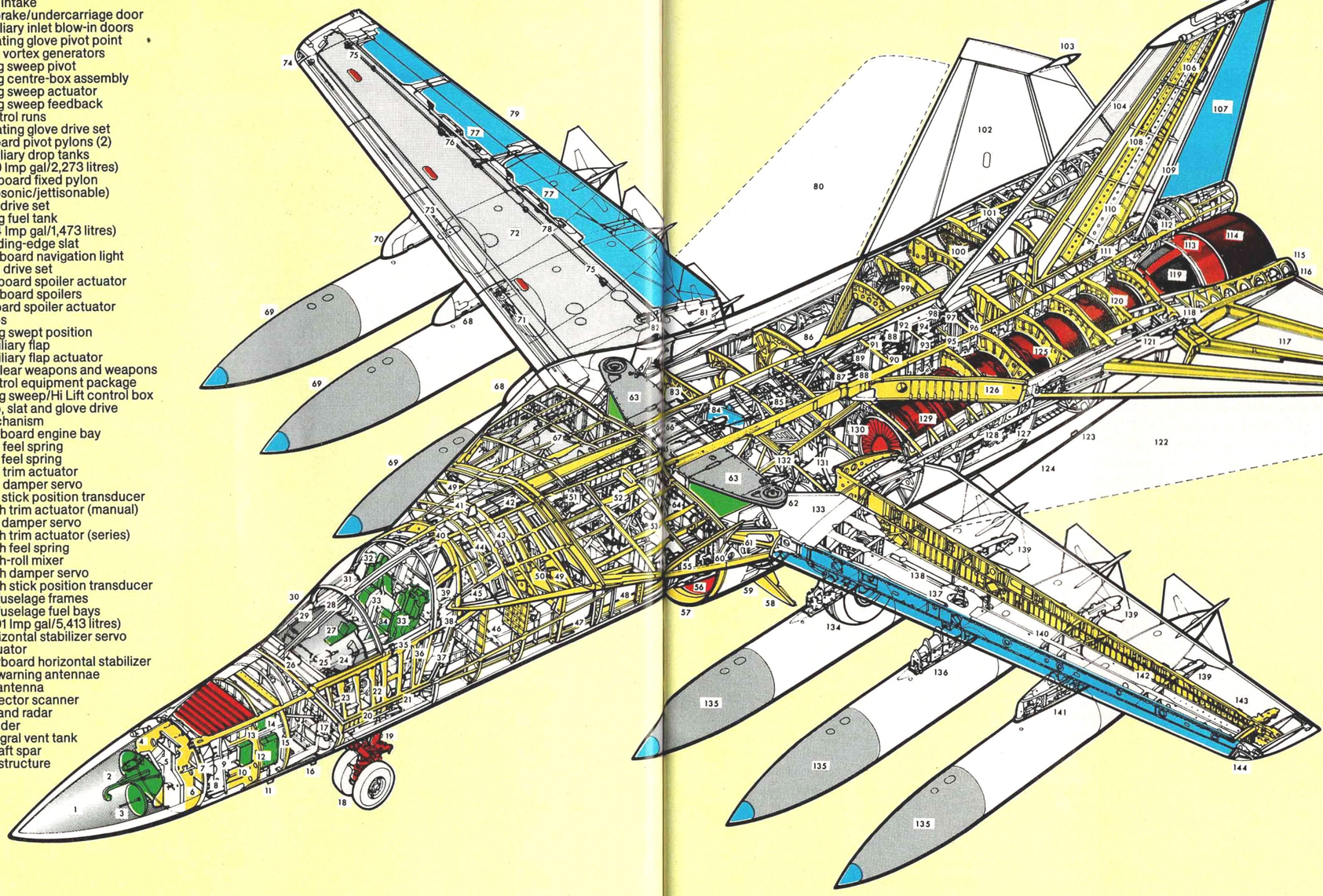
112 Rudder servo actuator
113 Variable nozzle
114 Tailfeathers
115 ECM antenna
116 ALR-41 antenna
117 Horizontal stabilizer structure
118 Horizontal stabilizer servo actuator
119 Free floating blow-in doors
120 Afterburner section
121 Horizontal stabilizer servo actuator
122 Wing swept position
123 UHF
124 Ventral fin
125 Fire detection sensing element loops
126 Cross frames
127 Engine access hatches
128 Engine accessories
129 Pratt & Whitney TF30 turbofan
130 Three-stage fan
131 Intake duct
132 Fire extinguishing agent container and nozzles
133 Wing box skinning
134 Port mainwheel
135 Auxiliary drop tanks
136 Pivot pylon
137 Pivot point
138 Pivot actuator
139 Flap racks
140 Fixed pylon strong point
141 Outboard fixed jettisonable pylon
142 Wing integral fuel
143 Wing box structure
144 Port navigation light



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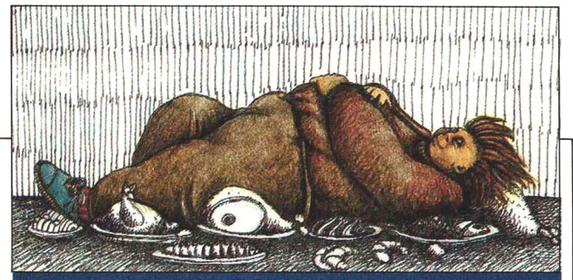

WATER OF LIFE

In the early Fifties, vodka was an obscure, oddball liquor known only to newly arrived immigrants from eastern Europe. Today, Smirnoff alone sells 100,000 cases a year in Australia. In the US, the annual quota is 400 million litres. Pablo Picasso was right when he fingered the West's three greatest discoveries since World War II — modern jazz, Brigitte Bardot and vodka.

Some historians believe that vodka's first distillation took place in Poland in the late 10th Century. The first mention in Russian records dates back to the 12th Century. At that time the drink was called *zhiznennia voda,* or "water of life", but by the 16th Century the name had been shortened to "vodka", a diminutive of the word for water, and a term which literally translates as "dear little water."

Vodka fast became the cornerstone of Russian drinking and feasting traditions. It was served straight and icy cold in chilled silver vessels called shkalik glasses, or in tall-stemmed crystal goblets. Toasts were offered and the vodka was consumed in a single gulp while standing — tossed back with one grand motion.

The reason — besides machismo — for the quick dispatch of each shot was the erroneous assumption among Russian imbibers that intoxication was caused by the fumes that the drink emitted.

The more quickly it was downed, they reasoned, the less likely they were to inhale the fumes and get pissed. Although this theory has long since been disproved, the practice of bolting vodka still persists among Russians and other eastern Europeans.

The first vodkas were pretty crude affairs, quite unlike the silky and highly refined versions available today. In order to mask their off-tastes and harshness, early distillers frequently flavored them with herbs, spices and fruit. Some of these concoctions are available in Australia. For example, Pertsovka, Stalin's favorite, is dark and peppery, made with an infusion of capsicum, cubeb and cayenne; there are also cherry and lemon vodkas. Zubrowka, a golden Polish vodka flavored with buffalo grass, is only for those marginally less crazy than 100 percent pure Polish spirit drinkers.

Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

Vodka used to be made from potatoes — a very long time ago — but the best has always been made from a mash of commonly available grains, mainly corn. Vodka is actually produced from the same basic ingredients as rye whiskey, only distilled at a higher proof. When the procedure is finished, the distillate is clear, white and nearly devoid of character. What's left is alcohol, water and a very small amount of congeners, the substances that give spirits their flavor.

The drink that spearheaded the vodka tidal wave west of the Urals was the Moscow Mule. In 1948, a Los Angeles restaurateur named Jack Morgan was trying to figure out a way to introduce ginger beer to his customers. He mixed it with everything he could think of but nothing worked — until he tried vodka. He added a slice of lime, served it in a copper mug and synthesised the reason for vodka's future popularity — mixability.

As the fame of the Moscow Mule spread, other mixologists got into the act. The next great success was the Screwdriver, a combination of vodka and orange juice. This was followed by the Vodka Martini, the Vodka Collins, the Bullshot (vodka and beef stock) and, perhaps the most successful of all, the Bloody Mary.

Many new fans first drank vodka because they thought its neutral flavor would be less likely to leave telltale traces on their breath. One very successful advertising campaign used the slogan: "It leaves you breathless." Wrong. Any alcoholic drink thrown back in gallons leaves an unmistakeable aroma.

The difference between the best of vodkas and bargain brands is that the more expensive, carefully made versions are usually purer and closer to the neutral ideal. Vodkas also vary by proof from 80 to 100. Obviously, the higher the proof, the bigger the kick it delivers.

More and more people are drinking their vodka chilled, straight and in small shots, as the Poles and Russians do. For real authenticity, or something like it, follow this routine. Place a bottle of vodka in a one-litre milk carton, fill with water and freeze. To serve, remove the carton, leaving an overcoat of ice. Because of its alcohol content, the vodka comes out only slightly thicker.

My favorite vodkas are Stolichnaya, Wyborowa, Finlandia, Absolut and of course, Smirnoff. Smirnoff traces its roots back to Imperial Russia, where the drinking of vodka bore a striking resemblance to the tequila ritual using salt and lime. The progression was to sniff some salt first, bolt the vodka, then eat the bread.

In 1818, shortly after Napoleon's invading army had burned Moscow to the ground, Arsenii Petrovich Smirnoff opened a small distillery. Using the new charcoal filtering method, he made a smooth and extremely pure vodka that was to become the world's pre-eminent brand. By the end of the 19th Century, the company was producing one million bottles of vodka per day.

The Russian Revolution changed all that and set in motion the events that eventually would lead to vodka's popularity spreading to the rest of the world. Vladimir Smirnoff fled Moscow and settled in Paris, bringing with him the Smirnoff formula. Within a short time the libation of the Tsars was being produced again. However, it took nearly 40 years for the company to again reach its turn of the century production peak — and surpass it.

It seems, as Reagan might suggest, the Russians have no word for "moderation" in their language when it comes to vodka.

But then vodka is not meant to be savored and exclaimed over; it is, instead, one of the catalysts that adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of life. — *Elisabeth King*

SPECIAL MILD
35's
ROTHMANS
SPECIAL MILD
35
MILD FILTER
SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning
SPECIAL MILD
35
VIRGINIA FILTER
SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
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SPECIAL MILD 35
35's value
in specially blended mild cigarettes.
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SLOTH

SURFING'S NEW DEAL

In the Eighties the travel industry has made tremendous strides in the area of specialised adventure packages. Potentially life-threatening holidays, from hot air ballooning over the Himalayas to frolicking with white pointers off the coast of South Australia, are no more than a phone call away. All the hours of meticulous research and painstaking preparation can now be left to the sort of people who enjoy that sort of thing, while the armchair adventurer simply pays his money and takes his chances.

This Yuppie-orientated push has been a long time coming to the sport of surfing — a sport dominated by an ethos of individualism and loosely governed by rules of secrecy which ensured that a privileged few (the pros, their entourages, the surfing media circus and the odd hard core surf Nazi) could flit from one exotic "secret" locale to another while the masses could only salivate over the smugly cryptic reports in surf magazines and wonder how to tap into the exclusive grapevine, the repository of all that priceless experience and knowledge.

Now the hegemony of the surfing grapevine is being challenged by a few enterprising individuals who've set out to bring the world's best waves within easy reach of everybody. In Australia the pioneer in this business, and unquestionably the main man, is 28-year-old Paul King, who set up King Surfaris back in 1984 to offer packaged tours to the legendary Grajagan, on the south-eastern tip of Java, and sailing surfaris along the then unexplored coastlines of Java, Lombok, Sumbawa and Sumba, all in the Indonesian archipelago.

After numerous successful forays into the heart of darkness, during which he's tapped hundreds of surfers into pristine waves of astounding quality, King has established an extremely high credibility rating among the surfing fraternity, and King Surfaris are widely recognised as providing by far the best wave-per-dollar value available to wandering Australian surf hunters. Now Paul King is ready to take on the world.

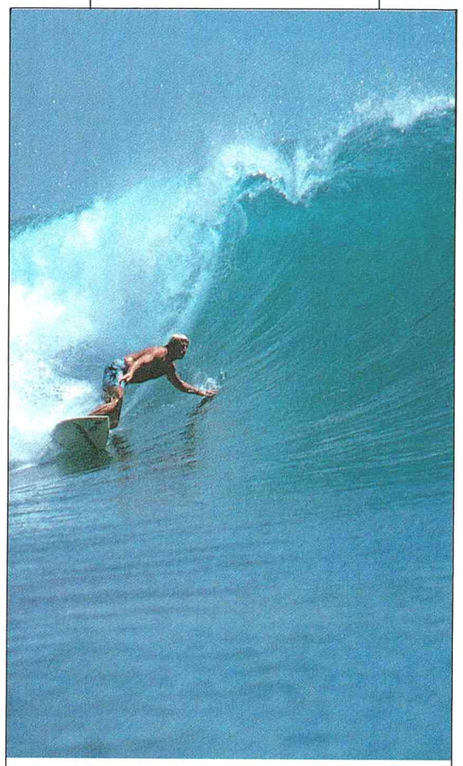
His newly formed Surf Travel Company is the only travel agency in Australia (and probably the world) totally devoted to the needs of the travelling surfer. By using sophisticated computer facilities and contacts around the globe, Surf Travel can provide the sort of information and services that are simply not obtainable from any ordinary travel agent. If, for instance, you want to go surfing in Peru, Surf Travel will book the airfare, organise accommodation, provide an itinerary of the best surf spots and how to get there, organise further ticketing if necessary, advise on seasonal variations in surf quality, what equipment to take, potential hazards, breaks newly discovered in the area — in other words, they'll do everything possible to turn a hit-and-miss surf trip into an unforgettable experience. What about a round-the-world surfari, stopping at exotic hotspots from Portugal to Costa Rica, from Mauritius to Maui? You could spend six months trying to piece together the information you'd need to maximise the surfing potential and still not get it right — or you could leave it all in the hands of Surf Travel. When you view the situation in that light, there's no doubt at all that Surf Travel represents the beginning of a new era in surfing. One phone call taps you into the grapevine; your finger is on the pulse.

Surf Travel has also expanded the range of fully packaged, guided tours available to Aussie surfers. The company can book you on any of the established King Surfaris to Indonesia (I recommend the "Explorer Surfari" heading by boat from Bali to Lombok and on to Sumbawa — the ultimate surfing adventure at a bargain basement rate). As well, two new surf camps will open in March '88 — one in West Java and another on Sumbawa, adjacent to a break offering right-handers comparable with South Africa's fabled Jeffreys Bay. Both camps will operate under the direct control of Surf Travel, so the overcrowding that has afflicted the Grajagan camp will not be a problem. Zodiacs will be waiting to taxi surfers to and from the line-up. Who can argue with that sort of service?

Another exotic and previously unheard of destination is the Philippine island of Catanduanes, which lies directly in the path of monsoon-generated Pacific Ocean swells. Wave height can reach 15 feet in the November to March season and eight feet in the June to October season. Other attractions include excellent fishing and a superb volcanic backdrop. Surf Travel can link you into hut-style accommodation and a local guide who'll provide transport to all the breaks in the vicinity.

Closer to home, Western Australia's untamed coastline pulls in huge swells from the Indian Ocean which break with immense power on isolated reefs accessible only by 4-wheel-drive vehicles. A camping-style package gives surfers the freedom to explore the multitude of hidden surf spots under the guidance of a local driver, with hotel accommodation available on request in the larger towns. New Zealand and Eastern Australian guided tours are also on the Surf Travel menu.

The good news for surfers is that the world has not run out of uncrowded perfect waves in exotic unspoiled settings. It's just a matter of knowing where to find them. For more info, write to the Surf Travel Company, PO Box 446, Cronulla 2230 NSW Australia, or phone (02) 527 4722. — *Greg Hunter*



Paul King: competent surfer in his own right

Photo by Peter Simons

THIS SWAN'S MADE FOR YOU.

Premium EXPORT SWAN LAGER

APB 0498

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Almost one thousand "ordinary" Australians will kill this year. Will you be among them?

WILL YOU KILL?

BY MAURICE WHITTA

Someone **must perform the 1000 killings which will thin Australia's population in 1988. About 950 of the killers waiting to fill the statistics have no more thought of playing the part than you have.**

Most of the murder victims will be put down by fairly ordinary men, hard to tell from you and me. Neither kids nor old folk, 80 percent of the killers will be aged between 17 and 55. Many of them will be pleasant like you and I, and like most murderers I have helped defend. Like Keith.

Keith killed in the early Seventies, in the heady days of the sexual revolution. Remember? The Liberals were in and we were all making money without trying; genital herpes was generally unheard of, let alone AIDS; and no-one was supposed to say "No" to anyone.

Thirty years ago I could have used Keith's real name because he would have been hanged or jailed for life. But nowadays, especially if killers seem nice chaps, they are around town after a few years, sitting next to you at the piano bar, ready to sue for libel. So no names.

At 25, Keith was a salesman in a hi-tech industry, drove a Lancia his employer had helped him buy (in those days when fringes were cut by scissors, not taxes), and enjoyed his second year of living close to the centre of Sydney and

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY CONDON

KILL?

Robyn.

Because Robyn had parental problems they did not quite live under one roof, but in her flat they went through the motions of de facto living, and he believed they would love happily ever after.

One evening she told him that the magic had gone out of their mesalliance; in the trendy talk of the day, she said: "Our relationship has burned out," and added that she had met another gentleman. Suddenly alone, Keith felt as if the pound of flesh nearest his heart had been ripped out. He faced the usual choices. He could beg her to think again; he could tell her she was a bitch and that he was lucky to have found out so soon; he might thrash her for her betterment, or ask the name and address of her new man so he could thrash him.

Instead, after two sleepless nights, he accepted her decision with an upper lip as stiff as he could raise, and chose to wish her well as soon as they divided the wine and cassette collections into His and Hers. For that property settlement he went to her flat by appointment at 4pm on Sunday, three days after her announcement. He found Robyn opening the sherry and starting a friendly chat, and was glad that she was so pleasant.

But she was not helpful. He wanted to divide what they had shared and go, and he got impatient as she chatted on, refilled her glass, and let her skirt ride higher.

"I think she had second thoughts on the new bloke," he told me over the fifth inkblot card. "And she was one of those people who can't admit they were wrong. She wanted me back, and she didn't know anything better than to tease me. Maybe she hoped I'd throw her on the bed and we'd make up with our pants off."

Three parts of an hour wasted away, and Keith had a therapeutic date with a redhead at 5.30.

"I'm not sure what happened. I was getting tense; it was twenty to five. I said, 'Look, help me sort the wine out, I've got to go' — and she turned nasty." With total tactlessness, she told him how poorly he compared with her new man.

"I started sorting things out quickly, my hand was shaking, and she wouldn't help, or say which bottles she wanted. She just kept on telling me what this bloke had done to her and what she had done to him. Now I think she just had a good imagination." For off-the-cuff porn maybe, but not for Keith's reactions, and though she must have known how much she was hurting Keith, she could not have known how much anger he was sitting on until he lost control.

Not just anger at the jilt's jeering, or at her making him late, but all the deep anger of her dumping him that had festered over three days — anger which she had brought to a head in the last hour.

"I don't remember what came next. She was still going on and I was running late, and I wasn't coming back for another session, and I picked up one of those tall brass lamps we brought back from India that I wanted, and she said, 'You're not taking that,' and ripped it out of my hand. And I grabbed it back, and she started scratching my face, and I must have hit her with it. They say she had a thin skull."

After a while he rang an ambulance.

Murder is the game in which you really do kill the one you love. Seven out of ten times your victim will be someone you know well, even someone dear to you. Even if Keith had tried to cover his tracks, the NSW Police would have looked for him the moment they knew he was Robyn's lover.

He is in circulation again, in Melbourne now, and he came to see me not long ago. His blond hair is thinning, he is married, he is doing fairly well in a new career he worked out in prison, and he is haunted by guilt.

"You can't forget you did it, and I still don't like myself. And then sometimes I think, well, she had her fun, and she only suffered for a moment, and I've suffered ever since."

Andrew also killed in anger the lady he loved, but did his suffering before the murder. All of it, for months on end. Unlike Keith, he was insane when he killed in 1984, so you might think he was not much like you; yet for his 33 years most people believed him sane, just as they believe you are, and for 32 of those years he was.

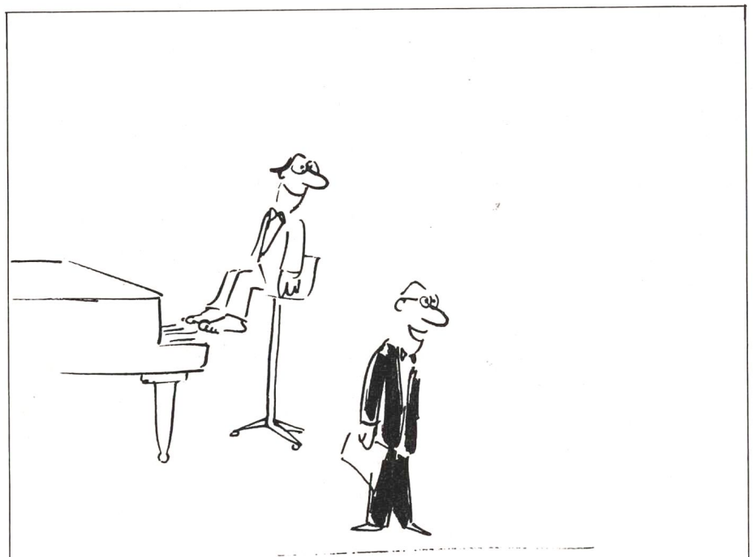
And he was *sure* he was sane, even in the last year when he was ruled by delusions, those falsities that feel like truth in the head.

Of course, you are too sane to cultivate delusions. But how do you *know* you are not deluded now? Each man is alone in his head. No matter how thoughtful or analytical we are, we know our beliefs are true only by the way they feel, and a deluded man feels his are true.

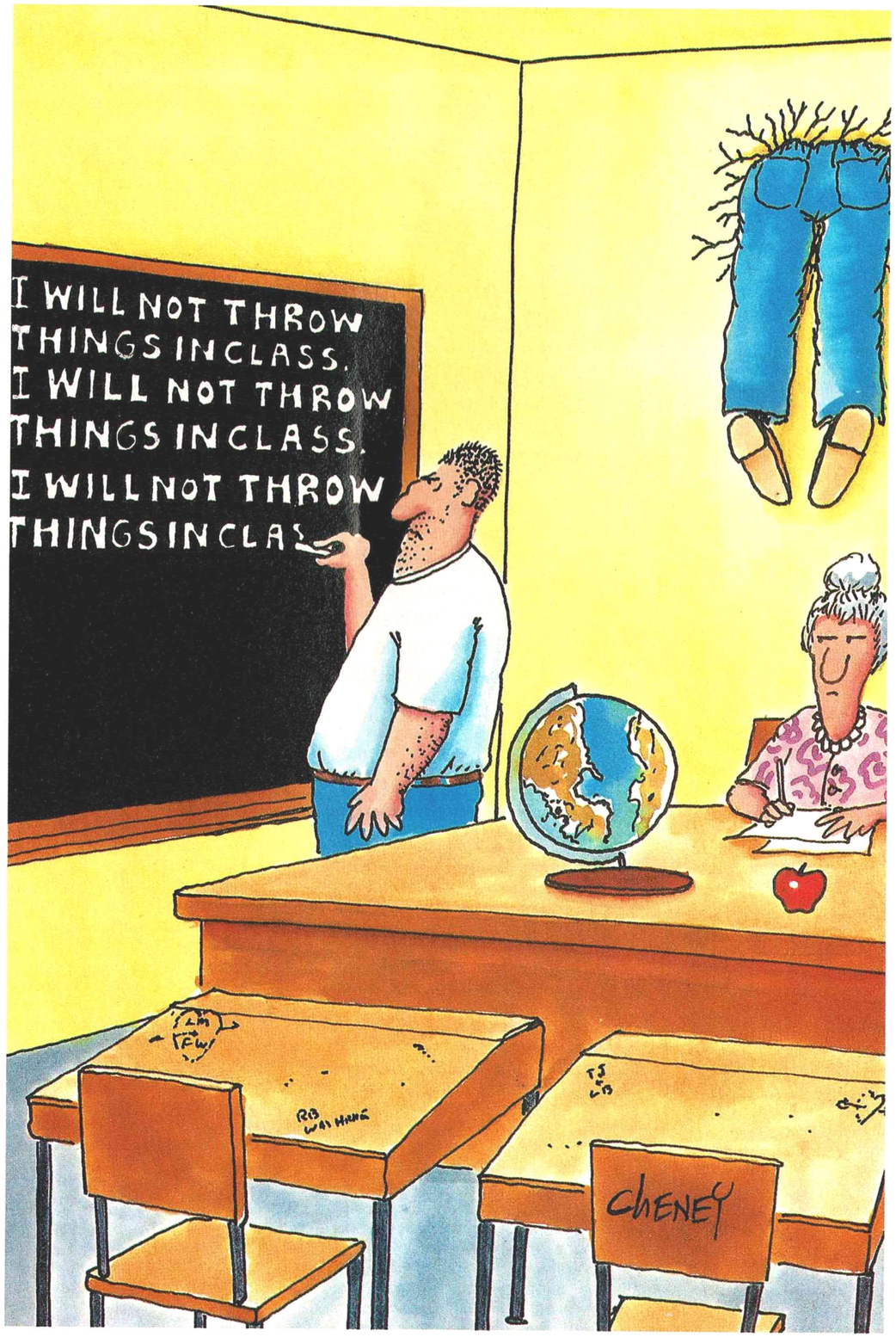
Andrew did. He was a success in his business — mowers and mulchers, which grew fast in the early Eighties — and although not the best mixer in town, he was good old Andy in the Lions, the lunchtime bistros and local traders' meetings, and among the whiskey-breathed friends with whom he carried his antique outside-hammer Manton at the dawn of every duck season.

Duck-shooting was the only thing that ever took him far from Miranda and the three kids. He loved them, but other than seeing they were well fed, shod and sheltered, he seldom showed much sensitivity to their other needs. Yet he prided himself on understanding people, and by 1983 was pretty good at knowing what they were up to behind his back — so good that he could read their thoughts.

Especially Miranda's. Unhappily he was not an accurate reader, and his ideas of her



". . . And now, the 'Warsaw Concerto.' "



KILL?

ideas were warped by the insecurity which had always been part of his makeup.

Like most of us he dealt with insecurity by clinging to things: his business, the children, his brown-barrelled Manton.

And especially Miranda. The year before he murdered was filled with fear and anger as he grew more and more suspicious that Miranda was sleeping out. Suddenly one winter day he felt dead sure of it, and knew the man was his sales manager, Peter Jones, a pleasant youngster who saw a good deal of Miranda when Andrew brought him home to dinner, and on the days she came into the office as part-time advertising manager.

Frantic to convince himself that he had not lost her, Andrew spied, set traps, cunningly questioned, and suffered from one Queen's Birthday to the next. Every day he was more sure, more lost, more frightened and angry. He bewildered Jones by blowing friendly one minute and nasty the next, and drove Miranda into seeing the family doctor, who sent them to me.

My work with them turned up no hint that she had slept with Jones or anyone else but Andrew, whose potency was now down to once a month. But he had ceased dealing with evidence as you and I understand it, using his raw material so creatively that any glance between Miranda and Jones was hot with lust, a commonplace remark from one to the other was blatant love-talk to his alerted ears, and Miranda's momentary absence of mind was cast-iron proof that she was daydreaming erotically about her last or next coupling with Jones.

He was worried enough to tell me his grievances and to let me make the tests used by those practised in the art. The test findings were full of suspicion and aggression, and simple questions showed that his beliefs about Miranda and Jones were delusions. When I pressed him for hard evidence, there was none: he just *knew*.

When he said he had been in the showroom one lunch hour while they had it off in the store-room a few yards away, I asked him why he had not surprised them, and he just shuffled. Some deluded people take care not to test their delusions, as if at one level they know those beliefs are false; testing will show it, and bring them into an agonising confrontation with the belief they cannot give up and the evidence — or lack of it — they cannot ignore.

Perhaps that is why Andrew never ended his suffering by giving Jones a hiding or his marching orders, actions which might have drawn alibis, ridicule, or unshakable denials from both Jones and Miranda. Or worse, did he sense that neither action would get out of his head the burning facts that Miranda had betrayed him and he had lost her?

I reported that he needed psychiatric care to wind down and hinted he would kill someone if he did not get it. His doctor wrote to me after Andrew killed, praising my accurate diagnosis and prediction. (I'm not glorifying myself. Experience and research have taught psychologists much of what makes different kinds of murderers tick, and I used the knowledge. An Anti-Homicide Squad could use it too. Will our community one day have pre-emptive strike capacity to spot murderers coming to the boil and stop them before they kill?)

Andrew's doctor also rewarded me for being right by never sending me another case, which hints that he had disagreed with my diagnosis until after Andrew killed. Because he disagreed, or because Andrew refused treatment, his delusions and agony went on for a few weeks until his anger swallowed him. On a Sunday morning in June, 1984 he took down his Manton,

> As Janos watched Brother's foot tapping the spanner, he knew it could be kicked aside. The next foot that tapped the spanner was his.

handily made with two barrels for couples, loaded it with the largest shot he had — not that it mattered much at muzzle-range — pulled back each hammer, and shot Miranda and himself in front of the children.

One of the children came to see me a few months later, a sad, tense little boy brought by Andrew's mother. "He doesn't say much," she said.

As Keith hinted, the most miserable victims of murder are not those who die quickly — Robyn with her blood over the wine bottles while Keith tries to find the ambulance number, or Andrew's wife on the breakfast room floor with her chest open. The dead are beyond suffering.

The most miserable victims are those who live past murder, the children or friends who saw the victims killed, found their bodies, or simply lost them forever, and must suffer memories for the rest of their lives.

Even murderers may suffer more than the dead: Keith with his decades of guilt, Andrew whose years of torture ended when, like one of every three domestic murderers, he gave himself quick quietus, and now Janos, slowly killing himself and his guilt with alcohol after killing his brother with a spanner.

You may have met him, because today he is coming down from the peak of a career in electronics marked by brilliance, blundering and booze, a career of successes and of scene after scene made too hot to hold him.

He is brilliant, but in childhood he suffered self-esteem lower than your boots, so that up to 19 he lived resentfully in the shadow of a young brother just as brilliant, but more sure and carefree as the baby of the family often is — and, as Janos saw it, more favored by parents, teachers, and the girls.

Nineteen years of that ran out on Saturday afternoon as Janos tidied the family garage while his brother worked under Dad's LTD. Brother had hardly started when his mate from up the road came in to borrow the jack.

"Well, I've got to finish this," Brother said. "Wait a minute," and to the admiration of his mate, wedged a big spanner between the chassis and the concrete, then took the jack out, leaving the LTD poised on the spanner.

"Don't be such a damn fool," Janos said, as Brother wriggled back under the LTD.

"It's strong enough," the little brother answered, "and it can't slip." He was used to Janos nagging.

No, but as Janos watched Brother's foot tapping the spanner, he knew it could be kicked aside. The next foot that tapped the spanner was his, and Brother died as the LTD came down on its right front brakedrum and the gearbox came down on his skull.

Janos had often daydreamed of killing his brother, so he was not too bewildered to keep repeating to parents and police, and later the coroner, the story of his brother's foot kicking away the spanner. He even said he had warned him, and heads nodded sadly, because everyone knew Brother was too confident, and no-one remembered the notion that a good many murders are done because the victim makes it easy for the murderer.

After that, Janos only had to go through the alcoholism and career failure which sprang from his blood guilt and which brought him to my notice 20 years later.

Whether or not Paul killed the one he loved is not clear. The lady was his mother.

When I first thought of telling you about him, I recalled only that he was closest of all my murderers to being Mister Ordinary. When I looked into his folder, I remembered one way he was not ordinary. A few years after I first saw him he visited me while on parole, and he was then the smelliest man I ever met.

But he used to be clean when he was at school. He'd been brought up properly. Paul and his mother were what we used to call "decayed gentlefolk." Mother had been to the best South Australian girls'

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school, and married a gentleman who had been to one of the better Victorian boys' schools.

Unhappily neither his school nor any other source had given him business sense. Before Paul turned 5, the family money had gone, his father was deep in the drinking which killed him when Paul was 15, and his mother saw her marriage as a disappointment.

Paul was a disappointment too. By the time he turned 21 he proved he had inherited his father's lack of business sense. Despite the efforts of his father's old school, which saw him through on half fees, Paul was contentedly unemployed.

He and his embittered mother moved to Morriset, south of Newcastle, where she had a friend and rents were lower. Lots of ex-wives there. Paul and Mother lived lovingly and patiently together, making ends meet, keeping themselves clean and decent in thought, word and deed, and doing good to the poor.

No they didn't. I told you he was ordinary. He spent his unemployment money on beer and one of the local divorcees; Mother drank a bit too, nagged him to get work, get married, get out of the house, and do something to help.

One evening she went out to buy the paper and asked him, flat on his back in front of Maxwell Smart, to watch the stew on the stove. When she came back with the *Mirror*, the stew was burnt. Not so much as a "Sorry about that, Ninety-nine" was offered.

Mother rebuked gently, Paul answered ashamedly, and then gripped her throat to stop her saying she would show the police over his pot plantation. She should have turned him in without threatening. Paul calmed her by tying her gagged to the foot of her bed, and in the morning found her dead. She had vomited in the night and choked.

To kill you need not feel the anger that moved Keith, Andrew, Janos and Paul. As far as I ever found out gentle Wayne was never angry with anyone, let alone the workmate he killed.

He was no killer until transmogrified by alcohol. He worked in the bush, and with nothing much to do one Saturday, wandered from pub to pub, steadily getting more mellow and dissolving his judgement, conscience and self-control, until by 5pm he was pretty well down to his id. At that stage he turned up back at the almost deserted work camp, and started maundering on with the timekeeper, who enjoyed the afternoon drinking at the doorway of his hut with his collie bitch.

After he and Wayne exchanged a dozen muddled sentences, talk got around to the bitch, and the timekeeper stooped to give love pats and a few drunken words to the only sober soul around.

As Harlan Ellison said, "Love is what a boy feels for his dog," and moments of love should be private, not exposed. Stooping, the timekeeper exposed his head to Wayne, and to the blade of his own axe, which leaned against the wall of the hut. He never looked up, and a moment later the collie yelped away towards the equipment park while Wayne blinked down through the grog-fog at what the axe had done.

The evidence was that Wayne and the timekeeper were good pals, that Wayne had never been violent, and that he would walk a mile out of his way rather than hurt someone. The prosecutor tried hard to prove he had not been all that drunk, but even he could not suggest a motive, and bewildered Wayne was imprisoned for having killed on an urge which by-passed his alcohol-numbed mind and set him in action like a robot.

Do we all have a pure urge to kill, buried deep, but sometimes coming out raw to show us that accepted "motives" for murder are only excuses, secondary and perhaps meaningless?

Maybe. Of these sudden motiveless murders, without anger, some are fostered by alcohol or other drugs; despite all the efforts of accusers and accused to make it look as if the urge was sorted out by some kind of reasoning, and guided by a decision, these murders still show no more reason than rhyme.

Besides the next generation of Waynes and Keiths and the rest of those *recognised* killers Australian coroners will note in the year ahead, our community hosts all the murderers who will go unrecognised. Their man-killings, like Janos' murder of his brother, will pass as accidents, or what the Commonwealth Statistician calls "sudden death, cause unknown", or they will be recorded only as disappearances.

Because unrecognised murderers are not caught, no-one knows much about them, but some are professional killers who must be more than a bit like Oliver — cool and businesslike, with their eyes fixed on what they can gain from murder, in fee or loot.

Most murderers I see are depressed after killing someone they love or at least liked, bewildered because they cannot understand how it happened. They arouse sympathy. Even behind the bars of Melbourne's Pentridge Jail, where I examined him, Oliver aroused only my fear.

He smiled often, but I felt no warmth from him. He had no love for people, no emotional need for them, so he killed without feelings getting in his way as calmly as a plumber threads a piece of pipe. And the tests showed that he killed easier because he lacked 'Thou shalt not kill', the inhibition some psychologists think most of us are born with, that holds back our urge to kill our own kind even when we are "fit to kill."

Yet until Oliver decided to swell the Commonwealth Statistician's figures in the year he turned 28, he passed unnoticed at work, in karate classes, and in the pubs where he never drank too much, just as he might have passed unnoticed beside you in the gym the last time you toned up. He spent most of his time looking after himself, jogging, weight-lifting, eating natural foods, getting massages of both kinds, and generally being the athletic hypochondriac.

A loner, he had worked all around Australia, selling, assembling TVs, teaching driving, fixing farm machinery, though mostly he signed on as a storeman. He travelled light, and his ponies were taxis, so he knew that some taxi drivers carried big money, and that any driver was wide open to a passenger who wanted his roll.

That knowledge was handy in the late Sixties when the economy slumped enough for farmworkers to come into the cities to join the army, and Oliver in Melbourne found himself unemployed with no rent money.

On the morning of his first murder he set off with his airline bag and a quiet smile for a trip to the country. He hailed the first taxi he saw, and as he settled himself in the back seat he told the driver he wanted to be driven the long stretch south-west to Warrnambool.

"Cost you a bit," the driver said, turning around to look over his shoulder at the long smiling face.

"She's right" — and Oliver hefted his bag as if it was full of money.

"Well, I'll get a quote." The driver spoke to base, and Oliver nodded cheerfully when he heard the three-figure fare.

Later he could not recall the amount, and why should he?

The day was bright, and two hours out from Melbourne Oliver and his driver were in one of the most beautiful parts of Victoria, the hills behind Lorne where the soil is red, the mountain ash tower as tall as they do in Gippsland, the back roads are quiet, and the bellbirds call. Oliver mentioned another of nature's calls to the driver when he asked him to stop on a stretch of road lined with thick bush — a quiet, lonely place.

While the cab veered on to the shoulder, he busied his hands in his airline bag down on the floor, and when the cab stopped he had his pea rifle fitted together. He put the muzzle to the back of the driver's neck. Then he urged the sweating, pleading man into the bush, telling him he wanted only his money. Once out of view of the road, he pulled the trigger, twice.

The money from under the driver's seat was more than enough to pay his rent, and he finished his day in the lovely hills by driving himself back to the big city, smiling as he ignored the waves, shouts and whistles of travellers who tried to flag him. He had taken a pleasant tour, free of charge, earned his living for a week or so, and achieved his childhood ambition to be a taxi driver.

All in all, a satisfying day, so he repeated it ten days later when the money got low. Maybe he would still be repeating it, but on the way home from his second money murder one of the features that *made* him a murderer tripped him. To Oliver, right and wrong meant right or wrong for him. He was casual about the law, and was no respecter of traffic lights. The policeman remembered the taxi driver killed the week before last, whose murderer had driven away in the taxi.

Like you, Oliver could sometimes spoil a big success with a little oversight.

We cannot survey here the minority of murderers you are *not* likely to join, the kill-for-funs, the schizophrenics who murder with symbolic trimmings, arsonists who burn a being with the building, crazy patriots who shoot at Mrs Gandhi or President Reagan because they think those people are villains.

We have no space to talk of women, partly because they so seldom kill that I have only a few in my files, yet among them the most beautiful 16-year-old I ever saw, and a mother who boiled her baby.

But we have space to bring together some data on what makes murderers tick, so you can sum up your chances by answering our murder quiz.

"Stop him! He's getting away!"

QUIZ: WILL YOU KILL?

What are your chances of becoming one of the 1000 or so Australians who will kill this year or next? Answer each question either Yes or No, and our quiz will show if your chances are higher or lower than average.

1. Have you had some very odd and strange experiences?
2. Do most people really like you?
3. Do you collect weapons?
4. Does your mind sometimes work less smoothly than usual?
5. Have you sometimes felt that someone was trying to harm you behind your back?
6. Have you one or more good friends, male or female, with whom you've got along happily for years?
7. Do you get a lot of fun out of facing dangers, quarrels, emergencies, that would upset other people?
8. Are you free of enemies who really wish to hurt you?
9. Would you travel to see a bullfight?
10. Are you often troubled by regret or feelings of guilt?
11. Are you angry again and again with someone very close to you?
12. Do you feel that people who practise martial arts have something wrong with them?
13. Do you keep a fierce-looking dog?
14. Do you usually keep your cool and take a long time to get angry?
15. When driving, do you try to keep others from passing you?
16. Has your home life always been happy?
17. Have you left a party full of resentment, feeling you've been put down, or angry with what your partner said or did?
18. Have you sometimes, even for just a moment, felt hate for your parents?
19. Do you like to frighten people with "close shaves", going too close with your car, half-strangling them, pointing an unloaded (or loaded) gun?
20. By and large, are you happy?
21. When someone ends a relationship with you, do you feel betrayed or painfully empty?
22. Do people seem to respect you and depend on you for advice?
23. After you have a few drinks, do you often get into quarrels or fights?
24. Most of the time do you see the funny side of life and enjoy what you do?
25. Do you "save up" people on whom you mean to get revenge?
26. Do you get all the understanding anyone could expect?
27. Have you ever planned to kill anyone?
28. Can you trust most of the people who say they are your friends?
29. Do you believe in solving difficulties between people with simply physical steps such as a push or a punch?
30. Have people usually treated you fairly?
31. Do most of your relationships, work, love or social, come to sticky ends within a year or so?
32. Do you keep out of trouble at all costs?
33. Have you ever forced a woman to have sex when she didn't want it and resisted?
34. Is it hard for you to admit you are wrong?
35. Have you killed anyone?

Count one for each Yes answer to odd-numbered questions, one for each No answer to even-numbered questions, and add the two totals to get your score.

If you score 1 to 9, you are less likely to murder than 95 percent of Australian adults. That does not mean you cannot kill, but for the moment you are not a grave risk to anyone's life.

From 10 to 15, you are less likely to murder than 70 percent of adults, yet you are well out of the low-risk group.

From 16 to 20, you are Mr Average.

Scoring 21 to 26, you are much more likely to murder than Mr Average. Cool down and remind yourself each day how much you like living outside prison.

Scoring from 27 to 35, you are more likely than 95 percent of adults to kill. Move to an uninhabited island.

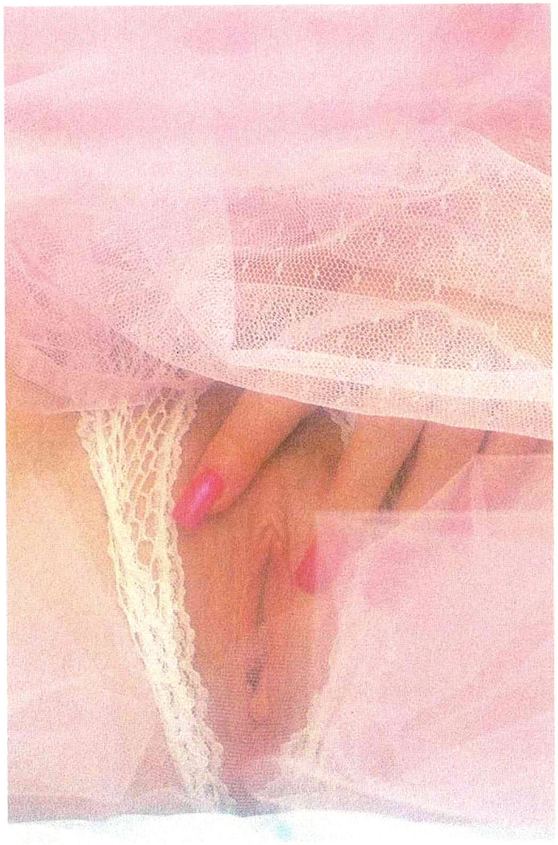
Next month crime psychologist Maurice Whitta analyses the person most likely to kill you.

NATURALE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SCHOEN

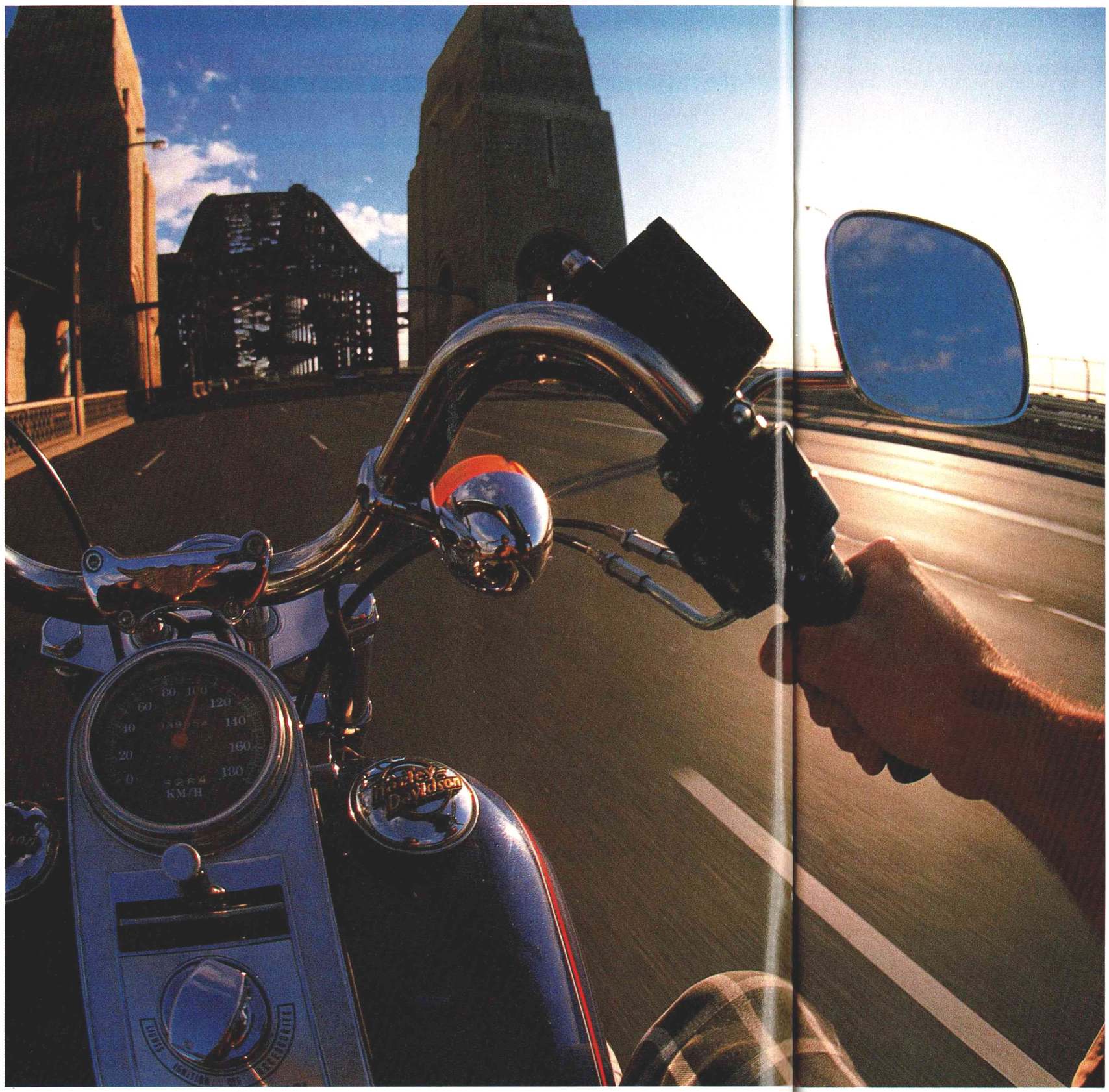
"To be in *Penthouse* makes me feel very special," says Janine Lindemulder. "Posing was very natural and easy for me. It was wonderful to be naked out in the sun and the wind. I like thinking about all the people admiring my naked body."

Secure in her beauty, Janine would not change places with anyone. There is only one drawback, she admits: "I attract too many people. Sometimes I could do without them."



Nineteen-year-old Janine says she hasn't had time for all the adventures she wants, "but I'm working on it." That applies to sex, too, where adventure is the order of the night. She can tell from the first look if a man's the right one.

Janine thinks rock and roll is the biggest turn-on of all. No wonder her boyfriend is a singer in a rock band. "The first night we met we made love. He was exhausted after a show, but I promised to revive him. I kept my word . . ."



THE RETURN OF HARLEY-DAVIDSON

It's been a hard road for the original Easy Rider

BY BILL McKINNON

When Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper set off to find the "Real America" in the late-Sixties' movie classic *Easy Rider*, the bikes on which they chased their dream were a couple of Harley-Davidsons. One had the Stars and Stripes adorning its fuel tank.

When America finally caught up with Fonda and Hopper, it was in the form of a couple of good ol' southern boys who blew their heads off on a lonely southern road. They may have had second thoughts about what they'd done when they saw the now battered Stars and Stripes lying in a ditch, but, hell, they knew long hair was anti-American.

Harley-Davidson motorcycles have been the subject of many rebellious fantasies. Who hasn't seen a Harley rider out on the highway, helmetless, obviously not giving two shits about anything conventional in society? And who hasn't at some stage envied him? Yet, in the USA, Harley-Davidson has always strived to link its bikes with traditional American values and patriotism. Rebellion has nothing to do with it. A true American will vote for Ronald Reagan first, join the Marines second, and get himself a Harley-Davidson third.

In the USA, the traditional "outlaw" Harley-Davidson lifestyle can be a confusing thing to observe. Those involved in it profess to reject "straight" society — a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO/FUJI FILM

HARLEY

sentiment best expressed by a black T-shirt with "Fuck the World" emblazoned across the front — yet at the same time many devotees are pro-American to the point of xenophobia. Especially when it comes to the Japanese — another black T-shirt in the wardrobe probably has a map of Japan on the front, with Hiroshima and Nagasaki marked, and the message "Two Bombs Weren't Enough."

Australian bikers are every bit as full-on in their attitudes as their US counterparts, especially in their devotion to Harley-Davidson. Although British marques such as Norton and Triumph command respect, any Japanese machine is considered good for little other than fuel for the campfire. Another famous T-shirt (it's gotta be black and it's gotta have a message) features a hand grenade and the words "Japanese Motorcycle Repair Kit." Or how about "I'd Rather See My Sister in a Whorehouse Than on a Honda." Get the picture?

As far as the Harley-Davidson Motor Company goes, having such a loyal band of customers has been both a good and a bad thing.

Founded in 1903 (making it the world's oldest motorcycle manufacturer) by William A. Harley and Arthur Davidson, the company's first headquarters was a small wooden shed on the site of the present headquarters in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Two of Davidson's brothers were enlisted to help get the operation going, and in 1909 the company released its first 45-degree V-twin — the same configuration it uses today.

Continual development and refinement of the V-twin range continued steadily, and the company prospered as a result. However in the late Fifties the big Harleys faced a serious challenge from the lighter, sportier British models — particularly Triumphs — and this led to a merger with the Italian firm Aeronautica Macchi (Aermacchi) in 1960. The idea was to tap Aermacchi's success with its range of lightweight sporty singles and market them under the Harley Davidson banner in the USA. It was a dismal failure, and in 1965 the company tried going public, thus ending the Harley and Davidson families' control.

By now the Japanese were also making their mark, and Harleys' big, heavy and slow V-twins were looking distinctly prehistoric.

In 1969 the company was taken over by the American Machine and Foundry corporation (AMF), but despite some garish styling changes the bikes produced under the regime remained essentially the same, and by the end of the Seventies the once proud Milwaukee firm was taking heavy losses and looking very sick.

In June 1981, 12 Harley-Davidson executives, including Willie G. Davidson (grandson of William A.) and Vaughn Beals (now Chairman of the Board) bought the company back from AMF for $60 million, with its share of the big bike (900cc and up) market down to a miniscule five percent.

Heavy losses continued in 1981 and 1982, with nearly half of the 3800 strong workforce laid off and cuts in overheads to the extent that the financial break-even point was reduced by 40 percent. However sales remained sluggish, largely because the Japanese flooded the US market with a vast array of big, cheap bikes, and a savage price cutting war broke out in which Harley-Davidson couldn't afford to take part.

The first break in the gloom came when Ronald Reagan, at the request of Harley management, slapped a massive 49.9 percent tariff on Japanese motorcycles over 700cc in April 1983. The tariff was to last for five years, and was granted with the clear implication that if Harley couldn't get its act together in that period then it would be back on its own in the fight against the Japanese. The tariff had the effect of raising the price of Japanese machinery to within several hundred dollars of comparable Harleys, whereas the price difference before had been greater than $1500.

However, Harley was still faced with the problem that its model lineup — both the smaller Sportster range and the 1340 cc "Shovelheads" — was light years behind the Japanese in every area: technology, reliability, performance and value. The bikers remained faithful, but if long term survival was to be achieved a way had to be found to make Harleys "socially acceptable" and competitive.

Eighty million dollars worth of research and development in 1982-1983 produced the Evolution engine, the foundation for a new model range which it was hoped would revive the company's fortunes and establish it as a legitimate force in modern motorcycle production.

Hand in hand with the new engine came the adoption of Japanese style assembly line techniques, a rigid and effective quality control program, and an extensive domestic advertising campaign aimed at broadening the marque's appeal beyond the "bikers" to the vast mass of middle America — nearly all of whom were riding heavyweight Japanese tourers like the Honda Aspencade, a derivative of the flat four Gold Wing.

The risks were great. Would the bikers turn their backs on Harley because it was so obviously wooing the "straights" and, more importantly, could the straights be persuaded that owning a Harley didn't mean they'd be the subject of panic-stricken glances from their neighbors in suburbia?

It seems that there's a bit of the outlaw in everybody, if Harley's success since 1983 is any indication.

In March this year Vaughn Beals announced that the International Trade Commission (ITC) was being petitioned by Harley-Davidson to drop the tariff on Japanese 700cc-plus bikes — a sure-fire way of signalling that the Big H is well and truly back in business. In 1986, Harley moved past Honda in the heavyweight class to grab a 34 percent share of the market. Export sales were up by 45 percent from their 1983 level, and the employees who had taken salary cuts were back to full pay packets.

Helped by a hefty influx of capital following its listing on the American Stock Exchange in July 1986, the company is currently surging ahead, reporting $162.4 million worth of sales in the first quarter of 1987 ($70.4 million for the corresponding period in 1986), and attracting the attention once again of Ronald Reagan, who on a recent tour of the factory cited HD as proof that good old American know-how — and his trade policies — will always win in the end. "We'll get there," he said, "on a Harley-Davidson."

While measures like the tariff allowed Harley breathing space, the fact remains that the bikes, more than anything else, have been responsible for this renewed prosperity. The Evolution engine has, since its introduction in 1984, proved to be reliable — always a problem with previous Harley engines if you weren't equipped or inclined to give them plenty of care and attention — and it now powers the entire big twin range. There's also a smaller derivative, introduced in 1985, which is fitted to the 883 and 1100 Sportsters, with a 1200 due for release in 1988.

The 1340 Evolution engine retained the traditional 45-degree V-twin configuration, but featured extensive use of aluminium alloy, new cylinders, heads, pistons and bottom end, cams and valves, with the result that power was improved by 10 percent and torque by 15 percent. The idea was to keep all the Harley attributes — enormous bottom end power, a low revving, relaxed feel, and timeless styling — with the reliability and hassle-free ownership characteristics of bikes from Japan.

The engine has been an outstanding success, and has changed little since 1984 simply because the engineers got it nearly perfect the first time. It has allowed Harley to turn its attention to styling, and there's no current model which reflects the company's philosophy better than the FXST Softail, the most popular of the 1340s.

Harleys have always lent themselves to individual customising, and the Softail is the factory's own custom machine — the "Official Bootleg", you might say.

It incorporates most of the factory's technological advances from the last few years in a package that's been styled to look like the classic Harleys of the Fifties. The rear shocks lie underneath the gearbox — a move designed to give the rear end of the bike the "Hardtail" (no suspension) look of that era, when the big Hogs ruled the roads of America.

A raked-out front end, twin Fat Bob fuel tanks, highway pegs and forward controls, the horseshoe oil tank, the lowest seat in the business and enough chrome to make you squint hard in the sunlight all combine with the hardtail effect to create one classy and cooler-than-cool machine.

Visually, it's light years away from the racer replicas currently all the rage with the Japanese factories, and the difference becomes even more apparent on closer inspection.

You don't climb on to a Softail. You settle back into it. The massive tanks rise up in front of you as you reach straight out for the buckhorn bars and hit the electric starter button on the right switchblock. 1340ccs (that's 80 cubic inches) rumbles into life and the whole world starts to shake. A hefty clunk announces that you've got first gear in the five-speed box, you feed in the nice light clutch, and motorcycling's equivalent of the big block Chevy V8 starts you rolling down the road to who knows where? An appointment with the boss to tell him to stick his job, maybe? Or a letter written from far away to the wife and kids telling them that you're reconsidering the pros and cons of nine-to-five, the family way, and your (until now) predictable, safe and secure lifestyle? It has happened . . .

Of course, as you travel the freedom road you may have adventures which make you feel inclined never to return. A friend of mine claims to have scientific proof that the sound made by the big Harley engine is of exactly the right frequency to act as a female aphrodisiac. This claim hasn't appeared in any of Harley's advertising, but a hell of a lot of good looking ladies seem to adorn the back of Harleys, so maybe there's something in it.

The Softail simply doesn't rate against the latest Japanese bikes when it comes to power. It produces around 65 percent of the output of the latest 750s at approximately half the engine rpm; however on the road it shovels out great bucketfuls of torque to the extent that you can open the throttle from 50 km/h in fifth and it will pull hard without faltering — a completely different style of power delivery to the highly-strung 750s, most of which won't perform such speeds unless you're in third or fourth of the six available gears.

On the highway the Softail cruises along at a gentle 3000 rpm in fifth at 100 km/h, and it's the most relaxing way of cruising the countryside that you'll find.

There's no point (not that you feel inclined anyway) in trying to get into the fast mode, because the bike starts to shake uncomfortably upwards of 125 km/h, at which point the wind pressure gets annoying as well.

At 100 km/h, the low frequency engine

Continued on page 134

"You will meet a tall, dark lesbian who won't charge you a cent for reading your palm. . . ."

"I just don't understand it! Even now, I still look good on paper!"

Will banning *dirty pictures* help women? This feminist says no.

For the last several years I've been hearing fundamentalists, feminists and politicians say that this magazine and all of its kind are responsible for rape, assault and the sexual abuse of children. Getting rid of pornography, they declare, will get rid of the awful rest. All that breast-beating, all that dramatic pleading by antiporn feminists — it's enough to make you ask if they're right. Will banning "dirty pictures" reduce violence against women and children?

In my efforts to weigh all the evidence, I have read the antiporn tracts by pro-decency organisations. I have read histories of pornography and every feminist book on the subject, including the complete works of America's leading lights on the subject, Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon (a Kafkaesque experience). I have read the Reagan-inspired 1960-page Meese Commission report on pornography in the US. And I have looked at volumes upon reels upon stacks of porn. As a result, I have the sickening feeling that getting rid of pornography will not do a damn thing, except bolster a repressive climate and roll back women's rights in the name of protecting us from smut.

Remarkably, antiporners all

BY MARCIA PALLY

WOMEN AND PORN

ILLUSTRATION BY SHIMON OKSHTEYN

WOMEN AND PORN

make a similar argument, be they fundamentalists, feminists, or politicians. Pornography, they claim, is a recipe. It objectifies women at best, mutilates them at worst, and men who look at the stuff follow its directions. It's a simple idea, easy to grasp, easy to sell. Some religious antiporners thump about sin or "decent living," which, by their definition, leaves no room for the radical feminists in the antiporn camp (but what are strange bedfellows when you're right about filth?). In the main, however, most antiporners harp on harm. Porn causes it; banning porn will stop it.

But will it? The $8 billion US porn industry that feminists and fundamentalists are so fond of decrying took off only after World War II. Before the 20th Century, few people got any taste of porn whatsoever, for the good reason that most porn was written and most people couldn't read. In short, the Marquis de Sade was strictly for the salacious rich.

Yet rape, sexual assault, and incest have been flourishing for thousands of years, and no-one needed porn to show people how to do it. Apparently men did quite well bashing women and children about without the help of recipes — and they continue to do so. If we look at countries where no porn is permitted, like Saudi Arabia and Iran, we don't exactly see countries with strong women's rights records. So perhaps the connection between porn and harm isn't what the antiporners say it is. Perhaps porn isn't responsible for rape or the sexual abuse of children.

For the record, the major researchers in this area don't think it is. When Reagan's Meese Commission hung its hat on the harm theory, two of the *women* on the commission, Ellen Levine (editor of US *Woman's Day*) and Dr Judith Becker (director of the Sexual Behavior Clinic at the New York State Psychiatric Institute), issued a dissenting report. They said: "No self-respecting investigator would accept the conclusions based on such a study." Edward Donnerstein, one of the psychologists most cited by the commission, called its conclusions "bizarre."

Donnerstein and other highly respected researchers keep insisting that *violent* images may affect the attitudes of research subjects under carefully controlled lab conditions, but not sexual images. And last year the Institute Of Criminal Justice in Copenhagen reported that in European countries where restrictions on porn were lifted, incidence of rape over the past 10 to 20 years declined or remained constant. In a 1987 *American Psychologist* article, Donnerstein writes: "We should be concerned about the detrimental effects of exposure to violent images both in pornography and *elsewhere*. . . . To single out pornography for more stringent legal action is inappropriate — based on the empirical research . . . . if the Meese Commissioners were looking for ways to curb the most nefarious media threat to the public, they missed it."

I'll say they missed it. Burying their noses in porn's belly, they missed the real reasons behind misogyny and rape. They overlooked, for instance, the economic discrimination against women, who still earn an average of 60 cents to the male dollar. Men consider women burdens, pains in the arse, and restraints on their freedom. And grown men don't like apron strings. The Meese Commission also overlooked the infantilisation of women that allows, in fact encourages, men to regard us with contempt. Boys don't learn misogyny from pictures of naked ladies, they learn it hearing their fathers tell their mothers, "Aw, shut up."

Perhaps most important, the antiporn crusaders fail to understand what pornography is. So eager are they to accept the recipe idea that they miss the fact that porn is *fantasy*. It is closer to horror films, science fiction, and dreams than to instruction manuals or cookbooks. It is schematic, exaggerated, repetitive, ritualistic, and, like other forms of fantasy, it is where we act out fear and desire — our most basic emotions. After scaring the pants off ourselves, we come out alive and rewarded at the final frame.

These imaginary encounters of ours are absolutely necessary to sanity and survival. No person and no society has lived without them. They get us through the doubts and terrors of life. We put them in our myths and movies, in paintings on cave walls, in our dreams and wet dreams. Pornography is no different from other fantasies. Through it, we act out our fears and desires, but in porn both the things that frighten us and the things we crave are *women* — or more specifically Mum, where we learned it all first.

After all, Mum cuddles and suckles us, and gives us pleasure we'll never get again. But we're also completely out of control and dependent on her. Inevitably she disappoints us. She can't be there every instant that we need her, which horrifies and angers us because we live or die by her attention. We are terrified of being abandoned by Mum and enraged at our dependence on her, but we want her more than anything. She is our biggest threat and our greatest reward. We want to battle her, and win . . . her.

Like it or not, we are saddled with this baggage for the rest of our lives, and nothing triggers our conflicts about Mum more than sex. We are at our most infantile in sex. We are suddenly out of control and dependent on someone else for pleasure we urgently want. For a moment, a lover has Mum's power to thrill us or to leave us hanging. Inevitably, we act out our babyish expectations for Mum's attention and our rage that she's not always there in all the women in the rest of our lives.

In a world where mothers do most of the child care, we are all ambivalent about women. But there is an edge of rage that men feel toward women that women don't feel because, when you get down to it, women are "us." Add to this "boy training," which makes aggression a daily project of masculinity and which says it's not only acceptable for men to express their frustrations through violent outbursts but that it's manly to do so. While we may all have conflict about women, men feel free to say so with force.

This is what shows up in pornography—desires and rage that we act out over and over, just as we do in dreams and thrillers, fairytales and movies like *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers*. We act out in porn for the same reason we act out in other sorts of fantasies: to confront trouble and emerge intact at the end. Sometimes just looking at female bodies is enough to prompt a set of reveries about women. You want to grab that body, have it, touch it, suck it, taste it, and be overwhelmed by the pleasure it gives. But you're afraid it won't be there. So you want to grab it, have it, suck it (hit it, own it, tie it up), and be overwhelmed by it all the more. Sometimes porn plays these stories out explicitly.

In any case, pornography can only display, exaggerate, or distill the psychosexual schemes already in our minds. Porn didn't put them there, and banning porn won't erase them.

Pornography, like science fiction, high art and advertising, will tell you something about the society that produced it. But it is not primarily responsible for the way society is set up. Men may love and rage at women — and lash out against us on account of it — but they don't do so because of porn. They do so because of the lives we lead, starting from the day we're born. If we want to change the way we feel about women, we have to change the way we live, not waste our time on infantile pictures — which is all porn really is.

There are a few antiporn arguments made by women that are worth addressing at this point. Some women say that porn is not fantasy, but their husbands or boyfriends follow it the way they follow autorepair manuals. They say that men get ideas from porn and force them to do what the photos depict.

I'd like to suggest that the problem is not the pictures or the positions and costumes in them, but the *force* — economic, psychological, and physical. It's not what a woman does but whether she does it because she likes it or because she's afraid to say no. Women's problems in the home do not begin with porn. Their problems begin with powerlessness. If we want to deal with domestic coercion — be it in sex or over who brings in the beer — we have to deal with the reasons why men have so much power and women so little. Why are some women still afraid to say "no"? Or better, "No, you get it."

A second antiporn argument comes from the rapists and wife batterers who tell their court-appointed social workers that they learned their stuff from porn. It's a clever ploy. Just look at who gets off the hook. First it was the devil that made them do it, and now it's Miss Jones or both. But take a look at what's happening here. We are back to blaming women again. Men used to get away with rape and assault with the "tight sweater" excuse. A skirt too short or a neckline too low made rape the woman's fault. According to antiporn logic, it is still the woman's fault — if not the woman in the sweater then the women in the magazine. If not the women in the room then the women on the wall. Why are we so loath to make grown men responsible for what they do?

Lastly, what about the claim that men rape because they learned — from porn — that it's okay or women like it? There is something terribly wrong here. Feminists spent a decade making it perfectly clear that rape is not delicious sex but devastating violence. But I suspect it was always clear to the rapist facing his terrified victim that she didn't "want it." Men rape because it hurts and they do it to hurt us. If we want to deal with rape, we have to deal with why. What's going on in "real life" that makes men want to inflict so much pain? I'm not willing to let real life, or real men, off the hook.

> I had thought the answer to bad sex was good sex, not no sex

There is still a nagging question: Why does the antiporn argument feel so right? Why is it persuasive to so many men and women? To begin with, it offers the appeal of activism. Since porn is visible and already illicit, you can organise against it relatively easily.

Most important, since porn is a small problem compared with a vast system of economic discrimination and knee-jerk sexism, you feel you can beat it. After years of exhaustion fighting a sexist economy and politics, the antiporn movement was a boon to many women who wanted to win.

US psychologist Paula Webster suggests something else is going on. She believes the antiporn argument feels right because it carries "the voice of Mum." And she may have something here. Most of us have grown up with the idea that sex is icky; most women have grown up with the assurance that men are dangerous. We heard it indirectly or we heard it point-blank, but we heard it.

As adults the old lessons remain embedded in our imaginations and at the core of emotions. So when we're told that pornography is icky and makes men dangerous, it "clicks." When we hear — in adult language and political terminology — things, it sounds right. Already suspicious of sex, we are ready to call it culprit.

There's another reason to be sceptical of the sex-is-icky/men-are-dangerous echo. It's protective, defensive, and meant to shield women from harm. But while women must protect themselves with political, economic, and physical clout, they can't be only defensive. They can't live their lives in fear. Women have to develop their activities and find out what it feels like to spend time and money on sex. And they cannot wait until after the revolution.

No woman is in the mood to spend her time and money on sex, to flirt or have adventures, when she's thoroughly scared. Fear paralyses. It makes you willing to trade away anything in a Faustian bargain for safety. The antiporn movement claims not only that rape is dangerous but that rape fantasies are. It tells women that life is more and more menacing. And as it does, it teaches women fear. It primes us for thinking we can pay off danger with desire. It extorts chastity and purity as a price for life. At an April 1987 conference in the US sponsored by Women Against Pornography, I heard for the first time a representative of a group called Women Against Sex. I thought feminism had bottomed out. They not only consider pornography and prostitution agents of male domination, but masturbation, cunnilingus and intercourse as well. And they recommend "resistance."

Is this a vision for women? I had thought the answer to powerlessness was to get more power — not to stand there and grit your teeth. I had thought the answer to bad sex was good sex, not no sex. I had thought feminism would help women demand it —both power and sex — get it, take it. Since when is getting nothing at all the best we can expect?

Women cannot afford to build a movement — or mind a government — that tells us sex, or pictures of sex, are so perilous that we give up the sex and quash the pictures. To begin with, it's not possible, and besides, we need them, in all their frightening, alluring forms. We cannot scurry away from passion or pictures of passion hoping that if we stay away from them altogether we'll be safe. Having porn to act in is part of being safe and sane. Women cannot be lulled into thinking that sex is sexist. ○+

THE UGLY AUSTRALIANS

Meet Harry and the Missus. They're short poppies and they're bloody proud of it.

NUMBER ONE

THE PLUMBER

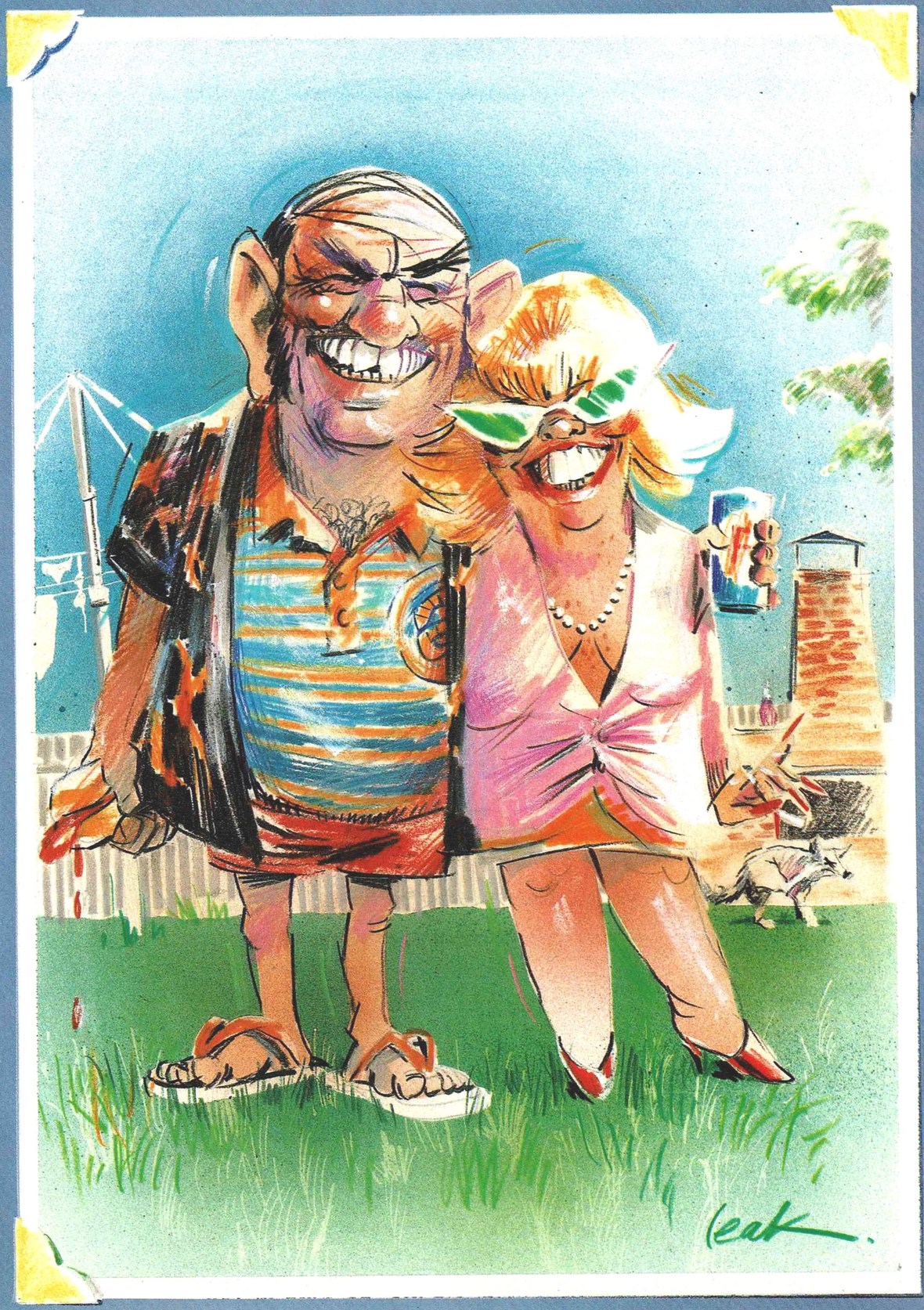
HUMOR BY ROBERT ENGLISH

Harry Grogan is a plumber. He works in the public service. He is 39 years old and says that he opted for government employment because of the work practices, the holidays, the super, the medical sickness benefits and, most importantly, the flexi-time. Consequently, it being the second Monday of the month, Harry has the day off. But he is not happy. It is raining hard and further storms have been predicted. Confined to the house, he is watching the midday movie — a presentation of an early James Arness western — while his wife, Gayle, makes a plate of cheese on toast. She appears at the doorway to the lounge.

"Do you want chutney or pickle?"

Her hair is bouffant-style, such as English support actresses made famous in the *Carry On* movies about the time of the Beatles. Although she is pushing 40, she is wearing a mini-skirt above her log-like legs, and a pink cardigan undone three buttons down. The way Harry describes his sex life with Gayle to his mates at the pub, it would seem that their bedroom habits might incline even a *Dynasty* scriptwriter to disbelief. In truth, it is three weeks since he last grunted out his lust on her following their

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK



THE PLUMBER

anniversary dinner at the Peakhurst Chinese.

"Pickles, love," he says, not switching his attention from the screen. James Arness is supervising a hanging.

Harry and Gayle love TV. As they don't have a garden or anything else that might interest them, they jointly consider that this is their hobby. They have two sets, one in the lounge and the other in the bedroom, both with VCRs.

"It beats going to the movies," Harry declares to a group of fellow plumbers down at the Commercial, gathered in the public bar for seven or eight schooners of after-work refreshment.

"No it don't," says Norm, who could be a few years younger than Harry. "Why would you watch a film like *Casablanca* on the small bloody screen?"

"I wouldn't," says Harry, "because it's black and white . . . and besides, we never watch movies that are more than ten years old."

"So you'd never see *The Maltese Falcon* or *Heat Of The Night* or *Paths Of Glory* or . . ." Norm considers himself a bit of a movie buff.

"Look," says Harry, waving his schooner at his semi-circle of friends, "you've got your *Gone With The Winds* and your *Doctor Zhivagos* and so on . . . maybe we'd watch them, cos they're your classics . . . but not any of that early black and white shit . . ."

". . . or *The Last Picture Show* . . . *American Graffiti* . . . " Norm persists.

"No, none of that crap." Harry looks at his empty glass and tries to work out whose shout it is.

At home when relaxing, Harry usually wears his Japanese house-coat, which is basically black with yellow birds flying here and there, both back and front. Gayle has never been able to part with her knee-length blue chenille. She wears it without a bra. In the winter, Harry moves around the house in artificial moleskin slip-ons. Gayle rotates between donkey-brown and electric-blue fluffy slippers. If it is cold or wet outside she pulls on a crimson pair of Ugh boots. For short trips beyond the gate, summer or winter, Harry wears thongs.

"*Perfect Match* is on." Harry is lighting up a Marlboro and shouting through to Gayle in the kitchen. He always smokes Marlboro at home but down at the pub or on any other social occasion he rolls Drum into Tally Ho papers.

Gayle appears at the doorway puffing on an Alpine Light. "I can't watch it . . . it's my cooking class. Tonight it's pancakes."

"Jesus! So what's in the fridge for me?"

"Everything . . . there's chops . . . there's corn . . . or would you rather wait till I get home to fix you something special?"

"What about Troy?"

He is their 15-year-old son.

"He's down at Wayne's place. He's going to have his tea there." She is working on her nails with a wooden file, intermittently blowing the dust away and inspecting them for the perfect contour. Gayle has sensational nails.

Harry sighs and eases himself from the deep armchair set directly in front of the TV. He walks across to his glass-fronted liquor cabinet. Harry is extremely proud of his supply. As if his choice of drinks is governed by the time of day, he glances at his watch. After a careful perusal he extracts a bottle of Sunnybrook bourbon.

"You want a drink before you go, love?"

Gayle suspends her buffing and tilts her head to one side, as if such a decision requires Solomon-like judgement. "I think I'll have my usual, pet."

Harry winces. Ever since their packaged European tour a couple of years back when Gayle had watched, from a dockside cafe

It is Friday night and Harry and Gayle are dressing for an evening at the Revesby Workers' Club. The star attraction in the supper room is Kamahl

in Dubrovnik, the shiftworkers pass around the bottle, she had imagined that Slivovitz was an around-the-clock pastime. Consequently, after one or two, perhaps mid-morning, she wasn't able to do most of the things she'd intended, and she never knew why.

Harry pours the liquor and adds coke to both drinks.

He saunters over towards the window and starts sprinkling food to his two prize South American Warriors in a huge, brightly lit fish tank. He is looking closely at Garfunkel, who appears to have lost some flesh during the night. There is no doubt that Simon is the culprit because the little bugger isn't interested in the food.

Back in his armchair Harry is fiddling with the remote control. "Have you fed Goebbels?" Goebbels is their German Shepherd, aptly named by Harry after having him "fixed" as a puppy. How he'd laughed when his father had sung him the old World War parody finishing up with . . .

"and Goebbels
had no balls,
at all."

Down at the Commercial on about the seventh or eighth schooner he would always enjoin his mates to sing the ditty with gusto. Goebbels would look for something to lick.

Gayle isn't fond of Goebbels, who invariably snarls every time she comes near. But she has Sookie, a miniature daschund, who lives in the bedroom with a sand box and whom she parades annually at the Western Districts Show.

It is winter and Harry is still stalking the house in his Japanese house-coat, but because of the chill, he is now wearing a Manly football jumper under it. Although Harry has always lived in the Cronulla district he recently swore allegiance to Manly. After all, Manly are winners and Cronulla are no-hopers. He has lied to Troy that he has always followed the premiers, and Troy, also wishing to be on a winner, has gone along with the deception. Besides, all of his friends are also sons of defecting fathers. Accordingly, it has been easy to succumb to peer pressure.

On his wall, Troy has a giant poster of Des Hasler dive-passing from the scrum base. He also has, scattered around, a maroon and white beanie, an outsize club flag leaning in one corner, several premiership pennants nailed to the wall and a ten-foot-long scarf hanging from the door knob. But he never has occasion to wear it because Troy plays soccer. It is his first love. Nevertheless, he keeps the Manly paraphernalia around because they have all been gifts from his father. And he doesn't want to disappoint the stupid old bastard.

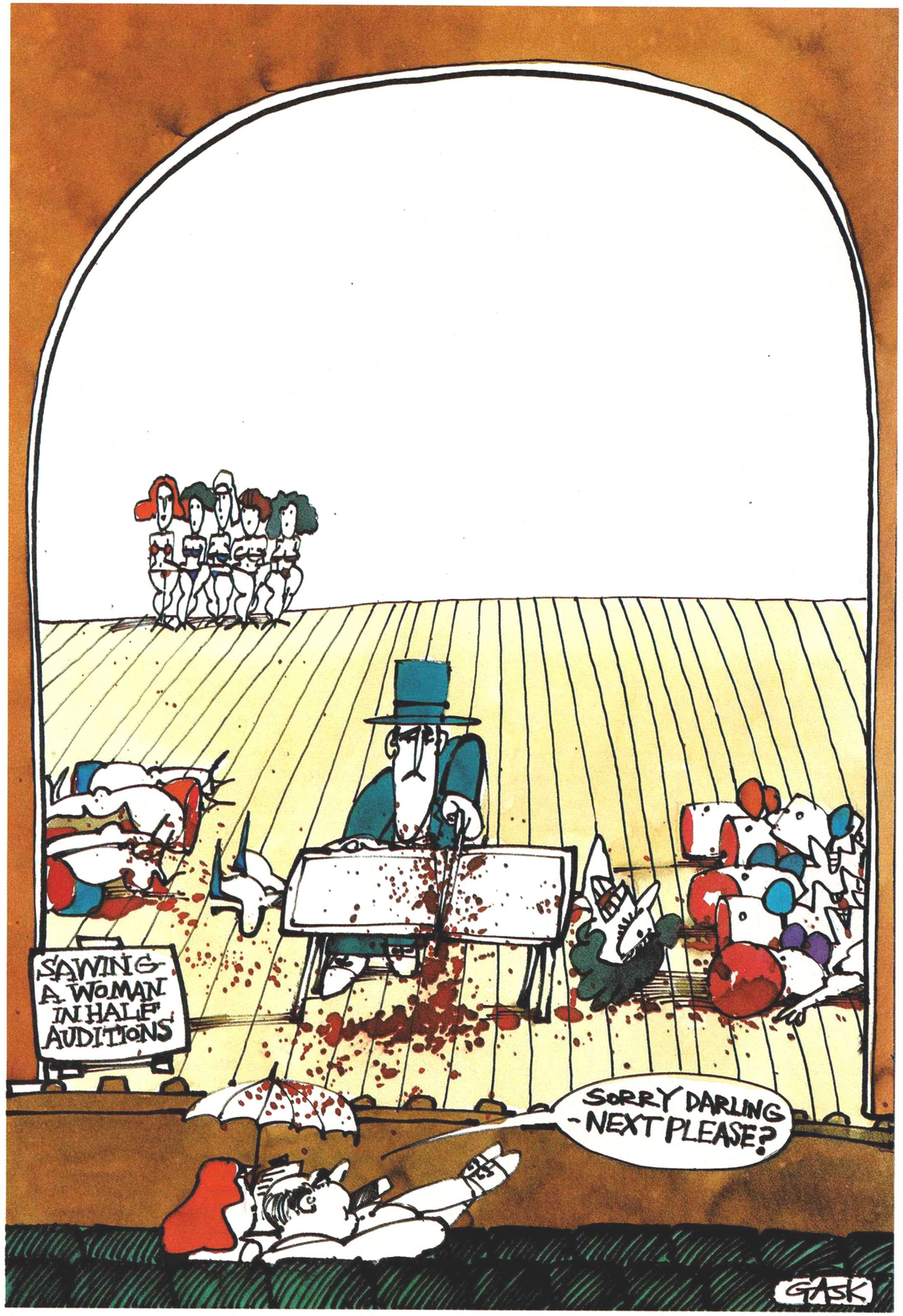
It is a freezing, windy August morning. And once again it is a flexi-Monday. Harry is in his armchair with a cup of hot Milo watching *Days Of Our Lives*. He has turned on the gas fire. There is a compact setting of artificial logs which burn forever with a flickering blue flame. Above this is a giant mock-copper dome with a long cylindrical mock-copper flue which disappears into a hole in the ceiling. Behind, on the wall, are imitation sandstone slabs giving the whole construction a look of late Neo-Italian Colonial.

"Get us a beer, will you love?" he shouts through to Gayle.

"Shhsh! John Laws is talking to a suicide."

It is Friday night and Harry and Gayle are dressing for an evening at the Revesby Workers Club. The star attraction in the supper room is Kamahl, supported by the latest rock group on the charts, Dropped On My Head At Birth. Harry doesn't worry much about what he wears to the Workers, but as it is so cold outside he opts for his favorite 20-year-old orange and black Canadian jacket. While pouring himself a Don Emillio Tequila, which he also mixes with coke, he notices Gayle struggling with something down around her left shin. He watches with some interest.

"What are you doing, love?" he asks fi-



nally. Gayle is bent over and cursing under her breath. She is also sweating around the neck with her effort.

"It's an ankle chain, dummy."

He can see now that it certainly is. But it appears to be as long as a necklace. He remembers that they'd seen Joan Collins slipping one on a couple of episodes back as she was about to seduce someone for half of Wisconsin. Harry wonders how many women in the world have an ankle thicker than their neck. Gayle gives up and flings it at the wall. They leave the house saying nothing.

"It's nice to get out once in a while." They are in the cab and Harry doesn't miss the sarcasm. But he's in a good mood and doesn't want to be drawn into anything too serious. He is also taking fleeting glances at Gayle's ankles. She notices his interest.

"My god, the bloody Workers for a great night out. You sure have class, Harry!" She is now pushing her feet away from his gaze.

"You've always liked Kamahl."

"Kamahl, Kamahl, Kamahl . . . who cares? How about dinner at some place nice . . . quiet, with candles . . perhaps a piano or one of those Spanish fellas with a violin?"

"Listen . . . Last Friday night I took you to the bloody dogs, didn't I?"

Gayle is about to rejoin, but instead she just sighs and looks out the window at the retreating neon, flashing backwards towards the city.

At the club, Harry has met a few of his workmates at the bar. Gayle is stranded back at the table entertaining an octogenerian who has sat down on her way to the toilet.

"I love Kamahl," she says, breathing heavily. "Anywhere else in the world you wouldn't be seeing him for just five dollars and a free glass of . . ."

"Shut up!" Gayle is trying to spot Harry and determine why he's been so long just buying a couple of drinks.

"Thanks for nothing pet," the old lady spits from between 40-year-old dentures.

"Piss off," says Gayle. She still can't spot Harry.

Harry is around the corner out of sight and surrounded by his co-workers. He is garnering sympathy, expounding on his financial plight since the second tier wage rise was knocked on the head by the Arbitration Court.

"I mean, what does a middy cost now? And a packet of smokes? Holy Jesus, how does anyone live these days?"

"And rent," says Norm.

"And stamp duty," adds Clive. They all look at him blankly.

"I just bought a house," explains Clive.

"Yeah, bloody stamp duty," they all nod wisely.

"I mean," says Harry, ordering eight schooners with a show of fingers to the barmaid, "after a hard week's work you've got a right to relax. But if you want so much as to move out of the house it's going to cost you . . ."

"Two hundred bucks at the TAB . . . that's what you did last Saturday, isn't it Harry?"

It was that smartarse Vince. Harry had never liked Vince.

"So what?" shouts Harry. "I could have won a couple of grand, couldn't I? You've got to have a bet these days to get ahead . . . to just bloody survive."

"Two hundred bucks?" whistles Norm. "Jesus, must have had a hard day, Harry, eh?"

"Five bloody photos," explained Harry, "and a fucking protest."

Gayle has appeared from around the pillar guarding the bar. She looks at the group of drinkers with distaste. Harry spots her

> Gayle's black eye will be gone by next Wednesday's Neighborhood Watch meeting, and with Galaxy Kid a cert in the last at Rosehill, life isn't too bad at all

mid-sentence and waves an arm in her direction by way of introduction.

"You all know my wife Gayle." Whenever Harry has introduced his wife he has thrown away her name like it was something that had fallen off the back of a truck. Gayle gives him a glare that would have immobilised the Light Brigade, then turns and retreats to the table. The men, as one, stare down at their drinks and shuffle their feet in momentary discomfort. Finally, Bert breaks the ice.

"So what about the strike?" he asks.

"What d'yer mean?" says Harry.

"Well, are you going to the meeting on Monday?"

"Too bloody right," says Harry. "We're all going. This time we've got them by the balls. Steve says it's costing them a million a week in interest. They've got to come across. And the vote is now for 50 a week, not that bloody 20 we went for last time."

"I'm not going," says Vince.

"Why not?"

"I'm going fishing . . . on a boat . . . eight miles out."

"Okay. So don't take the money when we get it."

"Yeah," chorus the others.

"Another eight schooners, love," yells Norm.

"You're not a fucking scab, are you Vince?"

"No. I just want to go fishing."

"You *are* a fucking scab," growls Mick.

"Ah Jesus! I'm going upstairs to play the pokies," says Nugget. "Anyone interested?"

Five of them pick up their beers and go with him.

"What about Kamahl?" shouts Harry. But they are gone.

"I'll join you," says Vince to Harry.

"Get lost, scab," Harry says, turning back towards where Gayle was last seen. But she, too, is gone. Harry shrugs, takes a last look towards the exit, then turns back to Vince, who has half-followed him to the table. "Okay comrade, let's go play the pokies."

It is very late and Harry is having some difficulty fitting the key into the lock. Upstairs, Gayle tenses in bed at the sound of his fumbling.

"Jesus," Harry breathes, throwing an arm towards the door for support while he tries again. "Five fucking dollars for Kamahl, a few drinks, a meal . . . probably 20 bucks all up . . . and I've lost close on 200 . . . Jesus H. Christ!"

Miraculously, the key slots in, the door swings open and Harry lurches half-way into the living room.

"Is that you, Harry?"

Harry glances towards the stairs and the obtrusive, judgemental voice. "Who the fuck d'yer think it is?" He has mouthed it. He is before his beloved liquor cabinet, forgetting for a moment the fate that awaits him upstairs. He opens it and pulls out to his chest his only bottle of Chateau Tanunda brandy. He pours with difficulty.

"I said is that you, Harry?"

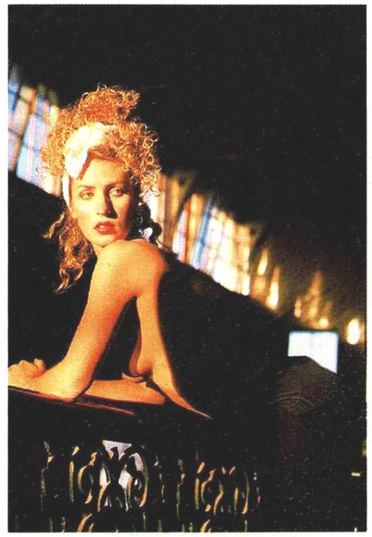
He glances once more towards the voice. He decides to face it now, this moment, with a couple of brandies in his belly, rather than tomorrow morning over his Weet-bix and her muesli. A slur here and there might get him through — a hangover won't.

"Sweetheart, I think we deserve a pool."

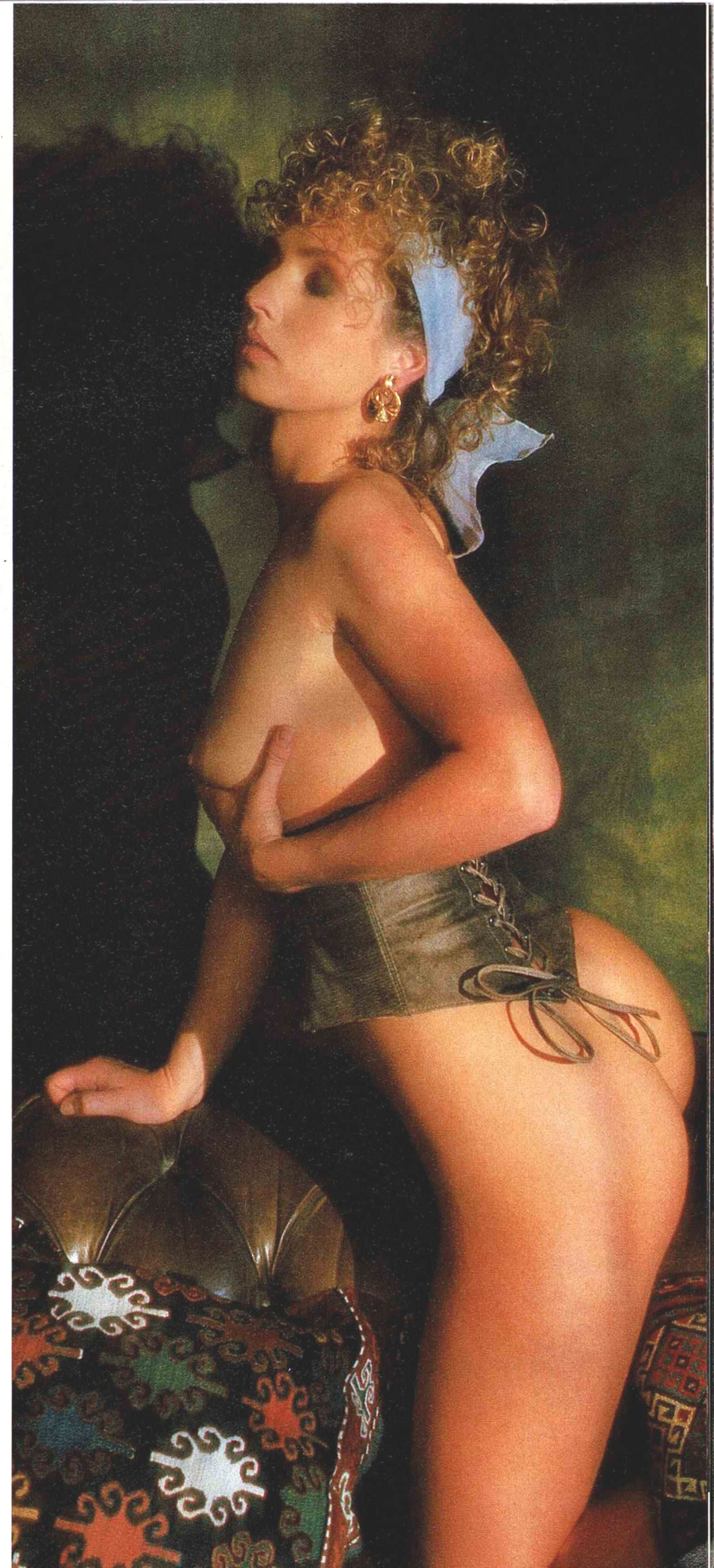
"What the hell are you talking about, you swine?"

Harry tries to ignore her vitriol. "Are you upset about something, Gayle?" Harry is the guru of understatement. He is emptying his pockets of small change on to the dresser. Carefully, he separates three 50-cent pieces from the rest and pushes them down the neck of a giant wine flagon. He shakes it and looks at the contents with pride, once again trying to estimate just how much is in there. Seven years of collecting the little buggers. But all of this is wasted effort; the week before Christmas

Continued on page 144



JULIA

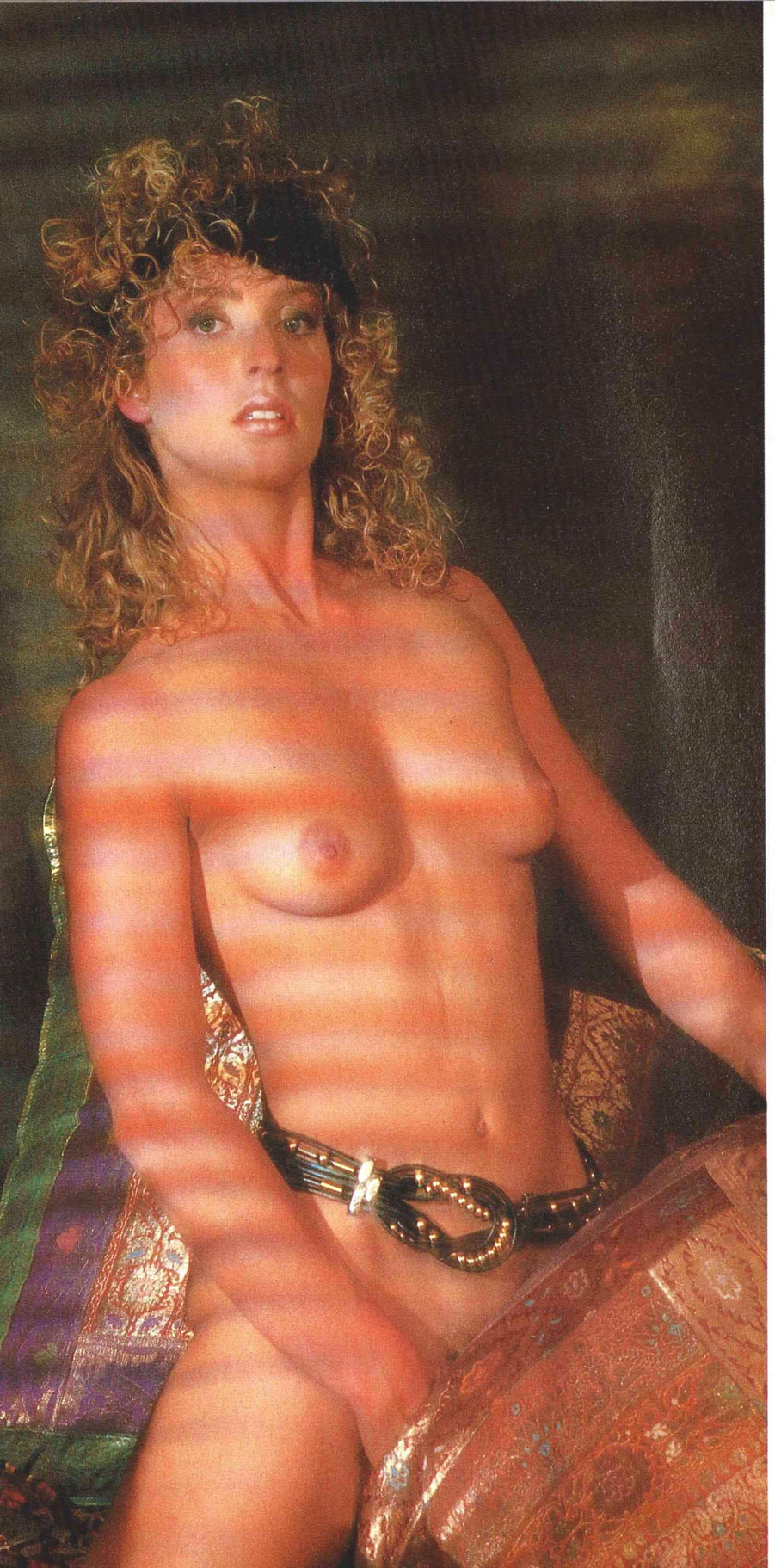


Beauty Treatment by Pampurrs, Neutral Bay; Lingerie from Fine Lines and Junelle Satin Shop; Garments from Gotham City Clothing Co; Fabrics from Monsoon Trading; Jewellery from Zanolli and The Final Detail; Shoes by Joshua; Rugs from Robyn Cosgrove Rugs and Nomadic Rug Traders; Furnishings from Artes Studio/Arredorama.

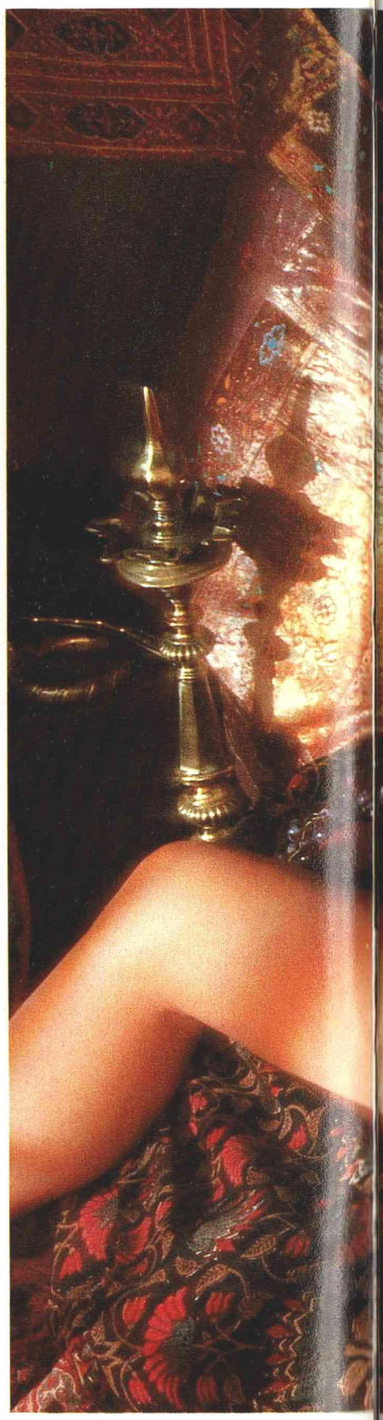
PEAK EXPERIENCE

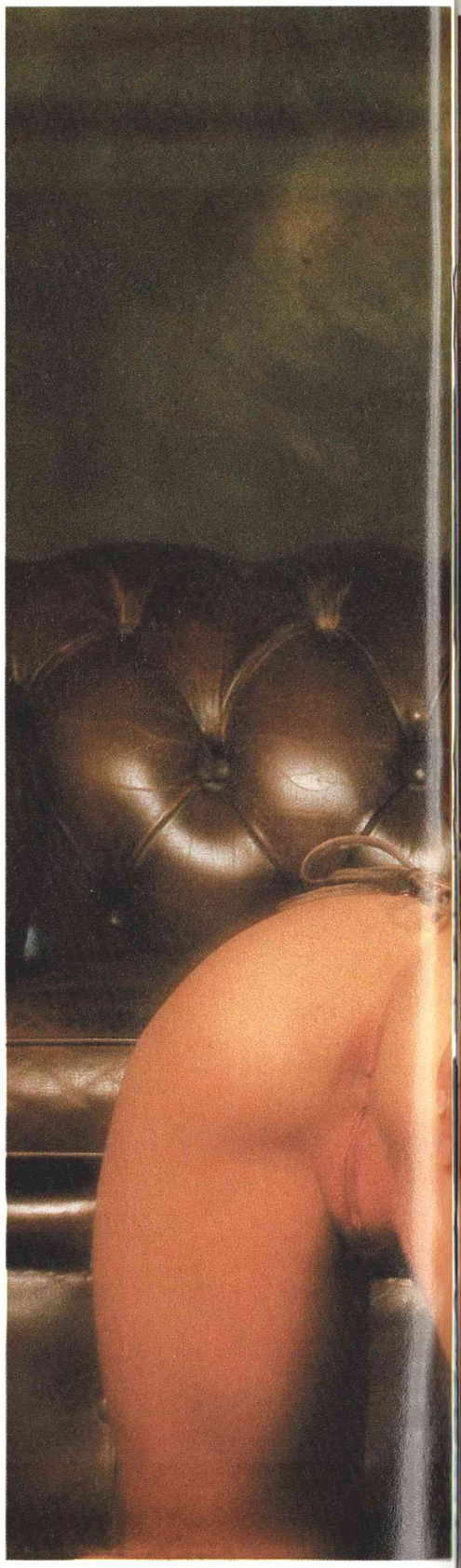
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN VERTUE

Julia Beaulieu, of Sydney, has packed solid every minute of her 24 years. She is one of that special breed who thrives on a challenge and meets it with everything she's got — so much so, she's almost running out of ideas. In business, in sport, in the arts . . . Julia must try everything. Now she's revealing all in her first foray in *Penthouse*.



Strangely, Julia isn't even particularly interested in seeing the results of her hard work at the photo sessions. "It's more like proving to yourself that you can do it, but wondering why you should have to prove these things to yourself."





Julia has worked as an artist, she has run a modelling agency at the age of 18, she's read Tarot for a living, and she's an accomplished equestrian. She's very comfortable, very confident, yet still very ambitious. And she's *very* single . . .

"I've been told to stay away from men with moustaches," she reveals, having had a run of bad luck. "Very strange people have moustaches." But still, she's in no hurry to find a clean-shaven man. "I'm just too busy at the moment," she smiles.

Poaching and warfare has reduced Africa's wildlife treasurehouse to a putrefying graveyard

TWILIGHT OF THE GIANTS

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY MITCH REARDON

Africa! The word cracks like a gunshot, conjuring images of adventure, wilderness and savagery. The essence of the Dark Continent was all these things, but one characteristic has proved the most enduring: fragility. Much of Africa's natural beauty has already disappeared under the gun, the axe and the plough.

Africa has always been regarded as big game country — great herds of exotic animals living wild and free. Now even the last of that exquisite natural heritage is under threat. Despite efforts on the part of conservationists the world over, the prognosis for the survival of Africa's remaining wildlife is grim.

I have known Africa for many years and my recent return there had the quality of a renewed love affair, with all the hope, longing, sweetness and disillusionment that involvement implies. The experience was one of striking contrasts. On the one hand, in the magnificent game parks and wilderness areas, I was privy to scenes out of the earliest Africa, scenes of such haunting beauty as to seem whispers from Eden. Yet beyond the protection of park boundaries, illegal hunting and human overcrowding has created devastation beyond hope of recovery.

My latest African trip had come about through an invitation from a friend, Garth Owen-Smith, whom I had met in Australia and who now works as a senior field officer in the upper Namib Desert, in northern Namibia. The Namib is a seemingly insignificant parcel of land crouched on the south-west flank of the African map. Concealed between an inhospitable coastline and rugged inland mountains, it had remained largely unexplored until well into the second half of the 20th Century. It is still one of the most remote, thinly-populated and least developed areas on Earth — a vast wild place known only to a privileged few.

"We've got a crisis on our hands," Garth had told me on a long-distance call bursting with static. "Our game populations are being decimated by epidemic poaching combined with a five-year drought. We're doing what we can but the situation's pretty grim. You should try to get over here, see what you make of it. If nothing else I think I can promise you one or two sights of a lifetime. And," he added, "if you don't leave it too late, there might still be a few elephants left to show you."

After my flight to Windhoek, Namibia's Germanic-flavored little capital, I collected a Land Rover donated to Garth by the New York-based Foundation To Save African Endangered Wildlife, and set out on my journey north.

The four-wheel-drive track to Garth's base, "World's End", is long and dusty and nightfall beat me to the camp. Putting aside unpacking till the following morning, I joined Garth and the regional game ranger, Chris Eyre, around a pot of strong tea.

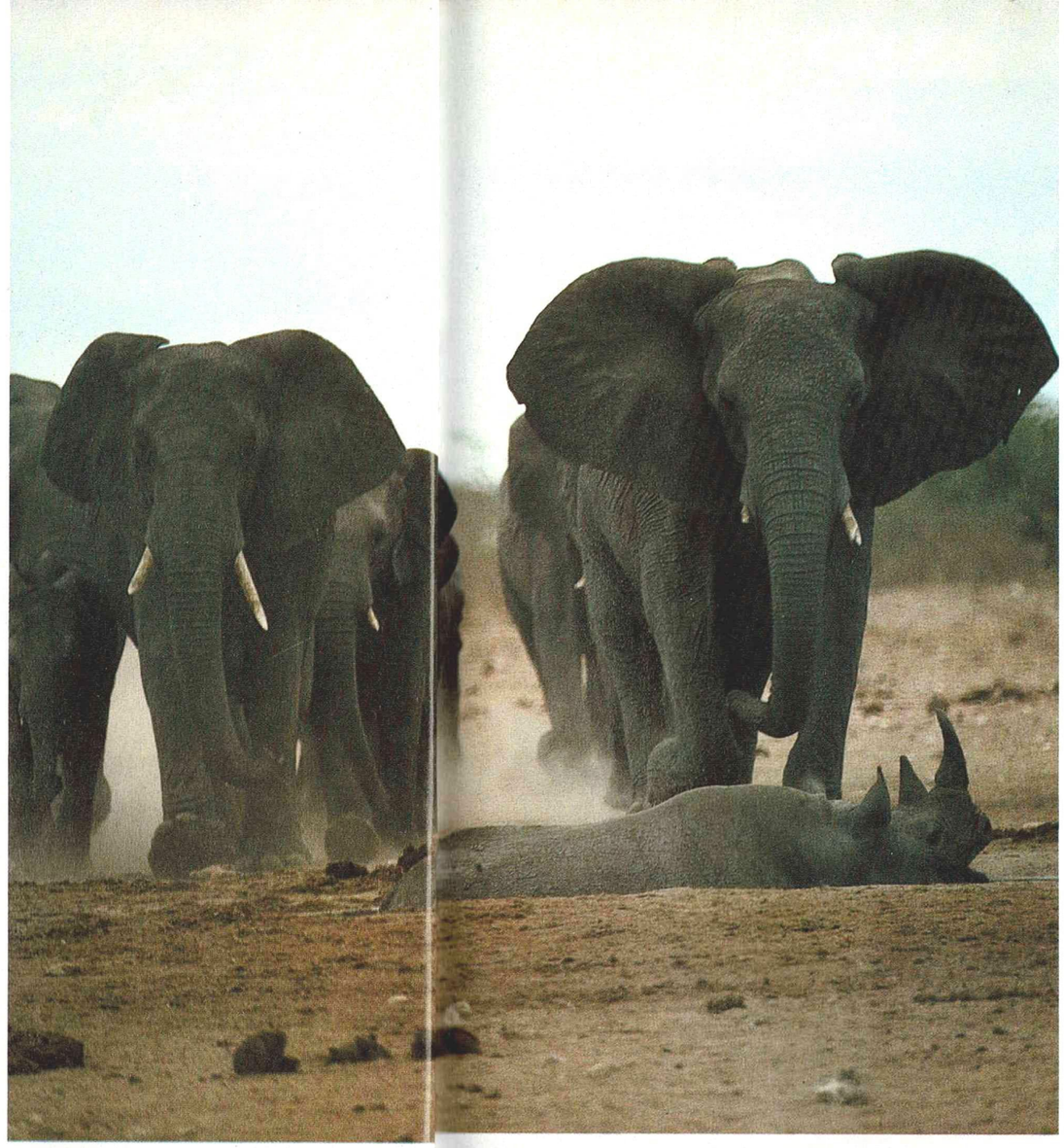
"In the old days big game was plentiful in these parts. Hundreds of elephants, rhino and giraffe, thousands of zebra and antelope, as well as any number of lion, leopard and cheetah." Garth's quiet even voice could not conceal a molten intensity; he went on to describe how he had first come to the Namib in the early Seventies as a government-employed agricultural officer. After two and a half years spent camping out in the trackless wilderness he had come to love, familiarising himself with the country, its wildlife and nomadic tribal pastoralists, he had been suddenly expelled from the territory for attempting to uphold the law, albeit a law that was widely disregarded. His banishment coincided with the beginning of the end for the Namib's great game herds.

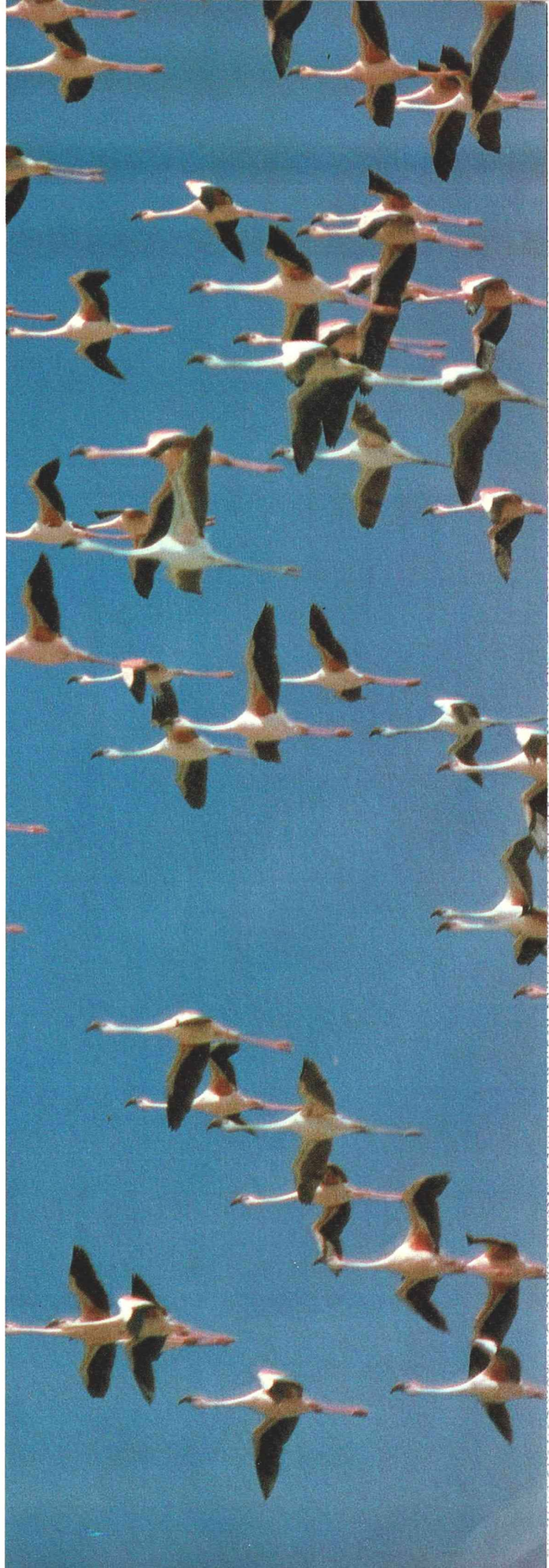
In spite of having "game reserve" status, this out-of-the-way sanctuary was used by top government officials as a private hunting ground. Their example was followed by the local officials, who, though legally entitled to a limited "pot" licence, routinely exceeded it.

Amongst Garth's responsibilities at the time had been that of nature conservator — but when he had, on three occasions, followed up cases of excessive hunting, one involving a Cabinet Minister, he had been warned not to pursue the matter. "If you go ahead with this," the local chief of police had advised him, "you'll be out of the Namib tomorrow." Garth refused to back off and shortly afterwards the police chief's prediction was borne out; without any reason being given, Garth found himself transferred as far from the Namib as it was within the department's power to move him. There was no appeal and, realising he was beating his head against a wall, he resigned his post.

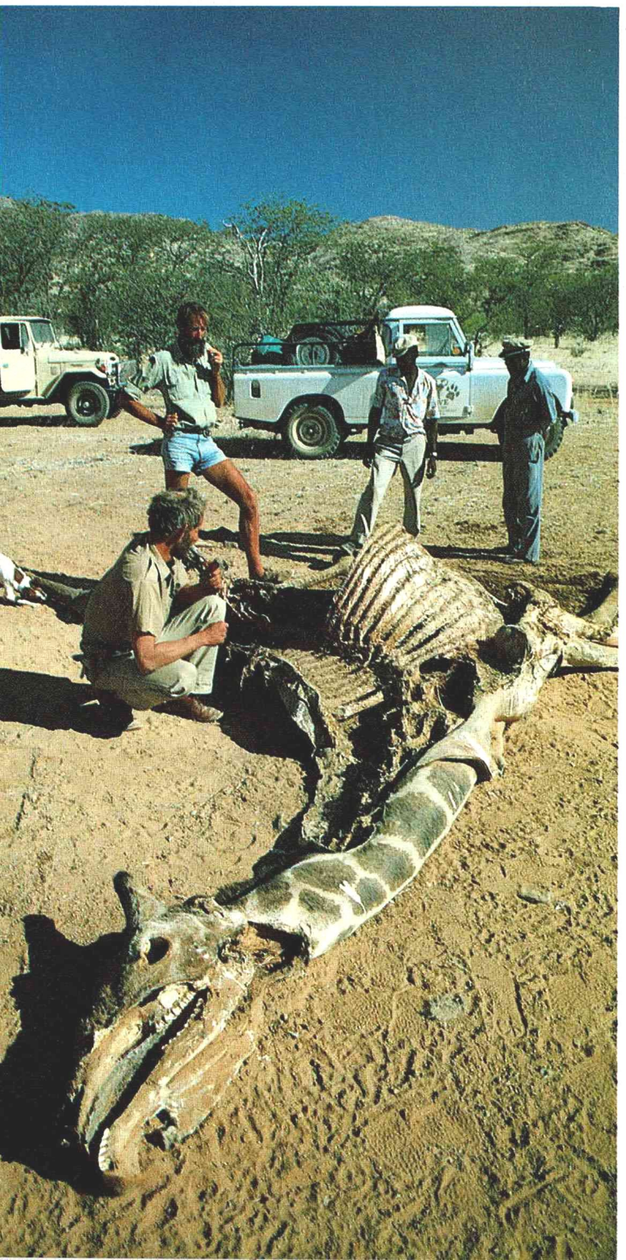
"The mentality of the time encouraged the killing of game as a natural bounty," Garth went on. "A free-for-all ensued."

"Since then," Chris Eyre put in, "we've managed to nail a few of those government chappies and the rest are treading a lot more warily these days. But now the tribes-





Clockwise from top left: Warthog and a crow — waterholes are the ideal ambush site for poachers; Elephants and rhino contest drinking rights; Migrating flamingos; Hyenas tear into a giraffe carcass.



men have started in, killing elephant and rhino for tusks and horn."

In the past, primitive man killed only for his life and food. Within the past three decades hunting for the pot has been superseded by massacre for profit. Poaching has become big business. The financial incentives generated by the illicit rhino horn, ivory and pelt trade tempt not only the nomadic pastoralist to try his hand, but have spawned organised gangs often using vehicles and automatic weapons.

The last refuge of Africa's large wild animals is in national parks or on land so poor that technological man has not yet dreamed up a use for it. But even here they are not safe. Poachers in East Africa, many of them arriving from Somalia with Russian arms in circulation from the war in the Ogaden, have devastated the parks and sanctuaries as far south as Zambia. As a result, Kenya, in little over a decade, has lost more than 90 percent of its rhinos.

The northern Namib's rhino population has also been decimated, due to a notion among Orientals that the rhino horn — really nothing more than compacted hair and gelatine — is a cure for everything from headaches to carbuncles to demonic possession. An infusion of their shavings is also lauded in some quarters as a powerful aphrodisiac — a belief that, in spite of the horn's dynamic shape and angle, has absolutely no basis in reality. And that is the ultimate outrage, as the horn is only of use to the rhino itself. Yet today that commodity fetches a higher price than pure gold.

I saw at first hand the grievous effects of uncontrolled poaching when, the following day, I accompanied Chris Eyre to collect the ivory from a dead elephant spotted during an aerial survey.

We left the vehicle at a small spring and on foot followed the course of a dry riverbed. It was a fine day for walking, warm crisp winter sunshine, but in the coppery air there was a sense of foreboding. We were passing through what should have been prime game country, but the only sign of life was a lone crow that alighted on the squat stump of a shattered leadwood tree. Then we rounded a bend and came upon a withered elephant carcass, then another, then two more. Four elephants had been gunned down right alongside each other. Chris stepped back, the better to monitor my expression.

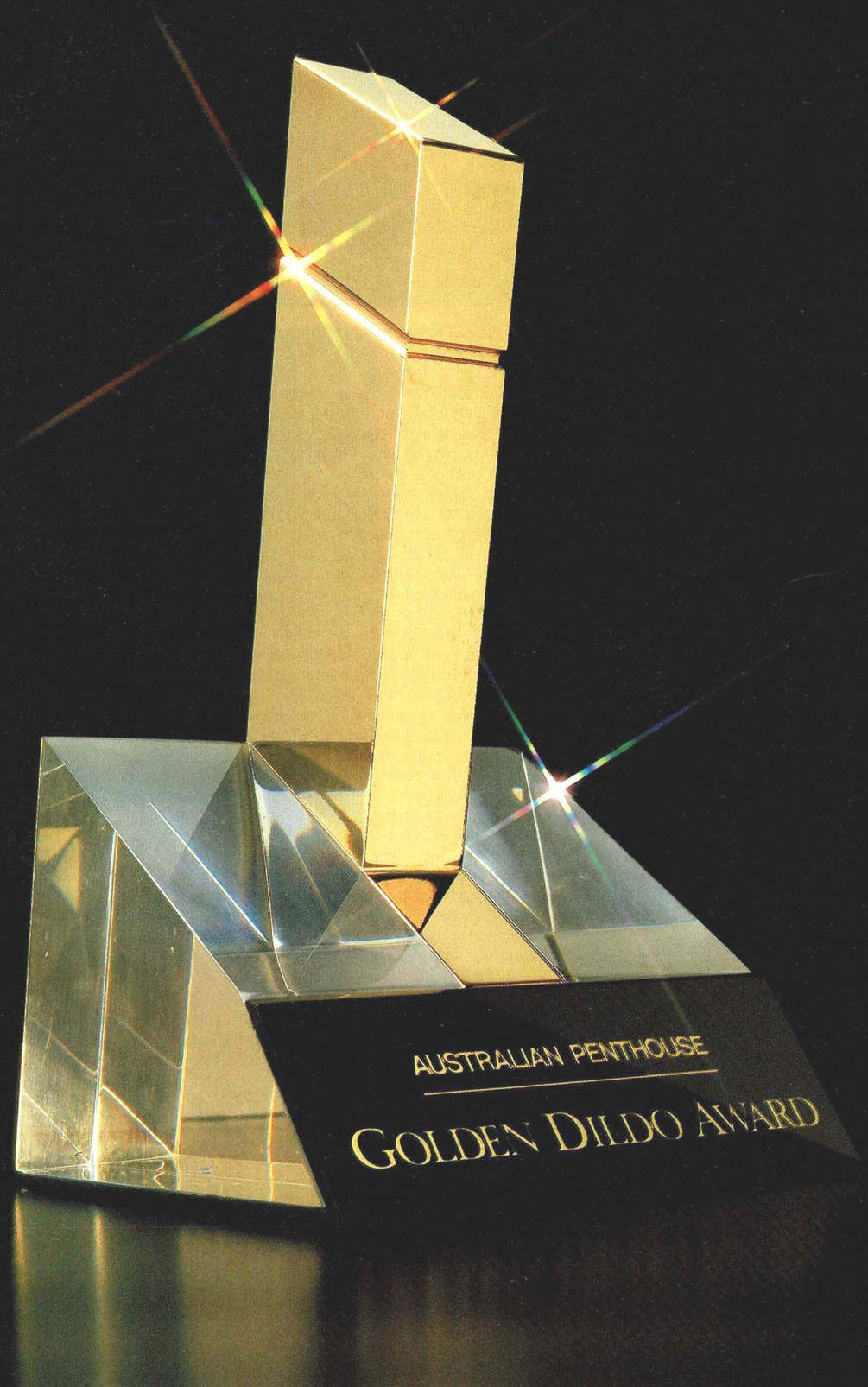
"Welcome to the elephants' graveyard," he said. "And this is only the beginning. We know of at least 12 elephants and two rhino that have been shot in this area, most of them as they approached to drink at the spring, which is the only surface water around here. After they kill an animal, the poachers wait on top of a hill for at least a day, keeping a look-out and making sure no-one has heard or seen them. And now that anti-poaching patrols are a lot more active, they're being very careful about covering their tracks and getting rid of the evidence. The latest strategy is to burn what is left of a carcass so that nothing remains. The ones we'll see today are old kills, and go back to the time before all the new precautions were necessary."

We went on to the remains of a giraffe, intact but for a fillet sliced away from the backbone. "Giraffe meat tends to be somewhat tough and grainy," Chris remarked with heavy sarcasm, "so these chaps only took the best cuts and left the rest. The bastards."

All along the torrent course lay the forlorn collapsed shells of dead elephants — blank holes where their eyes had been, wiry eyelashes still in place. Their scaly, tough soles had separated from the foot

Continued on page 108

Far left, top: Territorial wildebeest bulls clash in an age-old struggle; Far left, below: Chris Eyre (kneeling), Garth Owen-Smith and game guards examine a giraffe that was pursued to exhaustion, stoned, then finally shot by poachers; Left: A rare, desert-dwelling rhino charges the author; Above: Wildebeest at sunset. The sun has all but set for Africa's wildlife.



Award Modelled by David Dooley/Photo by Nick Gleitzman

THE GOLDEN DILDO AWARDS

History will judge 1987 for what it was. *Penthouse* couldn't wait.

It's that time again. Time for the recipients of the gold-plated phallus of fun to bend over and take their medicine like good boys and girls. Yes, the votes have been counted and the second annual Golden Dildo Awards are about to be presented. To all the lucky winners we convey our sincerest hopes that you find just the right place to put your Dildo.

It was quite a year, 1987. We had a Federal election. We lost an elaborate piece of tin somewhere in the ocean off Fremantle. Sir Joh had a mercifully unsuccessful tilt at the windmills of Federal Parliament. The stock market did a dandy Don Wagstaff impression. A lot of hot air was expended on a magic little piece of plastic that did a disappearing act before it actually even appeared. What else? Oh yes, Malcolm Fraser kept his pants on.

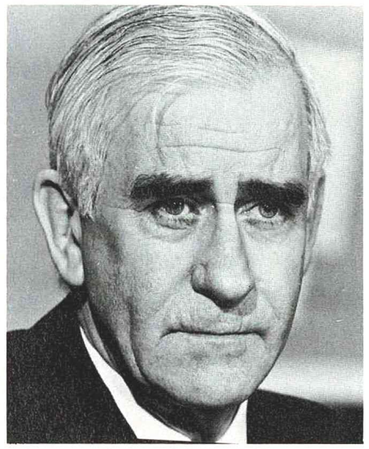
But let's not let the big things concern us. The spirit of the Golden Dildo Awards is one that skirts the historic, epic and important to celebrate the moronic minutiae of life in Australia. Its nine gleaming inches are a tribute to the silly and the shameful, the dopey and the dubious and the fuck-ups and the faux pas that make this country grate.

To get the ball rolling, we take great pleasure in presenting the prestigious "Black Dildo" to an individual whose appearance in our lives last year made us laugh, made us cry, and made us swear never to stick our fingers in a bowling ball ever again. Though his appearance in our national media was a comparatively brief one, his memory lingers on wherever erections are erected and libidos unleashed. If 1987 was The Year Of The Condom, then surely the Grim Reaper was its king. So to the king, may the "Black Dildo" deliver just what you gave all Australians last year — a royal pain in the arse.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK TREMLETT

A SLIPPERY CHARACTER

The "Last Tango Commemorative Dildo" is awarded to the skinny rapist who lubricated himself with butter to better squeeze through an inspection hatch in his police cell wall. The 28-year-old man made his daring escape while awaiting sentence in the Carnarvon lock-up, 900km north of Perth, after being convicted of aggravated assault, robbery with violence and burglary. Questions as to where he got the butter went unanswered as police engaged in a manhunt, setting up roadblocks in the vicinity of suspicious looking grease spots on the roads surrounding Carnarvon.



TRUTH IN JOURNALISM

The commemorative "Loaded Frog Dildo" goes to the intrepid journalists of *Truth* newspaper for comments and reporting concerning circumstances surrounding the death of Sir Billy Snedden in late June. Relatives of the deceased complained after *Truth* published a story saying Sir Billy had "died happy" after having sex in a motel room. The *Truth* stated that the body was wearing a condom and that "it was loaded." *Truth* publisher Owen Thomson stood by the story, saying: "The quotes are genuine and we can prove it . . . If anything, we erred on the side of good taste."

A NOT SO CLEAN SWEEP

The "Woman's Work Is Never Done Dildo" goes to the Melbourne model who revealed plans to set up a Kinky Kleaning Service where strippers visited homes to do the cleaning in the nude while customers watched. The model, who vowed that the spit and polish routine would be a real winner if she could just get it off the ground, says that her plan is still on the drawing board. Or was that the ironing board?

NICE TRY, ROG

The "Cherchez La Lezzo Dildo" is awarded to former NSW police officer Roger Rogerson for his allegations that investigative journalist Wendy Bacon had arranged the killing of Sydney prositute Sallie-Anne Huckstepp to cover up an embarrassing lesbian love affair. At the coronial inquiry into the death of the 32-year-old Huckstepp, Rogerson told coroner Mr Greg Glass that a man had told him over the telephone that Ms Bacon "had been put in a compromising position" because of the affair, and had arranged with her own criminal contacts to have Mrs Huckstepp murdered. Bacon dismissed the claim as ludicrous.

ONE WITH THE WORKS

A thin and crispy "This Is The Worst Chewing Gum Pizza I've Ever Tasted Dildo" to the Rockhampton pizza delivery service that added condoms to the takeaway menu. The owner manager of Rockhampton Dial-A-Pizza said that sales had gone through the roof since soft drinks, lollies and prophylactics had been added to the menu. "It helps the young ones overcome the embarrassment of having to buy condoms from chemists," she said. "This way they can get pizzas and protection at the same time. It's a community service."

A VINEGAR STROKE OF BAD LUCK

The "Coming, Ready Or Not Dildo" is awarded to the West Australian law under which a man was sentenced to four years jail for failing to discontinue sexual intercourse after a woman changed her mind about having sex with him halfway through the act. The controversial law change, introduced partly on the insistence of women's groups, was tested in the case of a 35-year-old man who continued to have sex for 30 seconds after a woman told him she did not wish to go on with the coitus. He successfully appealed the four-year penalty for late withdrawal.

FUN WITH SMALLGOODS

An extra long and spicy "What A Silly Sausage Dildo" to the 75-year-old man who was charged with obscene behavior after slipping a cabana sausage down his trousers and out his fly and remarking to supermarket employees that "women like big ones, like donkeys ." Prahran Magistrates Court heard that the man approached supermarket attendant Jo-Ann Murphy and made the donkey remark. "He was playing with himself and pointing at the meat market," Ms Murphy said. "His trousers were open and he was saying 'Mine's bigger than yours.' He then went over to the egg section and started talking to the eggs."

SEX

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

The "So That's Why They Call It Sex Drive Dildo" to the NSW driving school proprietor who shattered the long-held theory that pretty girls in mini skirts were always passed first time on their driving tests. In a submission to the NSW Motor Transport Department's Staysafe Committee, the instructor revealed that pretty and scantily clad women sitting driving tests were often failed so that they had to return and allow examiners a second or third look at them. "Female candidates wearing revealing clothing were often failed for no other reason than to have them return," he said, urging the Motor Transport Department to closely monitor the pass/fail results from all its agencies.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD EXHIBITIONIST DOWN

For continued services to flagrant and creative exhibitionism the "Underwired For Feminine Support And With Cotton Gusset That Breathes Where A Girl Needs It Most Dildo" to the 44-year-old woman who was convicted of obscenely exposing herself on Bondi Beach. Waverley Local Court, Sydney, heard that she was apprehended while wearing only pink and blue zinc cream painted on her body in the shape of a bikini bottom.

BOWLING GOOGLIES

The funlovers' "What Came First, The Condom Or The Egg Dildo" to the Melbourne man jailed for hurling eggs in condoms at people on a roller coaster ride. In Prahran Court, the 34-year-old man pleaded not guilty to throwing eggs encased in condoms at people riding the scenic railway at Luna Park. Constable Timothy Wilson told the court that the accused was found in his car with friends in the vicinity of the fun park. Two eggs and a condom lay on the back seat. Jailing the man for one month, Magistrate Graeme Golden told the defendant that throwing eggs in condoms at people on rollercoasters was "foolish and dangerous."

ARE WE BEING SUCKED IN?

An all-electric "Beats As It Sweeps As It Cleans Dildo" to the Hoover model vacuum cleaner known as the Dustette, which was named as the most dangerous suction cleaner among men who use vacuum cleaners for masturbation purposes. Commenting on a disturbing trend in vacuum cleaner-related genital injuries, the director of an emergency unit in a Melbourne hospital said they had seen cases of vacuum cleaner injuries ranging from genital laceration to loss of the penis. Though many cleaners had caused injury, an alarming number of accidents were said to be related to the Hoover Dustette, described by a company spokesman as having "good suction for a portable cleaner." The Dustette features rotating fan blades 15cm from the inlet.

A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS ARREST

A "Breakfast Of Champions Dildo" to the married man who, after having oral sex with a prostitute, told a judge he was "tired of having bacon and eggs for breakfast every day." The 46-year-old man appeared in County Court Melbourne to appeal a conviction for soliciting and using indecent language. Appearing before Judge Dyett, he admitted that he had said to the police that he had wanted sex with a woman other than his wife and had purchased the services of a prostitute. He admitted saying to police: "I don't want no strings, I just want to spread my wings. I get tired of eating bacon and eggs for breakfast every day." He told the court that his wife couldn't have normal sex. Judge Dyett dismissed his appeal and confirmed fines for soliciting and indecent language.

IN A BLUE SPUNK

The "Lord Of The Fly Dildo" is this year awarded to Australian aristocrat the Earl Of Stradbroke for advertising to sell his sperm to American women who wanted to have babies with blue blood in their veins. The Sydney-dwelling earl, father of 11, admitted that he had placed ads in American newspapers offering his blue spunk for money on the proviso that all applicants provide him with a full length portrait photograph of themselves. He said that he came up with the idea after he and his agent shared a chat about stud bulls. "We thought it was a good idea and why shouldn't I keep the girls in Texas happy?" said the potent peer.

A GAME WITH A FINAL SOLUTION

The "Ann Frank Memorial Dildo" goes to the importers of the West German video game in which players act as Nazi guards at Auschwitz to stop Jews escaping from gas ovens. The object of the $40 game, available last year in Victoria, is to eliminate as many Jews as possible in quick succession. When a prisoner is eliminated the screen lights up with the words "More Gas." The game was referred to the censorship review panel of the Victorian Law Department as a danger to public morals.

A COLOSSAL BALLS-UP

An exquisitely hand-crafted "Dildo With Crystal Balls" to the Australian clairvoyant for convincing Greek authorities that she knew the whereabouts of the Colossus Of Rhodes. The clairvoyant's recurring dream of the lost wonder of the ancient world lying on the ocean floor led Greek Merchant Marine Ministry officials to the vicinity of a boulder that, using a hefty dose of imagination, could possibly be said to resemble the fist of a giant statue. It turned out to be a rock that bore the scars of a mechanical digger. The boulder had lain for three years in the ocean. She still believes it is the hand of the Colossus.

JUNIOR HAMBURGLAR

A scale model "Go Ahead, Make My Lunch Dildo" is handed down to the nine-year-old Perth boy who, while dressed as Rambo, held up a Dogs Swamp Hungry Jacks fast food store. The young Rambo entered the burger outlet and ordered one with cheese. While it was being prepared he went outside to the drive-in service window, aimed his toy gun at the cashier and demanded money. After getting the money he went back inside and paid for his meal. Rather than leaving the scene of the crime the boy sat down to eat his illegal snack. Police apprehended him mid-burger.

JOINT WINNERS

The "So High We Could Go Duckhunting With A Rake Dildo" goes to the two middle-aged gentlemen who told police that they intended to smoke almost half a tonne of marijuana they grew in Victoria's Western Districts. A raid on a property near Casterton netted 700 fully mature female plants and 50 marijuana stalks in a disused mine shaft. Police told the court that the two middle-aged Greek men had admitted to planting and tending the crop but had denied it was for sale, saying they intended to smoke it all themselves.

WAITER, THERE'S A CHARLIE MANSON IN MY SOUP

The "Al Dente Commemorative Dildo" is dished up to the Caloundra, Queensland members of the Assemblies Of God Church who petitioned the Heinz company over the occult overtones of a product known as Spooky Spaghetti. In August last year church members called on concerned parents to boycott all Heinz products until the tinned pasta — promoted as "a world of spooky spaghetti shapes immersed in a terrifyingly tasty tomato sauce" — was withdrawn from sale. A church spokesman said that eating Spooky Spaghetti might lead children to more dangerous flirtations with the occult. "We can't underestimate the power of this sort of thing . . ." he said. "The Charles Manson murders, for example . . . they were all wrapped up with the occult."

MMMM, SMELLS LIKE A DEAD JUNKIE

For services to cashing in on deceased rock stars, the exquisitely scented "Essence Of Hound Dog And Blue Suede Shoe Dildo" is awarded to the lucky Melbourne couple who secured the right to manufacture the world's first Elvis perfume. The couple described the fragrance — called simply Elvis — as a blend of florals, woody accents and oriental spices. One of a rash of products released worldwide to commemorate the decade since the demise of the King, the scent is recommended for those who enjoy shooting their television sets, eating deep-fried peanut butter sandwiches, wearing nappies and passing away while sitting on a lavatory.

WEARING THE RAP

A snappy "Dressed To Kill Dildo" to the Victorian man who, when caught breaking into a car last year, told police he needed the money to hire a suit for his murder trial. While on bail for murder, the 24-year-old man was seen breaking into and removing several items from a white Holden at the Chadstone shopping centre. At his appearance in Prahran Court, police said that after his apprehension a short distance from the car the man made several admissions including that he needed money to hire a suit for his murder trial which was commencing two days later. Mr Glen Holden, for the accused, told magistrate Maurice Duncan that his client was subsequently convicted of manslaughter and was serving an eight-year sentence. Perhaps if he'd had that bag of fruit . . .

HOLY ROCK SPIDERS, BATMAN!

The "Which Leg Are They Trying To Pull Dildo" for services to urban mythology to national newspapers for running the story of a Cairns man who purportedly dressed as Batman to commit sexual offences on young boys. One paper, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, reported that Cairns police said the man roamed the streets in a Batman mask and cape and broke into his young victims' homes, tied them to their beds, cut off their clothes and sexually assaulted them. As this Batman took no valuables from his victims, readers were mercifully spared any references to him robbin' them.

STOLEN MOMENTS

The "You Ought To Be In Pictures Dildo" goes to the gang of car thieves who took pictures of themselves inside a stolen vehicle — then left the camera behind. The car, belonging to John Newman, MP for Cabramatta, NSW, was missing for a night before police found the vehicle 5km from the location of the theft. Mr Newman was surveying damage caused by the joyriders when he realised that his Nikon camera was still in the car and that several pictures had been taken. Mr Newman said: "I was most upset that the thieves had left Kentucky Fried Chicken boxes and bones in the car. Lo and behold, when I had the pictures developed, there they were eating Kentucky Fried Chicken!" Police assured Mr Newman of an early arrest.

LIFESTYLE

BLACK SABBATH KILLED MY BEETROOT

The "Save The Root Vegetable Dildo" goes to the Perth woman who claimed that heavy metal music killed her beetroot. She is the founder of the God-fearing movement Stop The Rock Action Group which campaigns against musicians like Kiss, AC/DC and even Elton John for what it sees as a conspiracy to convert the minds of young people to satanism and lethargy. In August last year she claimed that the heavy rock music that her son was once allowed to play had killed the beetroot she had planted under his bedroom window.

KILLER KOALAS

A memorial "Dildo On A Rope" to the Japanese zookeeper who hanged himself after the fifth of 25 koalas entrusted to his care dropped off the twig. The keeper, Mr Hisayuki Nakajo, was apparently depressed and exhausted by his charges' frequent kamikaze dives. Taronga Zoo veterinary surgeon Dr Gary Redacliff said that the tragic turn of affairs came as no surprise. "I've seen it first hand," he said. "For people in his position, the care of koalas is virtually their mission in life. When one dies, they feel they have failed in their mission." Mr Nakajo's death is believed to be the world's first koala-related suicide.

OOOOOOH, YES MINISTER!

The "Executive Desktop Model Dildo" to publicist Jan Murray for her raunchy revelations of sex in the most hallowed halls of our nation's capital. The garrulous Ms Murray bared all to *60 Minutes* reporters with a torrid tale of desktop rooting in celebration of her husband John Brown's appointment as Minister For Tourism. Ms Murray said that she had seduced the Minister For Good Times in his office the day after his appointment and that on a wickedly sexy whim she had left her hastily discarded panties in the ashtray of the permanent head of the department.

PSST . . . DON'T TELL ANYONE

A top secret "This Dildo Will Self Destruct In Five Minutes So Be Damned Careful Where You Put It" to ASIO for appointing a public relations company to aid in the recruitment of new spooks — then getting mighty upset when the PR outfit had the audacity to issue a press release. Advertising and PR firm Charlton & Charlton raised ASIO hackles when they issued a news flash announcing their contract with Australia's spy supremos. ASIO was not amused, stating that the information was intended for Charlton & Charlton eyes only. They're still seeking intelligence recruits, by the way, and let's hope that intelligence is the operative word.

TAKING THE CAKE

A delicious jam and cream-filled "Dildo That's Been Artfully Disguised To Look Like A Sponge Roll" to the proposal to erect a giant blue birthday cake above the Kings Cross traffic tunnel as a part of Sydney's Bicentennial celebrations. The cake was to comprise three tiers, motifs of the Harbor Bridge, Opera House and Luna Park, and a crowning glory of candles in the shape of Centrepoint Tower. The garish gateau was to have been funded to the tune of $200,000. Heated debate followed the proposal as Sydneysiders came out for and against the cake. The idea was nixed, however, when the majority ruled that the kitsch cake was a crumby proposal.

TASSIE COME HOME

A superb, Huon pine "You Hit The Nail Right On Its Two Heads Dildo" to the findings of a survey commissioned by the Tasmanian Development Authority to ascertain the reasons why so few mainlanders consider moving to the Apple Isle. The survey report found that: "There seems to be a widely held stereotype of Tasmanians as ignorant, barbaric, unsophisticated, backward, inbred, of low intelligence and uncaring of the environment." To counter the poor image the report recommended that Tasmania sell itself as a desirable counter to big mainland cities characterised by "ugliness, congestion, slow moving traffic, dirt, smells and alien faces." In short, a place with no match. At least not since Errol Flynn died.

DEATH UNDER THE BIG TOP

A jumbo-sized "Do It Again And You'll Be Breaking Rocks In The State Pen Dildo" to Abu the elephant, a killer pachyderm who last year claimed his third victim. Abu, of Ashton's Circus, struck in Gunnedah, crushing a circus employee to death with his trunk. Sergeant Wilkinson of Gunnedah police said that after the deed the elephant just walked away and an hour later took part in his usual performance. He said: "Apparently Abu is a well-behaved elephant and this was completely out of character." A truck driver was killed in 1974 when Abu stepped on his chest and he crushed to death a young woman clown in 1983.

F---ING LUDICROUS!

For services to colorful language, the "Talk Dirty To Me Carphone Dildo" is awarded to Liberal politicians Andrew Peacock and Jeff Kennett for the infamous carphone conversation that led to Peacock's sacking from the shadow ministry. The expletive-ridden conversation, made by Kennett from his car to Peacock in his bed, was taped by an activist group for the disabled from a Dick Smith radio scanner. For the politician on the go, the "Talk Dirty To Me Carphone Dildo" can be plugged into a car's f---ing cigarette lighter.

ENTERTAINMENT

THEY CALL HIM THE MANGLER

To little Aussie battler boxing champion Jeff Fenech goes the "Rain In Spain Dildo" for his pronouncements after defeating Thai challenger Samart. After convincingly butchering his opponent, young Jeff did a similar, though quicker, job on the English language in a victory speech that included the words: "I love youse all. You're the most beautifullest people in the world." Worried calls for mandatory elocution and grammar coaching in Australian gymnasiums were widespread.

YES, BUT WHAT'S BETWEEN THE EARS?

The "Keep It Under You Hat Dildo" to lovable confirmed bachelor Molly Meldrum for revealing his naked noggin to one and all as a parting gesture at the final *Countdown* Awards. Meldrum, whose 13-year association with the *Countdown* program ended with an ABC axe, lifted the Akubra on his bald scone to curtail years of speculation about what he had up top. Sadly defending his deceased rock show, Meldrum said: "*Countdown* had a right to be on the air. It's one of the major art forms in this country."

THE DEVIL MADE HIM DO IT

A club colors "Rugby League Supporters Dildo With Complimentary Footie Beanie" to the League fan who travelled to Sydney from the NSW North Coast to punch out Parramatta team captain Peter Sterling. The man, 33, told Parramatta Local Court that, as a long-time Parra fan, he was incensed when he read a newspaper report in which Sterling "took the Lord's name in vain." He said he had penned a letter to Sterling concerning the matter, but had then decided to come to Sydney to back it up. He backed it up with a punch to Sterling's face in the Parramatta Football Stadium carpark, and was found guilty of aggravated assault.

ONE MAN IN A BOAT

The "If At First You Don't Succeed, Then Bloody Well Give Up Dildo" to the lone rower whose third attempt to row to New Zealand ended with a rescue 18 nautical miles from its starting point. Rescuing fishermen from Eden, on the NSW South Coast, jeered and hooted the unsuccessful mariner and presented him with a bill for $8500 for services and lost fishing time. In his two earlier attempts, launched from Sydney, the rower ran into trouble only a few kilometres offshore and had to be towed back by Sydney Water Police.

A TRULY BLUSHING BRIDE

A lovely "It's More Fun When You're Not Married Anyway Dildo" to former *Perfect Match* hostess Debbie Newsome and her "husband", burly builder Robert Pavlovic, for bravely revealing that their wedding, performed before 200 guests and almost as many *TV Week* reporters, was a sham. In September last year a tearful blonde Newsome spoke exclusively to the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* of her shame and heartache over a marriage that was not legal because Pavlovic was still officially married to another woman. Of a threatened possibility of a bigamy charge against her beloved, Newsome said, "Robert won't go to jail. I won't let them. I will go to jail for him." The nation wept.

CHUNDER DOWNUNDER

For services to the cultural cringe, an economy-sized, dribbling "Dildo That Makes Crocodile Dundee Look Like High Art" to Barry Humphries for his hugely prepublicised film *Sir Les Patterson Saves The World*. The romp with the infamous polyester safari-suited Cultural Attache ran the gamut from farting to vomiting — with a stop for a leak in between. In a deft move, humor was neatly sidestepped. The film lasted less than three weeks in capital cities.

MOB THY NEIGHBOR

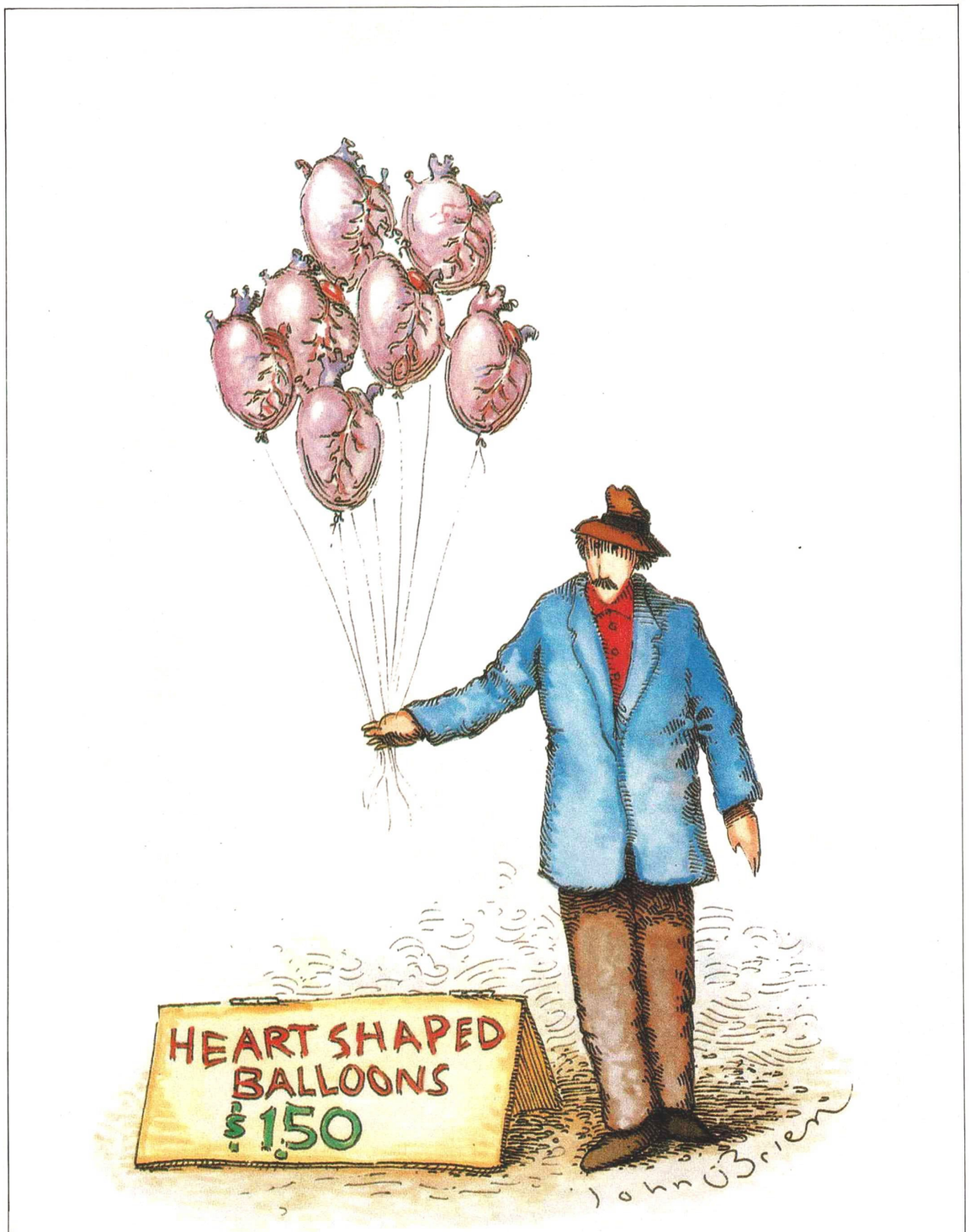
For unbelievable stupidity, the "Head 'Em Up, Move 'Em Out Dildo" goes to the 4000 people who stampeded *Neighbors* soapie stars Kylie Minogue and Jason Donovan when they made an appearance at a Parramatta shopping centre. Donovan and Minogue were cutting a wedding cake and handing out bits to the audience in celebration of the TV union of their characters Scott and Charlene when the stampede occurred. Donovan was seen to be handing out autographed photographs of himself even as the unruly sea of fans engulfed him.

BLONDES HAVE MORE . . . SOMETHING

A silk jockstrap-encased "A Big Dick Beats A High IQ Any Day Dildo" is awarded to the Sydney Swans heart-throb Warwick Capper for courageously lashing out at critics who had tagged him a dumb blond. Capper, also known as Captain Cucumber for his coolness under pressure, answered the charges with the biting words, "I'm no dumb blond. They say that about all blonds." To further distance himself from his swinging bachelor image Capper, who drives a black sports car with Sexy 1 number plates, announced his engagement to Melbourne model Joanne Norris, a fetching blonde.

NOTHING COUD BE STRINER

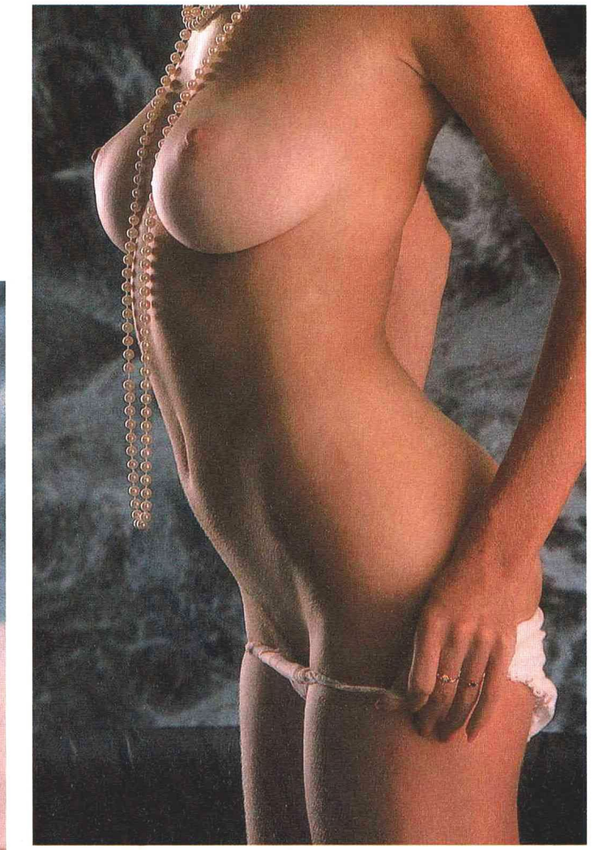
The "Out Of America Dildo" goes to the casting of US superstar Meryl Streep in the role of Lindy Chamberlain in *Evil Angels*, the movie account of the legendary Dingo Baby saga. The meticulous Streep, renowned for the intensive voice coaching she undergoes before each foreign accented role, was mid-last year believed to have been taking secret speech lessons from Dame Edna Everage.



A FINE MADNESS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

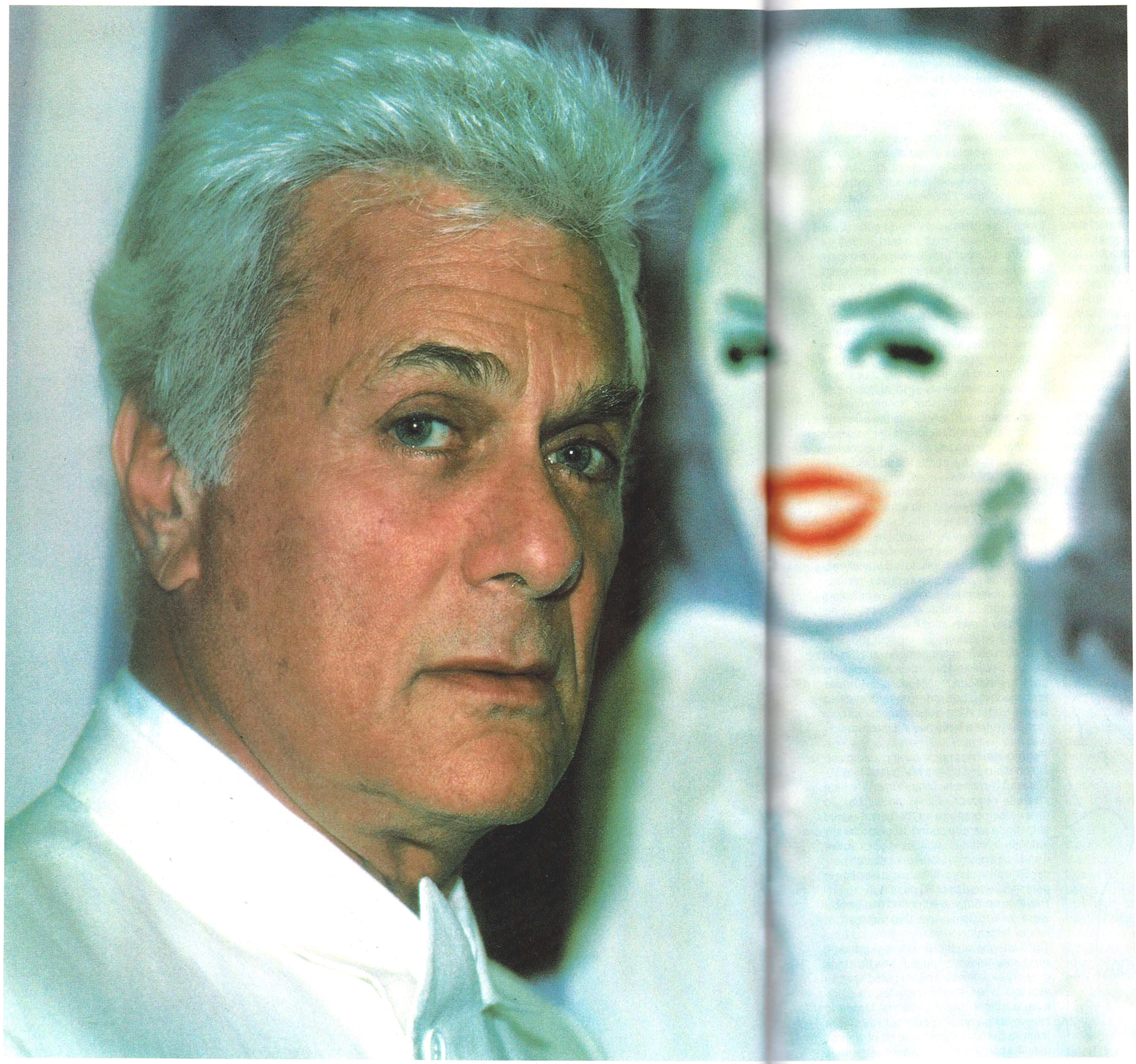
Nineteen-year-old Anna Montagne is in the beauty business. She's not a model — despite the very professional work you see here. And she doesn't want to be a model. Or an actress. She wants to keep working as a beautician until she is in charge of a chain of salons. When it comes to the business side of life, and any other for that matter, Anna thinks big.



This stunning blonde wasn't approached in the street by *Penthouse* representatives and asked if she would consider posing. Anna came to us and asked if we would consider photographing her. In short, she made us an offer we couldn't refuse.

"Some of my girlfriends thought I was mad to do it," says Anna, "but if that was the case there was a great deal of method in my madness. I wanted a portfolio of the sexiest glamor shots possible of me, and my immediate thought was to be photographed for *Penthouse*."

"I want to be able to use blow-ups of some of the photos to decorate my salons in years to come," Anna continues. "It would be good for business. I wouldn't use all the shots, of course, but most will prove great advertising. Is that mad?" Perhaps, Anna, but it's a fine madness.



"You won't work in the movies because you're good-looking, gifted, talented, whatever. What's going to give you a movie career is having a personal relationship with somebody of importance"

TONY CURTIS

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

His career began and blossomed during the waning days of an era when Hollywood meant glamor — before what Rock Hudson, bitterly and perhaps not a bit enviously, once called the "age of the uglies." Hollywood was also the town that housed America's aristocracy, and in the years following the Second World War, studio king and queen makers were desperately seeking new blue bloods to replace an aging nobility. To be a leading man, only those who could match the handsome and virile good looks of a Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, or Clark Gable needed apply. But by the late Forties and early Fifties, the latter were all past their prime, and a new generation of younger and ambitious men were ready to replace them and send female moviegoers swooning and panting in their seats. The new group included names like Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter, Jeff Chandler and a handsome dark-haired teenager from the Bronx, Tony Curtis.

In a town where survival of the fittest is more an understatement than a cliché, the enthusiastic and naive youngster who was born Bernie Schwartz achieved success beyond his wildest dreams. But unlike the title of one of his most notable films, the sweet smell of success could also turn rancid. The son of a hardworking tailor, Curtis had studied acting in New York after being injured in Guam during his World War II navy service. He learned quickly upon his arrival in Hollywood that he was just another commodity, owned

PHOTO BY CYNTHIA JOHNSON

INTERVIEW

and controlled by an all-powerful studio that could make or break him.

It was also a time when acting ability was secondary on the road to movie success, with good looks, studio publicity, and the good will of movie fan magazines counting a great deal more in Hollywood's final "golden years." Whatever the obstacles, the tough, brash kid from New York City overcame them, and quickly.

Throughout a career that has spanned four decades, more than 100 major films, and more money than most of his former neighbors in the Bronx could ever imagine, Tony Curtis has also had his fair share of demons with which to battle. There were the film critics who decided early in his career, remaining firm in their conviction to the present, that Curtis owed all his great success to being "another pretty face." They chose to dwell on his pronounced New York City accent and starring roles in such clinkers as *Son Of Ali Baba* and *The Chastity Belt*, while ignoring his stunning performances in films such as *The Defiant Ones* and *Kings Go Forth*.

While Tony was fighting demons in his professional life, not only battling film critics but also refusing to put up with what he considered to be the childlike shenanigans of spoiled movie stars like Marilyn Monroe, his personal life was often a battleground. Never wanting for beautiful women, Curtis found little happiness in his marriages to three of the most gorgeous females in the world. His longest marriage, with actress Janet Leigh, lasted nine years, "seven of which I was miserable," Tony recalls. The couple had two children, Kelly and actress Jamie Lee Curtis. Curtis was also married to German actress Christine Kaufmann, and fathered two daughters, Alexandra and Allegra. His last marriage to model Leslie Allen produced two sons, Nicholas and Benjamin.

By the mid-Sixties, it appeared that Curtis had it made — movie idol, handsome, and always a beautiful woman in his life. But the truth was he was in trouble. The boy was now a man, and the glitter and glamor had begun to wear thin. On the one hand Tony wanted to explore new areas of life, most especially his love of painting, but on the other hand he felt trapped in his role of the movie star.

During the difficult Seventies, one thing Hollywood could not change in Tony Curtis was his New York City toughness, which allowed him to successfully fight an uphill battle against his drug addictions and disappointments. It also marked the start of a period in Tony's life that he has described as "coming out of the closet," making his movie career secondary to devoting his time to art. Where in the past it was more of a hobby, in the Eighties it became the focus of his life. Curtis acknowledges the help and encouragement he received from such artists as John Stussy, professor emeritus of art at the University of California, English painter Peter Blake, and Andy Warhol, who saw Tony's sketchbook and urged him to "keep painting, just keep painting." No longer hung up on the movie-star image, he began to develop other avenues of interest in addition to a successful full-time career as an artist. He began to write, completing two novels, *King Andrew Cody & Julie Sparrow* and the yet to be published *Star Struck*. Another passion Curtis pursued was his love of sports, once owning five percent of the Phoenix Suns basketball team, which he sold in 1985.

A great deal of Tony's Hollywood experience has found its way into his art. He has been working on a series of lithographs dedicated to the "ladies of his life," which includes a stunning portrait of Marilyn Monroe, among others of his leading ladies. He has taken the glamor that was once Hollywood and reflected it in his paintings and sculpture. Many critics have noted a spontaneity and a feeling of effortlessness in his work. Not only have art critics accepted Tony Curtis the artist, art lovers have spend hundreds of thousands of dollars adding his works to their collections. Last May at the Sands Hotel in Atlantic City, New Jersey, an exhibition of his works brought hundreds of art lovers from around the world to admire and purchase his paintings.

At 62, Tony Curtis the artist has also departed from the Hollywood scene. Although he continues to selectively accept movie and television offers, his permanent home is in Hawaii, where he paints and sculpts. It is also where many of his works may be viewed at the Centre Art Galleries in Honolulu.

To gain an intimate glimpse into the life of Tony Curtis and his outspoken opinions on Hollywood and recollections of 40 years in the public spotlight, *Penthouse* asked Senior Editor Allan Sonnenschein to contact Curtis for a freewheeling interview.

Penthouse: Are people buying your paintings because you are a Hollywood star?
Curtis: My name is Tony Curtis. That's a celebrity concept. But let me tell you, I'd give an autograph to anybody, but would somebody want to spend 40 grand for my autograph with 12½ ounces of paint above it and half a gram of lead from a sketch pencil? Obviously it provokes some emotion in people. I've sold over 80 paintings.
Penthouse: Are you surprised that people were willing to spend that amount of money for your work?
Curtis: I was at the beginning. I wasn't quite sure what to expect. It was an extraordinary experience when I started about a year ago, when I began to expose my paintings to others than my friends. I used to take my paintings, hide them away or give them to friends. There are a lot of girls all over the country who've got drawings of us when we were in bed making love, sketches of them in the nude.
Penthouse: I assume you mean after making love?
Curtis: No. I would sleep with a woman, and while we were in bed fondling and caressing each other, I'd have a pad and pencil under the bed and while one hand was embracing, the other was doing sketches of what I thought our bodies looked like on paper. I would do these quick-lightning sketches. [Laughing] I used to ejaculate prematurely; maybe that's why.
Penthouse: Many of your paintings are personal conceptions of the women in your life. One of them is Marilyn Monroe. What were your impressions of her?
Curtis: Marilyn was a difficult woman. A very frustrating woman, unhappy. These are not criticisms, they're just my observations. Marilyn was driven by a devil, driven by some fantasies or illusions. She was getting even, spiteful. I don't ever remember Marilyn being charming or appealing.
Penthouse: But you were sexually excited by her?
Curtis: Yes, she knew that. She encouraged it.
Penthouse: Did you know anything about Marilyn and the Kennedys?
Curtis: I don't believe any of the conspiracy stories! Look, who we fuck on the weekends is our own business. I don't consider those affairs, don't consider them anything but a long weekend. Marilyn wasn't murdered. She wasn't involved in any conspiracy. All of it is conjecture and nobody's business but Marilyn's.
Penthouse: You will agree that she was an unhappy woman?
Curtis: Yes, but where does it say in the textbook that unhappiness is so disagreeable? Unhappiness is also a way of life. It is a feeling of life. Actually, it would be unhealthy not to feel anything. You know, we make too much about Marilyn and not enough of other women.
Penthouse: But isn't it difficult for the average woman when she watches her husband drooling over a perfect movie queen?
Curtis: Maybe and maybe not. Let's look at it this way. There are all these beautiful people making love to each other and having orgasms. Then some guy maybe 40 pounds overweight comes out of the coal mine, dirty and gritty, goes home, and makes love to his wife who is equally big. Do you think their orgasm is less thrilling to them than the orgasms of movie star kings and queens? Do you think their love and feelings are less meaningful than someone who is more attractive? Not at all.
Penthouse: Do you agree with Rock Hudson, who said that there is less glamor on the screen today?
Curtis: He was full of shit. That's all bullshit. Not only are there beautiful women on the screen — forget about the screen, that's least of our dilemmas — just walk down Fifth Avenue, go to Hawaii. There are beautiful women all over the world and much better-looking than they used to be.
Penthouse: We haven't talked about the great actors you worked with, like Cary Grant, Jack Lemmon, Laurence Olivier, Gregory Peck. Is there anything unique about them?
Curtis: I found that they all have one thing in common. They all have a high level of intelligence, an ability to know what is happening on the floor. Acting is not a big deal. To know that is to know everything. Everybody acts. Some of us do it a little more intricately, and it comes out looking more interesting. What you see is the person, not the actor. You don't see technique. The camera examines the person.
Penthouse: I take it that you're not a fan of the method school of acting?
Curtis: Marlon Brando is a man you examine on the screen. He's intelligent and has an ability to pick and choose and give what will interest you as a viewer in what that person is about. But it ain't no big deal. It ain't the Lee Strasberg school of bullshit. The Method — method to madness! It's self-indulgent, like masturbating in a mirror.
Penthouse: Does the rapport you seem to have with your co-actors carry over into real life?
Curtis: They're no better or worse than any other friends you've got. They're great guys, nice to be around, but I didn't want to hang out with them, as they may not necessarily want to hang out with me. What I mean is that if you're thrown together for six weeks in a movie, you're going to make the best of it.
Penthouse: Have there been times and actors when you didn't make the best of it?
Curtis: Oh yes, when I did *Spartacus* with Kirk Douglas, it was a brute. We were all right, but it was a difficult environment. He was producing it, he was the star, and he owned the company, so his tensions were more intense. It was when people made it difficult for you personally that I didn't think much of them. Marilyn made it very difficult by being late, rude, not caring about other actors, not caring whether you liked her or not. That makes it tough.
Penthouse: Why couldn't you walk up to her and just tell her off?
Curtis: You couldn't do that. It would affect the shooting schedule. I once called Joan Collins a cunt while were were doing a TV series, *The Persuaders*. She came rolling up in a car and screamed, "He called me a cunt." I sent her flowers and apologised. I said that we're in a very busy schedule and Roger Moore and I are trying to get the picture done. "Forgive me," I said, "if I lost my temper." So she ungraciously accepted my apology. But there was a difference between Marilyn and somebody like Joan. With Marilyn it was an unconscious attitude. She was an addict, drinking a lot and using drugs.

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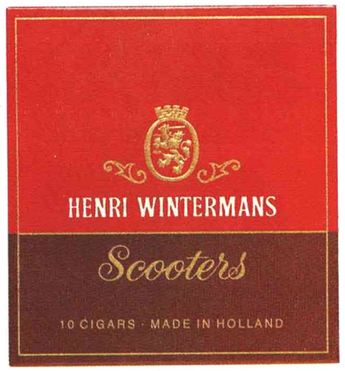


HENRI WINTERMANS
EXCEPTIONAL CIGARS

NEXUS 07/461

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: It sounds like it was more fun working with Jack Lemmon than Marilyn Monroe?

Curtis: [Laughing] I love Jack Lemmon. I want to have his baby.

Penthouse: You were also married to three beautiful women, but your marriage to Janet Leigh seemed special. Can you tell us about it?

Curtis: She was a beautiful woman and we had a very pleasant and appealing relationship. It was also very stressful because her family and friends didn't want her to get married. Also, my family and friends didn't want me to get married, and that's what probably drove us together. We tried to make the best of it, but we were always caught up in a lot of pressures. There were a lot of pressures that were a hindrance to the marriage and not a help. I don't think any marriage can last.

Penthouse: Why not?

Curtis: I think that marriages can last a period of time when everything is right, but as soon as one or the other partner begins to change, begins to be exposed to the vicissitudes of life, the marriage is ready to go on the rocks. People are very naive when they get married and it is during the marriage they start to wise up. These marriages are destined to fail because the partners want more out of life than they started out with.

Penthouse: Would you agree that when both partners are movie stars, competition is a factor in killing a marriage?

Curtis: It's very important. There's a competitiveness neither one can deny. The marriage can work if both aren't successful, or if one partner is successful, but if both are extremely successful it doesn't work.

Penthouse: How did you make it in Hollywood?

Curtis: Excuse me, nobody makes it in Hollywood. The ones that make it don't make it. The ones that achieve success in Hollywood don't even know how they got there. I don't know how I made it in Hollywood. It just happened. It's a combination of peculiar, intricate little behavior patterns where all of a sudden you go from one picture to another picture to another picture, and the next thing you know you're working in the movies. Lew Wasserman was very kind to me. He was a major supporter of mine in the early days. That's what this business is predicated on. I needed a rabbi. Everybody needs one.

Penthouse: And if you make an enemy of a powerful person in Hollywood?

Curtis: You end up selling ice cream — not even ice cream, ices in Tijuana without a green card.

Penthouse: Were the big studio heads the bastards we read about?

Curtis: Harry Cohn and Jack Warner were personal friends of mine. They loved me. I was a wiseass Jewish kid out of New York, and that is what they were. They were greatly responsible for my success. They were supposedly the scourge of Hollywood, but from my observations they were great. Why? Because they kept the hordes at bay. All the non-gifted people who were trying to break into the movies always used Harry Cohn, Jack Warner, or L.B. Mayer as scapegoats when they weren't successful.

Penthouse: But would anyone have been successful in Hollywood without their support?

Curtis: This business is predominantly controlled by the executives that make the movies. So if you're in favor with them and friends of theirs, you work in movies. You won't work in the movies because you're good-looking, gifted, talented, whatever. What's going to give you a movie career is having a relationship, a personal relationship with somebody of importance who will be able to manoeuvre you from situation to situation. Lew Wasserman was my mentor, but went from being my agent to my boss [when MCA and he bought Universal Studios].

Penthouse: Wasserman is one example of the Hollywood boss, but there is the other type, as in the case of Cliff Robertson being screwed . . .

Curtis: By David Begelman.

Penthouse: How do you explain the fact that many people in Hollywood embraced Begelman even after he admitted he ripped off a client?

Curtis: And the actor that had been ripped off couldn't get a job. How do you explain that? You don't. You don't dare say boo about the production end of our profession, because they are in a position where they can wreak havoc blackmailing you without you even knowing it.

Penthouse: You seem to enjoy being removed from the scene.

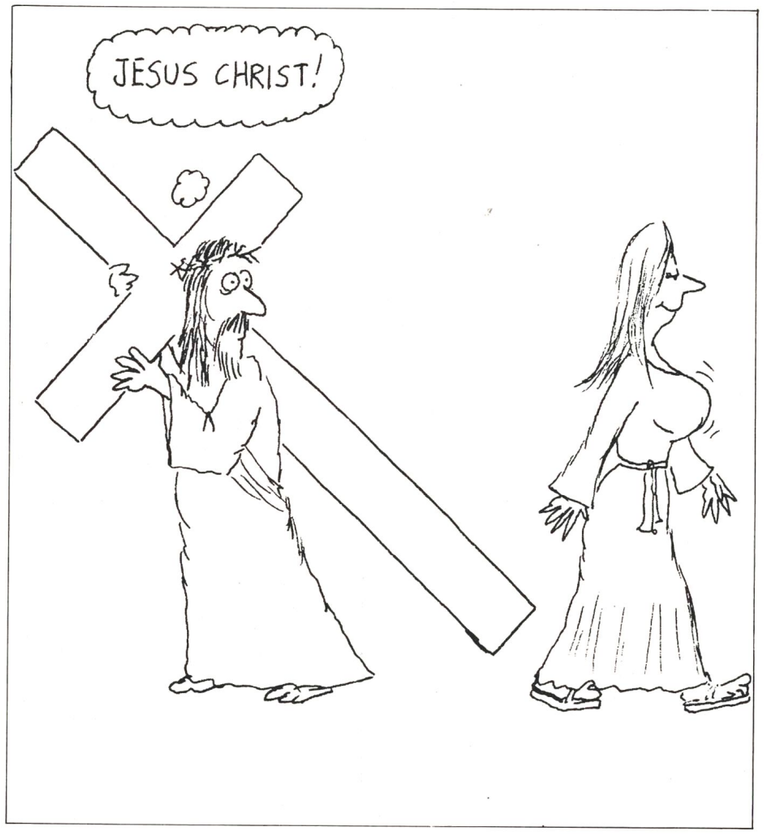
Curtis: I love it, because I can see it for what it is. One day I'm going to make a movie about a Hollywood detective who chases not dead bodies but dead records to find out whatever happened to the percentage of this movie that should go back to this kid.

Penthouse: When it comes to movie directors, it seems that every other day there's a new genius. How do you feel about it?

Curtis: What does genius mean? A guy like Spielberg makes a movie he wanted to make as a kid, a cartoon. What is the big fucking deal about that? Why is that genius? The word is bandied about.

Penthouse: Are there directors who you think make special films?

Curtis: Stanley Kubrick's films are unique. Billy Wilder's films are unique. So are Elia Kazan's, John Huston's, and Orson Welles'. Whether they are geniuses or not, I'm not quite sure what the word means, but they have a uniqueness. I don't know of any other filmmakers besides those five names I would include in that group. The rest are pedestrian.



Penthouse: So you don't seem impressed by any of the young directors these days?

Curtis: There can be a dilettante, arrogant, or martinet attitude on a set that is very destructive. A director, out of his own need, out of lack of ego and self-esteem, will be overwhelmed by the power. He will become a tyrant, a difficult, clumsy, vicious man. Directors like that lose all control of their abilities to make movies. The industry seems to feel that these kind of directors are necessary to make a movie, but they're not.

Penthouse: Can you give me a personal example of such a director?

Curtis: There was an English director named Peter Collinson. A vicious man on the set, making people do stunts they weren't prepared to do. For example, firing guns two inches away from people's ears, making them deaf in a soundstage. He ruptured my eardrum with a gun on a film. He had a cavalier approach to other people's lives.

Penthouse: I know that you never made a film with John Landis, but what do you feel about the actors who were killed on the set of *Twilight Zone?*

Curtis: That concept of picture making I think is unfortunate. When you sign up to do a movie, you're not signing up with the French foreign legion. You're liable to get your arse blown up with a land mine. That's not what you signed up to do a movie for.

Penthouse: You did your own stunts when you played Houdini. Would you have done the stunts in *Twilight Zone?*

Curtis: I wouldn't have done that shot that cost those lives, working underneath a helicopter like that. But that's only one experience. I know of many others. I've seen an actor fall off a building and miss the inflated balloon because the director wanted to put the camera four inches over to accommodate the shot and not the stuntman. Oh, he got splattered!

Penthouse: Who is looking out for these people?

Curtis: No-one. The Screen Actors Guild doesn't have any power on the set. They'll send somebody to the set, but always too late.

Penthouse: What happens to an actor if he tells a director that he won't do a dangerous stunt?

Curtis: If you don't co-operate with the director, you're out to lunch. They'll fuck you left and right. They'll make you look so bad in the movie you won't even believe that you're in the movie. I don't care who your agent is and who's producing the movie — a director can do that.

Penthouse: Hollywood agents are often depicted as flesh peddlers or worse. How accurate is that picture?

Curtis: That's labelling. All agents aren't four-foot-nine, mean, and vicious, looking to bang five-foot-ten girls. That's not the case. A lot of agents aren't homosexuals looking to bang their boy clients. You've got to avoid those labels. There are agents who are put in a position where they have bigger eyes than just handling clients. They want to package movies, run studios, want a bigger game in town. It's a handful of guys. A lot of agents are responsible and reliable people.

Penthouse: So why don't you have an agent?

Curtis: You're better off if you don't have an agent. I don't want to find myself caught up in the politics of agent, producer, and parts. I may not be up for a lot of parts but the parts I am up for are a lot more appealing. They seek me out, I don't seek them out.

Penthouse: What are some of the parts that you wish you never made?

Curtis: *The Chastity Belt* is one. *You Can't Win 'Em All, It Rained All Night* [*The Day I Left*], *No Room For The Groom, Son Of Ali Baba*, and *The Black Shield Of Falworth* are others I wish I never made. [Laughing] I'm only giving you the titles. I don't want to go into the people.

Penthouse: Seriously, why did you make such bummers?

Curtis: I was so caught up in my marriage, girlfriends, and raising my family that my nut was so high I had to make a lot more pictures than I normally would have in order to maintain my lifestyle. That's what fucked me up, creating stress and anxiety in me.

I started to drink a lot. My marriages were going bad because I didn't have the courage to speak up and tell my wife to fuck off, get out of my life. I wasn't prepared to make a decision between my career and personal life. I wanted both, so I compromised both. I was miserable, unhappy, frustrated, and that's when it all happened, that addiction of mine.

Penthouse: All because you needed a buck?

Curtis: I needed a lot of them!

Penthouse: Do you look back at that period in your life with bitterness?

Curtis: I am disappointed, but I'm not depressed over it. It is a fact of growing up when you learn that your friend is not really your friend. It makes you happy in the long run because then you know that you can't rely on anyone but yourself.

Penthouse: You've had your battles with some movie columnists. Are you still angry with them?

Curtis: I have no respect for them. Why do the sob sisters like Rona Barrett and Rex Reed tell us what is right? What they write is based on nothing more than hype and their own avarice. I think gossip columnists are so destructive, not only to actors, but to themselves. What can you imagine when Rona Barrett asks Burt Reynolds on national television if he has AIDS? Did he ask her if she had bad gums or a face job? What has that to do with movies?

Penthouse: What should they write about you 100 years from now?

Curtis: "He's not available . . ."

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NEXUS 07/476M

Double income?
No kids? This is the Toyota for you.

DINKY TOYS

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

Pamper yourself. Go on, make pleasure a top priority. Elbow common sense, drop-kick practicality, settle for unbridled hedonism. Yeah, slide aboard Toyota's sweet two-seater mid-engined sporty, the MR2. A Ferrari in miniature, without the burden of a killer price. Sacrilege. Aficionados of the Prancing Horse of Italy would be apoplectic at the merest suggestion that an MR2 (indeed any car) could be mentioned in the same breath as a Ferrari. A Ferrari does not have flaws, only character. It does not have rivals, only imitators. But the Toyota, the plebs' Ferrari, does meet many of the obligatory sports car design specs. Independent suspension, mid-mounted engine, four-wheel discs, close-ratio five speed-er, rack-and-pinion steering and an engine with twin overhead cams and four valves per cylinder. On the down side, the MR2's 1.6-litre engine performance is pleasant rather than eye-peeling, sock-it-to-'em, tyre shredding, tail-wagging dynamite. Oh, for the supercharged version available on the home market. In Australia, the new Ferrari 328GTSi retails for a ball-park $148,000. The Toyota MR2 carries a retail tag of $31,400. And with it comes Japanese reliability and no oil slick on the garage floor. These cars of two cultures are only similar in broad concept. European cars are about tradition and image and style. And status. The first $50,000 pays for the badge. With Japanese cars, you're not paying for image or tradition. Not yet. It's

DINKY TOYS

slowly dawning on Australians that European is not always the auto rainbow.

The gap between the European and Japanese product is forever narrowing. Today, the Land of the Rising Sun is designing and building cars of sheer brilliance. In many instances the cars of Japan are superior to rivals in the Euro range.

The econo-car world champs are moving up-market into the luxury sector, where the bigger bucks can be found. Honda, regarded for years as the class act among the Japanese, is chasing the executive dollar with its Legend. Its dominant Formula One engine has won the world constructors' championship and the world drivers' title. Ferrari was one of the grand prix rivals crushed by the powerful, unstoppable, hi-tech Honda. The image building process is well underway. Others will follow.

Occasionally among the Nipponese giants there's a hint of a lingering copy-cat mentality and a penchant for baubles, beads and tricks. Still, genuine innovation is beginning to feature in new Japanese models.

Several car makers — Honda, Mazda, Nissan — have viable production four-wheel-steer models. Honda's is already here in Oz, in the Prelude. Four-wheel steering is more than a mere sales gimmick, a passing fad, says Mazda. Ten years from now, more than one-third of all Mazdas sold will have a 4WS option.

There's more. Turbocharging may not have been a Japanese creation. However, they refined the blow jobs, made them more efficient and offered turbos to the masses at a sensible price. And they're also racing towards the use of ceramics in engines.

We saw the capabilities of the Japanese when Australia moved to lead-free fuel in 1986. Many European models lost their zing; not Toyota, Nissan, Mitsubishi, Mazda, Honda, Daihatsu. Their engines, developed for the lower-octane fuel, are no less powerful, no less flexible.

Toyota, not so long ago a bastion of auto conservatism, is now on the offensive. Look at the stunning variety in its three coupe offerings, Celica, Supra and MR2. Celica is front engined and front drive. Supra is front engined and rear drive. And Mister Two is mid-engined with rear drive. This doesn't sound at all like designing cars to a blueprint. There's a refreshing lack of inhibition in the Toyota design studio. And all three are exceptional motor cars.

The delectable MR2 is the latest arrival in Australia. M for mid-engined, R for runabout, 2 for two-seater. It also stands for fun.

Apart from a handful of rich man's exoticars costing more than $100,000, the little twin-cam Toyota is the only mid-engined two-seater sold here. Launched in June, 1984, it took its time arriving. Toyota Australia vacillated. First the MR2 was coming, then it wasn't, then it did.

The sports car purist demands a mid-engined layout. Obviously optimum weight distribution is achieved by locating the heaviest components — engine, transaxle, occupants — as near as possible to the middle of the car.

The MR2's front-rear weight split isn't quite 50-50, but 45-55 isn't half bad. It means improved traction and stunning cornering performance and about the best braking on any mass-produced car.

Mister Two brings lofty standards of braking and handling, but the irony is that most of its owners will not take the car anywhere near its limit. Toyota's market research suggests a strange set of priorities for potential MR2 owners. To them, styling is of the greatest consequence. Then the car's fun factor. Third on the list of priorities is handling and then — finally — performance.

So the majority of those who buy a wedge-shaped pleasure palace are probably not going to explore the Toyota's magnificent sporting characteristics. Being seen driving the MR2 is most important. Yuppie frauds.

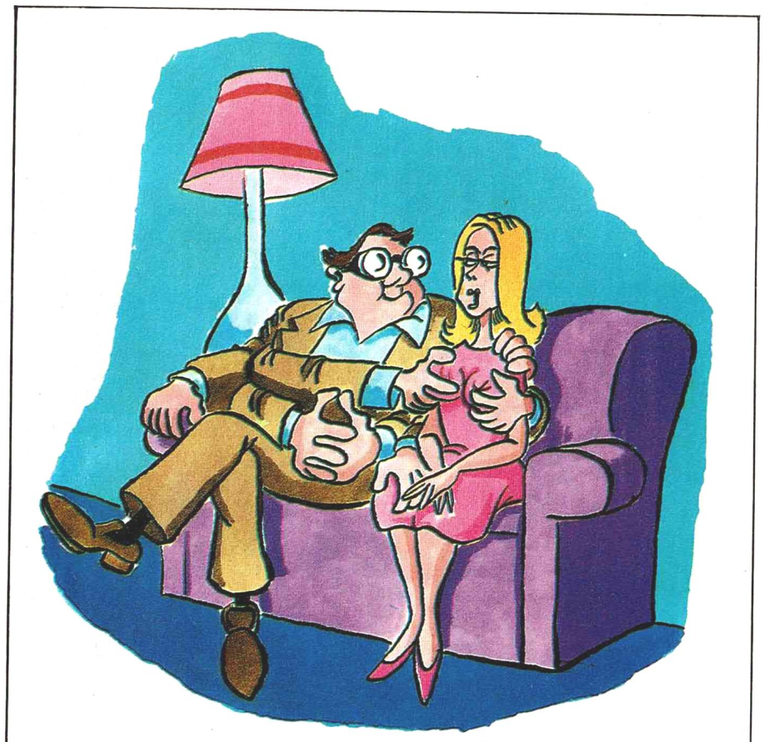
What a waste. Mister Two is born to boogie. On a twisting piece of secondary road it must be one of the fastest point-to-point cars anywhere. Roadholding is so spectacular that only an act of gross stupidity could catapult a driver into any sort of trouble.

With a tilt-adjustable steering wheel, and seven-way adjustable sports seat for the driver, the cockpit feels like home. None of that spartan Pommie sports car stuff either. Power windows, remote rear view mirror adjustment, central door locking, and a master-blaster sound system are standard issue. Optional extras include removable sunroof, cruise control and air-conditioning.

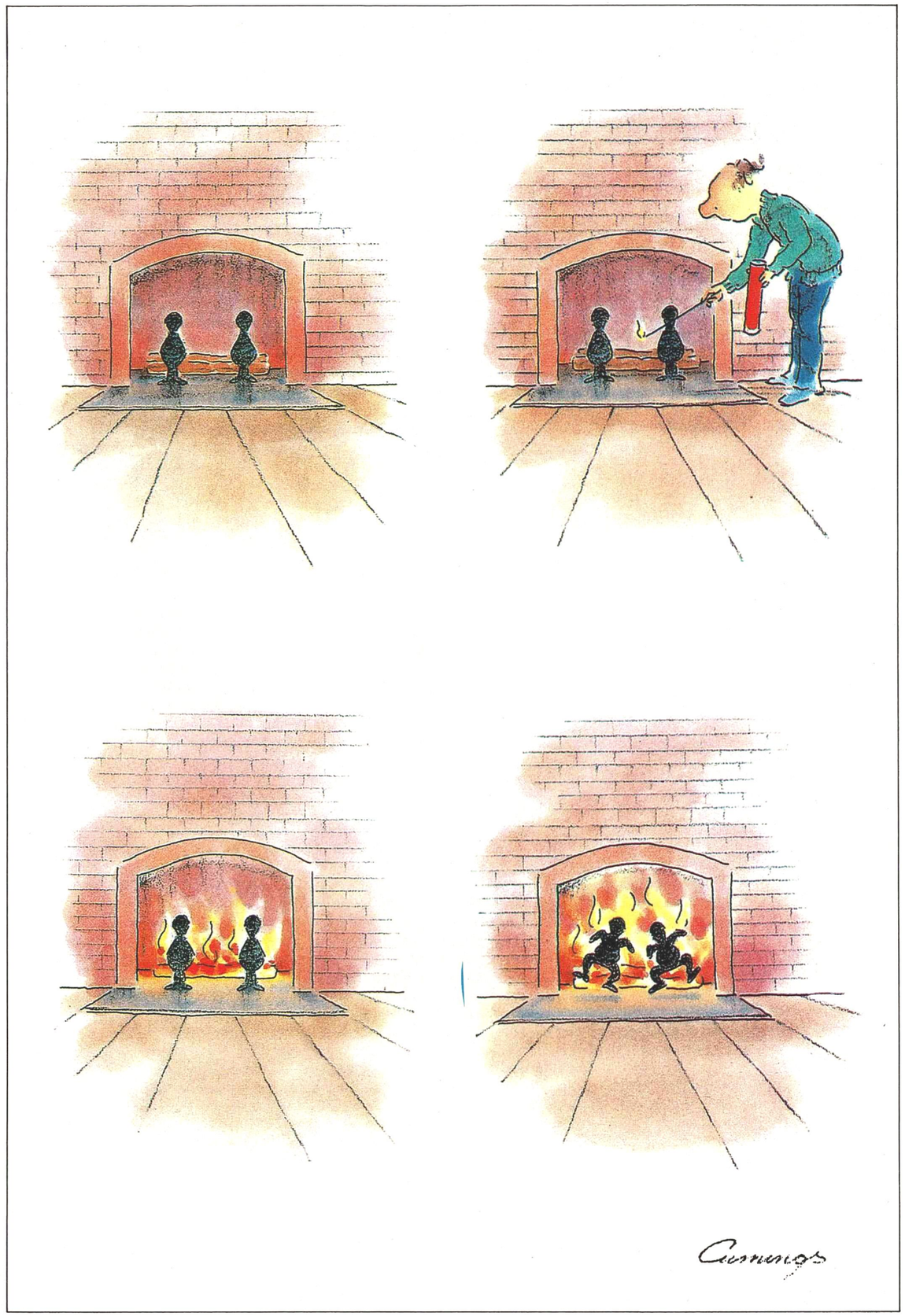
To compensate for the modest engine power (88 kiloWatts) and solid construction (Mister Two tips the scales at 1050 kilos), Toyota has thoughtfully opted for a low diff ratio and a close-ratio five-speed gearbox.

MR2's brilliant road behavior — its handling, ride, steering and braking — sets it apart from most of the entrants in the sporting car arena. There's just a hint of understeer entering corners but it responds immediately to the subtleties of throttle control, tucking in delightfully on lift off or showing just a hint of oversteer when the right boot is buried to the firewall. The MR2 is total self-indulgence. Glorious impracticality. Fun and frolics. Forget the nippers; forget the mother-in-law; forget the suitcase.

It's a car for a dirty weekend. With just enough room for a passenger, pink and blue toothbrushes and a change of smalls. Go straight to a Love Hotel.



"So . . . how long have you been into genetic research?"



GIANTS

Continued from page 79

when the flesh had rotted away and now curled at the edges to resemble saucepans.

We located the carcass Chris was after; it lay crumpled in a storm-water wash. "She was probably mortally wounded and got this far before dying," Chris briskly surmised. "Obviously the poachers lost track of her or the ivory wouldn't still be here."

The tusks came away smoothly from their brittle bone sockets and, shouldering them, we returned to our vehicle. Driving back to World's End Chris mentioned another factor affecting the survival of the desert wildlife, that of the spill-over effect of the vicious, low-intensity bush war being waged between SWAPO (South West African Peoples' Organisation) guerillas, fighting for self-rule, and the South African Army.

"The war caught up with us here in 1981," he told me, "when SWAPO extended their operations into the northern Namib. In response, the security forces began a program arming the tribespeople to act as a home guard against the insurgents. More than 3000 old World War II .303 rifles were issued. Whatever the intention, the guns have, in reality, been turned on the wildlife and a dreadful slaughter has taken place."

Throughout Africa, chronic political instability has severely exacerbated the wildlife's ongoing woes. During their eight-month war to depose Uganda's Idi Amin, Tanzanian soldiers completed the butchery, begun by the fleeing Ugandans, of the wild animals in the great Ruwenzori and Kabalega Falls National Parks. The Ugandans escaping through the parks had killed a few hundred animals for food, but the Tanzanians, who had also killed for food when they first turned up, had soon begun killing for profit, selling meat and skins as well as ivory. More than 6000 hippo, 5000 antelope and 2000 buffalo were slaughtered, mostly by machinegun fire and often from the backs of speeding trucks.

"Tomorrow we head north," Garth said. "Two game guards are coming along so Chris and I will each take our own vehicles. It'll be an early start."

Our new day began before first light, with coffee and biscuits around a stoked fire. A pearl-spotted owl cried in the dark. We finished our coffee, packed provisions and set off down a rough track that wound through curved slopes of brick-red basalt slashed by tamarisk-green drainage lines.

Beneath a shadowed granite outcrop a family of mountain zebra — poised for flight and giving vent to their alarm with strange little wimpers — watched us pass. Further along, at the edge of an ancient plain, stood two giraffe, as still as trees, silhouetted against a blue emptiness of sky.

In the glare of high noon we came upon a solitary rhino cow taking her siesta in a sand wallow she had dug out in a dry riverbed. Quickly cutting the engine so as not to disturb her, we crept downwind until we thought we were close enough. Then we settled in the filtered shade of a tree to appreciate my first desert rhino.

Sitting there, with that huge primitive pachyderm only a few metres away, I felt transported back many centuries to a time when man was part of the animal world — an animal among animals. Then suddenly a shift in the breeze brought the rhino to her feet. Ears pricked, she peered in our direction with myopic tension. The opportunity was too good to let pass; I had to get a photograph. At the sound of the camera's click, her curiosity and suspicion fully aroused, the rhino started towards us.

"She's coming," Chris said.

"I'll keep photographing until you say run," I replied. I was relying on making our escape down the steep river bank behind us — too steep, I felt sure, for a rhino to follow.

> In one fluid motion Garth stooped, grabbed a rock and threw it at the oncoming rhino. The missile bounced off her snout.

I tripped the shutter again and the cow charged. In one fluid motion Garth stooped, grabbed a rock and threw it at the oncoming rhino. His aim was either exceptionally good or very lucky — the missile bounced off her snout and the shock of the impact stopped her in her tracks. She whirled and barrelled off with her tail curled tightly over her back.

It had been a heart-stopping encounter and one which could have very easily gotten out of control. Chris gave me a bleak look. "You really shouldn't play with rhinos, you know. If she'd caught you, she wouldn't have been playing."

"What you're seeing here aren't just any wild animals," Garth reminded me. "These are *desert* elephants and rhinos. The combination of those species and that environment is not found anywhere else in the world."

In the late afternoon we once more left the vehicles and climbed a high hill for an overview of the land. On the hill's crest, a carpeting of elephant dung indicated that they, like ourselves, had stopped here to rest. The mighty landscape stretched away on all sides. No road was visible, nor any sign of man — it looked as if nothing had changed in millions of years.

Circling back to the Land Rover, our attention was caught by several lappet-faced vultures gracefully spiralling downwards, homing in on a target on the ground. Obviously there was a kill nearby. As we came up we counted twelve vultures already feeding, clustered at the abdominal cavity and on the ribcage of a sprawled giraffe. At our approach they moved away, then, heavy-winged and raising clouds of dust, they rose skywards. There came to us the stench of putrefaction — hanging close, thick and unmistakable in the air.

A quick examination was all it took to confirm that the agents of the giraffe's death had been humans. The pattern of prints left by the vultures, jackals and hyenas attracted to the kill had not entirely obliterated those of man. The thick skin on the giraffe's neck had been neatly pared by a knife blade and an egg-sized hole in the ribs could only have been made by a bullet.

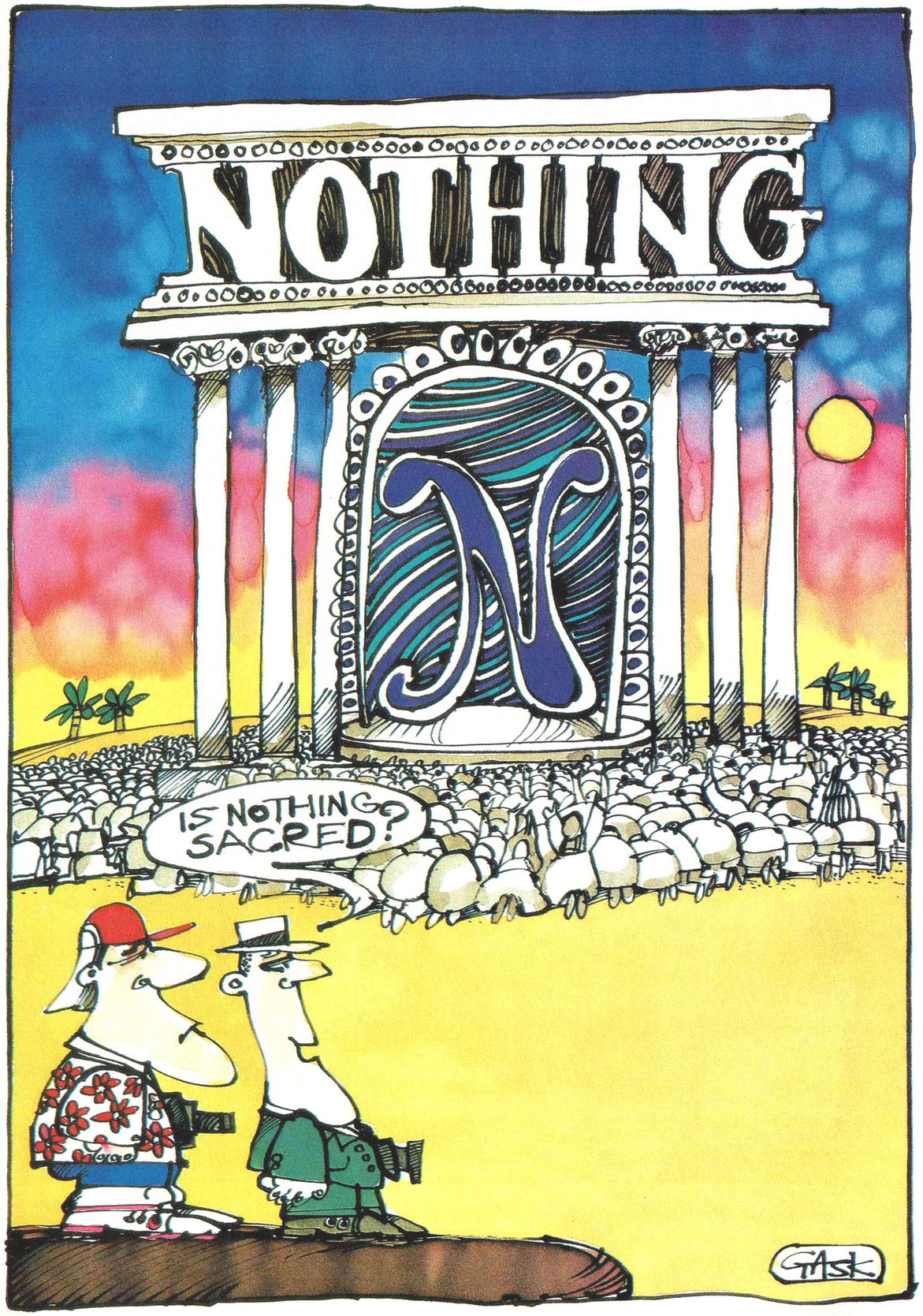
There was too little light left to consider anything more than a cursory examination that day. With his bushman's experience, Chris interpreted what had transpired by tracks left in the sand. The giraffe had been chased by a horseman until brought to a standstill: it had then been killed and its meat carried away on the backs of donkeys. The trail of the departing donkeys was easy to follow; where they crossed similar-looking zebra tracks they could be distinguished by the "frog", a mark shaped like an arrowhead enclosed within the shoe.

Scavengers had already eaten much of the giraffe carcass and in all likelihood the slug that killed it. If the slug had been recovered it would have been useful as court evidence. Instead Garth asked me to photograph a shoe print with a distinctive home-made heel that might later be matched up. Then measurements were taken of horse and donkey tracks.

As with most things in Africa, solutions to the problem of saving the game are complex. Human problems are so overwhelming that, out of necessity, conservation of wildlife is given a pitifully low priority.

Nor is it appropriate for outsiders to cast blame. It was from their recent European colonial masters that contemporary Africans learned to regard the wild herds as a limitless resource or, worse, as a sign of backwardness. If that attitude prevails there would seem little hope for the future.

But Africa has confounded her critics before. There are men of courage and goodwill wrestling to salvage the situation. They cannot undo what has been done; the job at hand is to save what remains.



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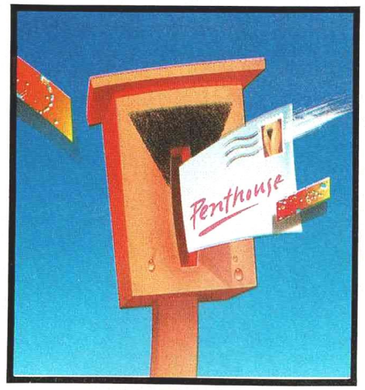
TACTILE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"Sorry. Am I a bit fast round the edges?" asks Jessie Larkin. She's talking ten to the dozen, explaining why life imitates art — or was it why art imitates art? No matter, she's changed the subject by now. Jessie is not the type to linger for a moment longer than she must . . .

It's a childlike energy and enthusiasm she takes to meet the world — a mood to intoxicate anyone she meets. It's in the way she talks, the way she moves, and in her life. "Yes, I'm hyperactive. I always have been."

"The only time I stay still is in bed with a lover — I mean, *sort* of stay still," she giggles. "Sex is very important to me, and I give myself to those sensations completely. I believe sex *gives* you energy. Maybe that's why I'm hyperactive. I enjoy sex *a lot*."



FORUM

Continued from page 16

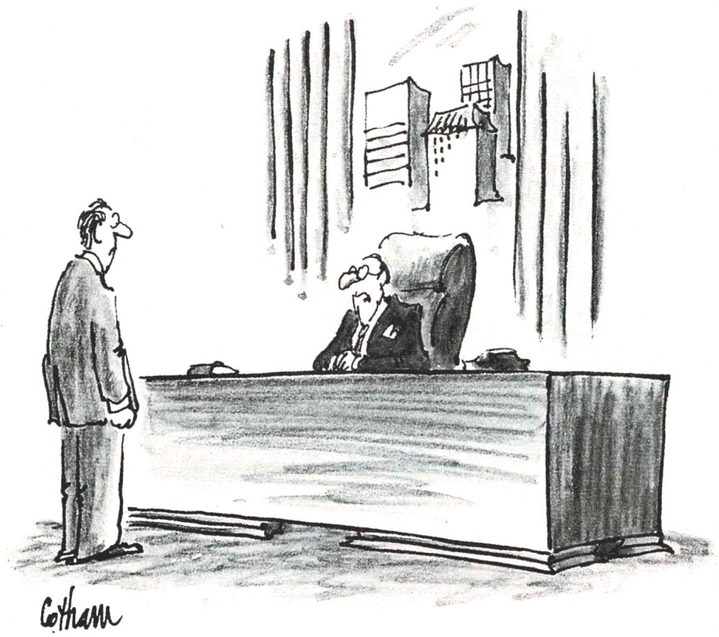
smoking and my husband was upstairs. Raul reached over and cupped a breast. I told him that he shouldn't do that, but that didn't stop him — or me. He proceeded to give my tits a good squeezing, and then reached inside my bra, fingering my nipples until they were big and hard. He started unbuttoning my blouse, but we heard my husband coming and we stopped. However, after that he knew I wouldn't object, and he felt me up every chance he got. Usually we ended up with him inside my clothes or me out of them. I would unzip his pants and pull out that big cock. He loved to have it sucked, and I accommodated him every chance I got. I had many mouthfuls of his sweet-tasting come. I also got my pussy filled by cock and tongue from this "boy." He kept me quite satisfied during his stay.

One day Raul brought home a friend from Turkey, Hadji. Raul started playing with me like Hadji wasn't there. He squeezed my tits, took my clothes off, and spread my legs to expose my pussy. It was wet already. He apparently was showing off, and I didn't mind a bit. I was excited at the thought of having two young men. Raul asked me if I'd mind if Hadji fucked me. I said no, telling Hadji to go right ahead. He was delighted. He dropped his pants and showed me a hard, long, slender cock. I wanted it as soon as I saw it. I got on my hands and knees and Hadji mounted me doggie-style, pushing that flesh stick in my cunt as far as it could go. It felt great. Raul was in front of me, nibbling and sucking on my nipples. Then he gave me his cock to suck as Hadji continued to fuck me. From that I got both my pussy and mouth filled with come about the same time. It was fantastic, and we were all pleased. This happened several times.

Bernardo, a 19-year-old from Mexico who'd visited us last year, came back to visit, and brought his professor, Pedro, who couldn't speak any English. But this was okay, because instead of talking, he kissed. Soon he was kissing me a lot, and on many later occasions he'd kiss me quite passionately, and his tongue was delicious. While he'd continue to kiss and probe my mouth, his hands would touch and squeeze me everywhere. He'd fondle my breasts and touch my pussy lips. This would really turn me on. Soon he'd be between my legs, licking and sucking me. His tongue would touch my clit, driving me crazy. Then he'd strip, finger-fuck and tit-fuck me, and ram that large cock deep inside me for a frantic fucking. Sometimes he'd offer Bernardo my mouth as I lay on top of him, and Bernardo would wedge his thick cock between my lips. Boy, would I feel full, having two pricks inside me, but it was wonderful.

They'd take turns driving into me. We'd all come about the same time, and I could feel them squirting inside. I never imagined a double fuck could feel so good. Between the two of them, single or double, I got screwed three to four times a day for just about every day of their two week visit. These fellows had stamina, and I loved their attention and their beautiful pricks.

Jose is coming to visit again this year. I wonder if he will still want to wrestle, or whatever he's into now. He's now 24, and I'm sure he's learned some new tricks. As you can tell, I got quite a few benefits from hosting exchange students. They left here as men, and left me well fucked. I like enthusiastic young men who are nicely hung and who want to try their prowess out on an older woman. We also had a beautiful full-breasted blonde young lady from America. I wonder if my husband has any stories to tell. — *Name and address withheld*



"Of course, there are two sides to every question. There is my original position, and the position I take when I change my mind."

The bulls and the bees

I had an experience I used to think would never happen to me. It was a hot Sunday afternoon in Mexico City, where I was holidaying. I was at the bullfights. I was sitting with an amigo, trying to concentrate on the action in the ring. However, I happened to notice that there was a young Mexican woman, dark and quite beautiful, sitting behind me. I tried to watch the show, but I admit I found her much more interesting. I hadn't fucked in days, and my cock was throbbing imperatives to my brain.

The girl noticed me staring at her. She returned my glance when I looked around, but she didn't bother to smile. By the third bull, she was breathing heavily, heaving those big, dark tits against her white summer dress. She was rubbing her hands on the insides of her legs, then holding them tightly against her bush. She was hot and ready for it. I didn't know for sure what was making her wet, the matadors or the bulls' huge cocks, but I knew I had the wrench to fix her leaky faucet. By now, her face was dripping with sweat, which she licked off her full red upper lip with a long tongue. She looked at me as she did this, and her large, dark eyes told me she was hungry for my cock. I could tell she was a woman who liked to fuck.

Well, my swollen meat was aching in my tight jeans, and I wasn't getting much out of the bullfight anyway, so I decided to take a walk and try to cool off. I strolled past the vendors and ended up around the back of the ring, where the bulls were kept in pens until needed. There was no-one else around — or so I thought. I was watching the bulls and their enormous rods, when she came up and said, "They are huge beasts, no?" She must have followed me. Her dress was now wet with sweat, and she was breathing even harder. She slipped her dress off her shoulders and slid into the dirt. She wore no underwear and was totally nude. Her large, beautiful nipples were pointed and hard. Her pussy was thickly covered with black hair. "I am Rosita," she said. "Fuck me, damn you. Fuck me! Fuck me like a bull!"

I tore my rippling love rod out of my jeans with both hands, and Rosita gasped and stepped back against the fence. When I'm hard, my cock is a good nine inches, very thick and riddled with throbbing veins. "Like the bull," she whispered, and tried to touch it, but I grabbed her first and pressed her into the fence so she was facing the bulls in their cages. "I'm going to fuck you from behind, like an animal!" I shouted at her. "Si!" Rosita answered. "Si! Fuck me with that thing!"

Her love box was very tight around my wide python. I grabbed the cheeks of her firm young arse, and jammed the head of my dick into her dripping cunt. Rosita screamed and clung to the fence with both hands. "All of it! Give me all of it!" she pleaded. I quickly obliged, forcefully plunging into her to the hilt. She screamed again, louder, and pressed her face into the wire mesh. I pumped her quickly four or five times, drawing out the whole length of my meat, then ramming it into her again all the way. Each time, she jerked. Parts of her huge tits crushed through the gaps in the fence. We could hear the crowd shouting *"Toro! Toro!"* and Rosita echoed the chant. *"Toro!"* she cried. *"Mas! Mas!"* She was looking at the bulls, and I was pounding her harder and harder. "Fuck me, you stud!" she screamed. When I came inside her, it was an explosion that rocked my head back. I shot at least a quart of steaming cream into her tiny hole.

We were both exhausted and dripping, and I pulled out of her and fell back against the fence. We stood there for a moment, resting. Then Rosita got down on her knees in the dirt and looked up at me. "I'm going to suck you dry," she said quietly. Rosita sucked on my balls, then slipped that fine long tongue up around the shaft and head. In moments, my love machine was growing again. "My God," she whispered, still in awe. "You really are like a bull." Her English was getting better. I watched that pretty face suck and suck, working me up to a good lather. She rubbed my meat between her gorgeous tits. I was ready to explode again. "I want you to come in my mouth," Rosita said. "I want to drink it." I took her head in my hands and crammed my entire shaft between her luscious lips. I screamed as the pressure built in my rod. I spewed my love milk down her throat, and when she could swallow no more, I shot on to her young face and those magnificent tits until it dripped off her rock-hard nipples. My legs trembled, and I was only able to remain standing by holding on to the fence behind me.

When I had partially recovered, I put on my jeans and limped back to my seat. I noticed that Rosita didn't come back to the fight, and when I went back to look for her afterward, I found she had gone. She had worked me good, and I wanted some more of her.

Even so, my cock was sore for days. My friends won't believe me, and I guess you'll have trouble believing me, too. But it happened, and I look forward to returning to Mexico. — *Name and address withheld*

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FORUM

House ball

I've always had a hard time believing the stories from guys who say they have huge cocks. I know from experience that it can be more of a curse than a blessing to be well-endowed. My cock measures over ten inches when hard, and six to seven inches when soft. It's so thick I can't get my hand around it. I don't know how many times I've gone to bed with a woman, only to have her say, "There's no way you're going to put that thing in me!" Some are willing to try, but they usually give up because it's too difficult to fit me inside them. Most of the time I have to settle for tit-fucking or mutual masturbation. But then something happened that made me think that this monster meat isn't so bad after all.

I was recently promoted to district manager, which meant a transfer to Sydney. A few weeks ago, I flew there to look for a place to live. I contacted a realtor, saying I wanted to look at some units, and they said they'd send someone to meet me at my hotel. When the agent arrived, I was a bit apprehensive. She looked like she was about 18 (she later told me was 21) and drove a small truck. On the plus side, she had light-brown shoulder-length hair and a body that wouldn't quit — long, slender legs, a nice firm arse, and the largest breasts I'd ever seen on someone that skinny. Except for a rather prominent nose, this young woman was a knockout. We introduced ourselves, and she told me her name was Jody.

After a few hours of looking at units, we decided to break for lunch. Jody didn't seem to know much more about real estate than I did, but she was quite a flirt and we were having a great time together. After lunch and about three or four drinks, she said she wanted to show me some model homes that were in my price range. I think the drinks had loosened us up a bit. We were laughing a lot, and as we drove in her truck, she allowed her dress to hike up her legs a good deal more than it had before.

By the time we arrived at the third house, I had to piss like a race horse, so I excused myself and went into the bathroom while Jody wandered off to one of the bedrooms. I was in the midst of relieving myself when suddenly a side door in the bathroom opened and in walked Jody, saying, "This closet connects the master bedroom to . . ." She stopped in mid-sentence as she eyed the big floppy tube of a cock I was aiming at the john. There was no way I was stopping in midstream, so we both stood there like dummies, turning various shades of red.

Finally, Jody said, "Is that thing for real?"

"I'm afraid it is," I replied.

There was another pause before she said, "I think I want to touch it," and with that, she came over and cradled my cock in the palm of her hand, staring at it as I continued to piss. Just as I finished, she gave it a little shake. My cock twitched and immediately started to grow to its full ten and a half inches. Jody licked up and down my shaft as she pulled my pants down to my ankles; she stuffed the first few inches into her mouth and began sucking on it as best she could.

I kicked off my pants and removed my shirt and tie. Then I reached down, grabbed the bottom of her dress, and pulled it over her head. Jody stood up as I removed her dress, and our mouths met in a lingering, passionate kiss. My erect cock was pushing against her. I took off her bra, releasing her ample breasts. Her nipples were hard as rocks. I massaged them with one hand and squeezed her tight little butt with the other. She was caressing my balls and rubbing my cock against her warm, firm belly.

Wildly groping each other, we stumbled our way into the adjoining bedroom. I laid her down in the carpet and got on top of her in a sixty-nine position. Jody squeezed her tits around my cock as I slid her panties down those long beautiful legs. I licked my way back up to her pussy, which was dripping wet by this time. As I continued to fuck her tits, Jody licked the underside of my balls, causing me to erupt all over her tits and stomach.

By now I had made my way from her love hole to her clit, which I gently nibbled and flicked with my tongue. She ground her pussy harder and harder against my mouth until she finally clamped her legs around my head and came in one of the most spectacular orgasms I've ever witnessed. I swear she came for a full 15 minutes! Her juices flooded out of her pussy, all over my face, and down the crack of her arse, forming a puddle on the carpet. She probably could've kept going even longer, but my mouth was numb and I was barely getting enough air.

I was hard as a rock again, and as I climbed off her and turned around, Jody smiled and said, "Let's see if we can put that thing where it belongs." After the orgasm she'd just had, her cunt was as slick as an oil well. She grabbed her legs behind her knees and spread them as high and wide as she could. I knelt down and spread her pussy lips with one hand, using her other to guide my huge purple knob toward her hole. At first I just rubbed it around the edge, getting it slippery with her juices. Then I started to ease it in an inch at a time. Jody's eyes went wide open and a funny sound escaped from her throat. I told her to just relax and let me know if she felt any discomfort.

I slowly moved in and out, getting a little farther with every stroke. I could feel the walls of her cunt stretch around my cock, and just as I got it all the way in, she told me to stop. I was all set to pull out, but she asked me not to move, telling me she was just getting comfortable. I reached down and started to finger her clit. Pretty soon, she locked her legs around my back and started moving her hips. I started going in and out again, feeling her cunt muscles clamping down on my pole. In a matter of minutes, she was over the edge, having another of those wild orgasms. Her juices ran down my shaft and on to my balls, and her legs tightened around me as I started to come with more force than I'd known was possible.

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FORUM

My cock still buried inside her, we lay there for a while, caressing each other. Sure enough, I felt myself getting hard again, and said, "You know, I think this thing's bigger than the both of us." Jody just laughed and said, "I love to get fucked from behind." I got on my knees, and without even coming all the way off me, she turned over and got on to all fours. This time we went at it like wild animals. We were both about to come for the third time when we heard a car pull up.

Jody yelled, "Oh, shit!" and jumped off me just as I shot my load all over the carpet. We made a mad dash for our clothes, and by the time the other realtor was leading a young couple up the stairs, we were nonchalantly making our exit. Jody dropped me off at my hotel, saying her husband was expecting her home soon. I told her I might have to look at an awful lot of property before I found just the right one. She just gave me that sexy smile and said, "I certainly hope so." — *Name and address withheld*

The producers

Your magazine has provided my wife and I with many moments of enjoyment over the years. We always find your Forum section to be a prime source of excitement. Recently, we shared an experience that allowed two of our primary fantasies to become realities. Please keep in mind that we are not supercharged sex maniacs, but merely average people willing to share each other's intimate desires.

To begin with, both my wife and I are in our early thirties. My wife has knockout looks. Kay is five feet six inches, with shoulder-length red hair. However, I'm sure your readers are interested in her other features. In this category she is no slouch, either. Her breasts are capped with exceptionally large areolae, and her nipples are extremely sensitive when she's aroused. Her cunt is always warm, wet, and tight, and is surrounded by a nice, thick bush.

Kay and I love watching X-rated movies. Many a night has been spent with a tape popped into a VCR and me popped into Kay. She has mentioned on numerous occasions that she has wanted to star in a movie and have me be the director. One of my biggest fantasies has been to watch my wife service many men at once. After talking about it, Kay and I decided to fulfil both our fantasies at the same time. We would make our own movie, with Kay getting it on with as many men as possible. Now all we needed was a plan.

I placed an ad in the personal column in a small paper. Our ad read that we were "looking for several actors to appear in a local production." Within days, we received dozens of responses. After an interviewing session held at a local bar, we accepted six of the candidates. All were handsome, well built, and looked like they could give Kay a really good workout.

Our film was scheduled for Saturday night. Kay was horny all week. Saturday afternoon she spent the day reading back through the issues of *Penthouse* and watching erotic movies. I had some errands to run, so I was out for most of the afternoon. When I returned, I found Kay sitting on the couch, staring at the television. Her robe was open, her nipples were swollen, and she had three fingers moving in and out of her cunt. The sight was electrifying. I suggested that she go upstairs and get ready for our guests. Kay gave me a kiss and then went upstairs for a bath.

Shortly before our guests arrived, Kay put on a pair of stockings, garter belt, and a see-through top. No panties, no bra. The camera was ready and so was our star. At 8 pm, the doorbell rang. Show time!

Tim, Bill, and Paul all arrived at the same time. About ten minutes later, Jonah, Kyle, and Alec arrived. By the time the second group arrived, Kay already had Bill's cock in her mouth and Paul's dick in her cunt. Bill pulled his cock out from her and she began to jerk him off. When he came she aimed it into her mouth. Bulls-eye! Paul pulled her down and shot all over her soaked bush. Jonah, Alec, Tim, and Kyle got into the act. Tim straddled her chest and tit-fucked her. Kyle and Alec knelt down by her head for alternating lickings from Kay, while Jonah placed the end of his dick inside her wet hole and rocked in and out in a nice easy motion. Tim humped her tits faster and shot all over her. Once Scene One was complete, the boys were ready for Scene Two. Kay sat on the couch, and Bill fucked her face. As her mouth swelled with his dick, she looked up at him urging his cock to fill her mouth. As he began to come, he first pulled out and then stuffed his squirting cock back into her mouth. This got everyone going, and the boys got ready for assembly-line blowjobs. Kay fucked and sucked these six guys for almost six hours, and still wanted more.

The film went on for hours. Kay would fuck a few of the guys while jerking off some of the others. The last guy finally left at 4.30 am. Kay called over to me, smiled, and said, "Now it's your turn, baby." All I could do was lie back and enjoy her warm mouth on my cock. She massaged my nuts and sucked me dry. After we awoke the next morning, we went downstairs to view our tape. Kay stroked my dick with her soft, strong hands as we watched. When I came, she said, "Next time *you* star, and *I'll* direct." See you at the movies! — *Name and address withheld*

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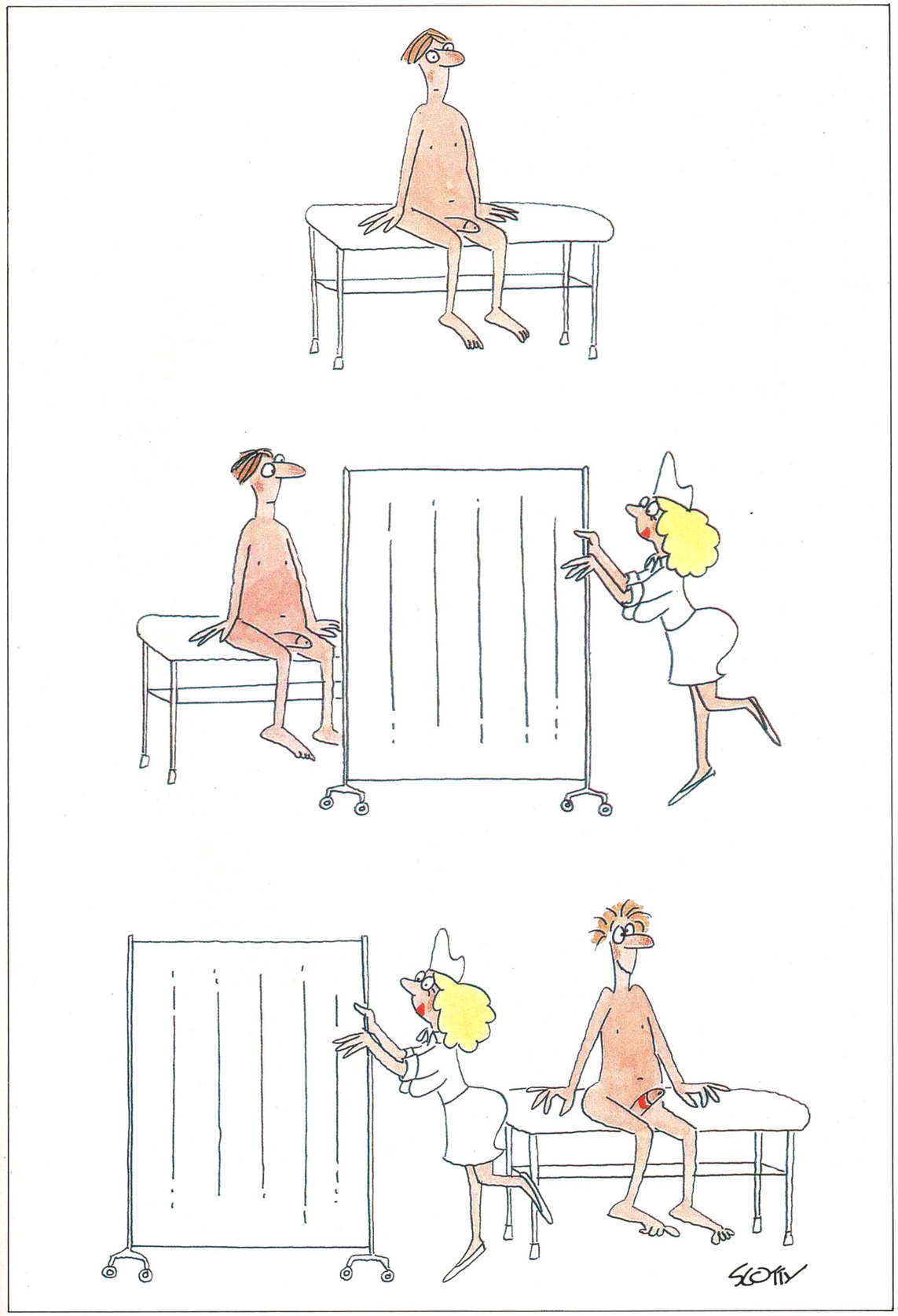


LUST

Continued from page18

Compuserve reaps. While it may be easy to come up with the $50 to join CIS, that is only the tip of the iceberg. By the time you are proficient at navigating through the system, you can have incurred charges of up to $500 through connect time. It is really just like a telephone call, but much more expensive: the longer on, the higher the bill — all automatically charged to your credit card. Oh, you can see a bill at any time, and you know at the end of every session how much you've spent, but with a hot time like you're having over in the CB hotel, who's counting?

To hot-chat, you log on to the system, tell the computer to take you to the Adult CB channel, and you are there. You can then choose a "handle," a fictitious name that can express something about your personality or sexual desires. I use the handle Big Mac a lot, but when I'm in the mood for some quick action (strictly for journalistic research purposes, you understand), I can appear as Big Bulge or Hot To Trot or some equally subtle moniker. A hot handle makes for more action, since many people are only into finding a meaningful 30-minute relationship.

It's sex. Straightforward, uncomplicated, anonymous, and utterly safe. What's more, there's no-one to see in the morning. In fact, there's no-one to see at all. It's all done with computers and shared fantasies. And it is by far the most successful element of every data base that has this feature. Why? Because it is very easy to become addicted to this pastime. Being addicted means hours of connect time, which translates into revenue for the electronic service involved. In the several months that I spent researching this article, my connect time charges exceeded $1000. And this is not unusual, even though there are organisations on Compuserve that let you share the time and substantially reduce the bill.

If you are married and have an affair that only takes place over the computer, are you committing adultery, or are you only having a bit of harmless fun? Most lawyers I spoke to about this (all on the computer, by the way) seem to think not at the present time. But most of them also felt that, sooner or later, the divorce courts are going to hear something like this in the summation: "Your Honor, my client caught his wife in a hot chat with a guy named Big Black Schlong on Compuserve. She isn't due a penny in alimony! And he should get custody since all she wants to do is go online with her friends at the Compuserve Computer Nudist Colony. I submit it is detrimental to children to see their mother sitting buck-naked in front of a computer night after night . . ."

Still, not all people run afoul of their spouses on the service—some run afoul of the law itself. Either in the form of Big Brother or in the form of a nice tidy lawsuit for defamation of computer character. The computer services are sensitive to legal questions and spend a good deal of time policing the channels or setting policies aimed at preventing the uninformed from stumbling into a hot chat, becoming offended, and complaining to some government agency about "computer porn." In general, the policy is that users can't be too bold or obscene when they are in the public part of the network. In private, they can do what they like, but no public smut, please. It's likely to wake the sleeping sex police.

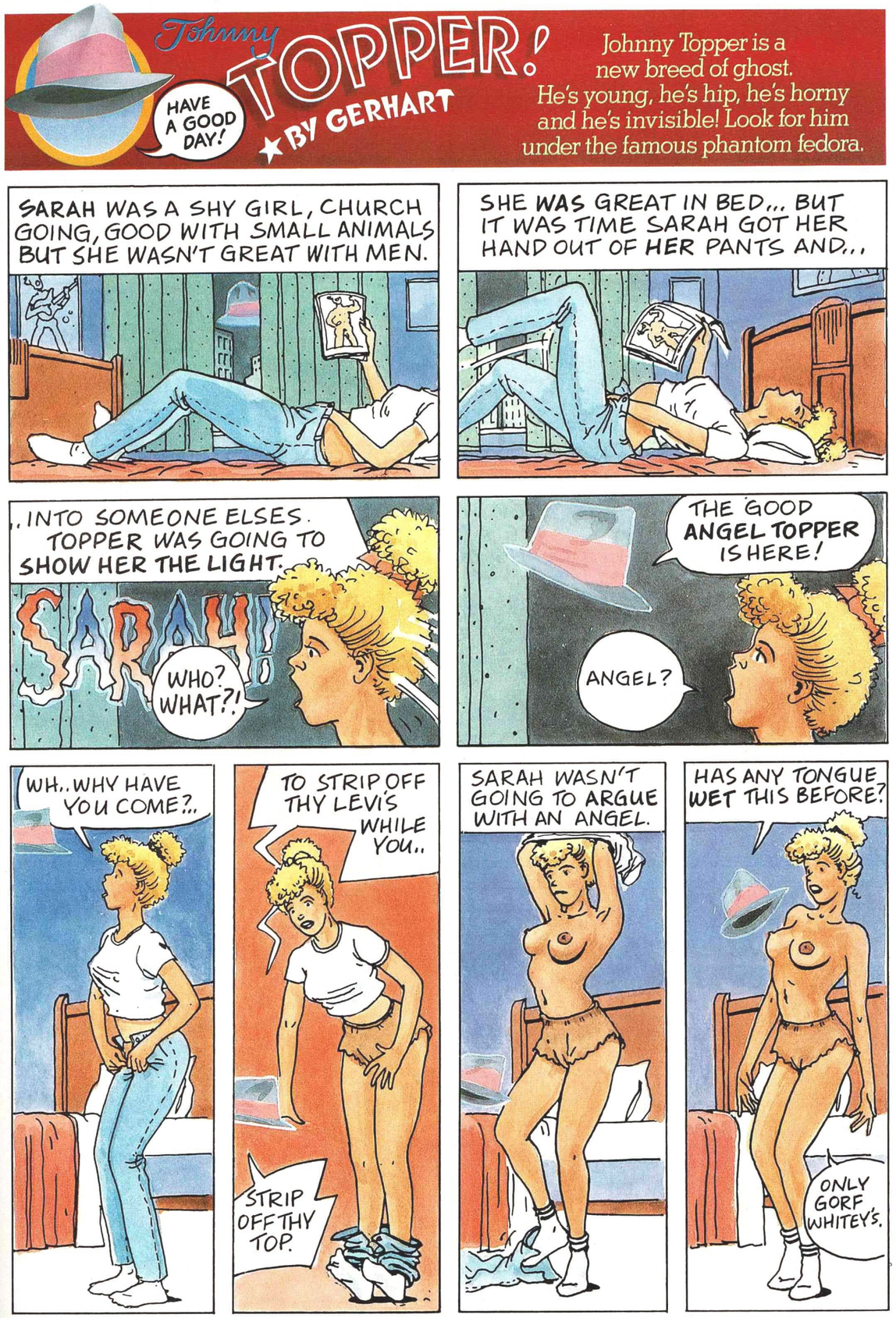
For some insight into the nature of how Compuserve oversees this part of its service and the effects of on-line addiction, I shed my usual handle of Big Mac one evening and logged on to the Compuserve Singles Party as a mild-mannered reporter for a great national magazine.

> Women are much more direct about sex here than they are in the flesh. Much lustier.

Compuserve: Good evening, *Penthouse.* Sex God is now in contact.
Penthouse: Hi there, Sex God. Got anything to say to our readers?
Sex God: Hey, *Penthouse,* what's the deal?
Penthouse: I'm researching hot chat and compusex for an article.
Sex God: You missed a great orgy a few hours ago. It was real hot!
Penthouse: Rats. I need some first-hand, so to speak, encounters.
Sex God: Oh well . . . better luck next time.
Penthouse: How long have you been coming to the Compuserve nightly hot chat party?
Sex God: Oh, about six months or so.
Penthouse: What sort of sexual action goes on here over that period of time?
Sex God: Oh, a hell of a lot. Everything imaginable goes on . . .
Penthouse: What's happened tonight?
Sex God: We had an orgy with three girls and about six or seven guys earlier . . . scrambled.
Penthouse: Interesting. How do you agree to do that between yourselves?
Sex God: You have to get a group together and give them all a code word. Then only your group can see what you are typing in. That's important, because the open channel is monitored so that nothing really obscene is right out in public view. You can get kicked off Compuserve for being obscene on the public channel. What you do in private is your own business.
Penthouse: So how do you get a woman to agree to join a man she's never met in the flesh on a private channel to work on some strange sexual fantasies?
Sex God: Basically, you just sort of ask, and if you're lucky . . . bingo!
Penthouse: Ask how? What's the protocol?
Sex God: It's varied. You might just say, "Hey, wanna talk?" or you might just butt in with a system request unannounced and ask them to join you. Sometimes they just walk into your parlor. Women are much more direct about sex here than they are in the flesh. Much lustier. And I can't say I miss the romantic element, either.
Penthouse: What's the hottest time you've had with compusex? The weirdest?
Sex God: I've had submissive girls who'll obey anything you say, or dominant ones who give *strange* orders . . .
Penthouse: How do you tell?
Sex God: Sometimes they'll say in their handle, like "Paula-sub," or it just happens that they are that way once you're alone with them. Sometimes they'll tell you to put on certain clothes, or to masturbate yourself without letting yourself come. They've asked for everything under the sun, from (yeah!) leather to silk PJs. Then there are couples who use hot chatting with others to get hot with each other.
Penthouse: Do you find that compusex is addictive?
Sex God: The sexfests can be really addictive, particularly if you're hard up and don't have a very active sex life in person.

"You can be anyone you want to be." That statement, beneath all the fantasy and strange fun of compusex in 1987, is the truth. You can be, at last, anyone you want to be. You can have an enormous member. You can have the body of Arnold Schwarzenegger, the charm of Paul Newman, the looks of Tom Cruise, and the sexual staying power of Svengali. If you're a woman, you can have any kind of body and face you care to imagine. You can do things behind the green screen that you'd never do with your most intimate friend and lover. You can get down and dirty, or you can be aloof and romantic.

And you can disappear at the touch of a button, change your handle and vital statistics, and come right back at the touch of another. For seven dollars an hour, you too can participate in the nightly orgy. There's always room for one more at the Hotel Compuserve. Step right up and sign in. It's more than just a computer. It's the ultimate in zipless sex. It's a mind fuck. — *Gerard Van Der Leun*


Johnny TOPPER!
BY GERHART
HAVE A GOOD DAY!
Johnny Topper is a new breed of ghost. He's young, he's hip, he's horny and he's invisible! Look for him under the famous phantom fedora.
SARAH WAS A SHY GIRL, CHURCH GOING, GOOD WITH SMALL ANIMALS BUT SHE WASN'T GREAT WITH MEN.
SHE WAS GREAT IN BED... BUT IT WAS TIME SARAH GOT HER HAND OUT OF HER PANTS AND..
..INTO SOMEONE ELSES. TOPPER WAS GOING TO SHOW HER THE LIGHT.
SARAH!
WHO? WHAT?!
THE GOOD ANGEL TOPPER IS HERE!
ANGEL?
WH..WHY HAVE YOU COME?..
TO STRIP OFF THY LEVI'S WHILE YOU..
STRIP OFF THY TOP.
SARAH WASN'T GOING TO ARGUE WITH AN ANGEL.
HAS ANY TONGUE WET THIS BEFORE?
ONLY GORF WHITEY'S.

GORF WHITEY?

I WAS IN LOVE WITH **GORF**... I .. I..

..THINK HE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THAT..

ONCE BITTEN I SEE.

IT WAS **AWFUL!** HE MADE ME DO EVERYTHING!

EVERYTHING?.... THE POOR GIRL HAD HAD A PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

THAT'S WHY I'VE COME SARAH..

..TO LET YOU **RELIVE** THAT EXPERIENCE.. **STEP** BY STEP.. LIKE A CONFESSIONAL.

... OH... THAT MAKES SENSE.

I COULD SEE SHE WANTED TO CLEAR THE SLATE.

FIRST HE MADE ME...

SARAH CONFESSED WITH A **GROWING** VIGOR. MY GOOD ANGEL VIBES..

mm mm MMM!

WERE BEGINNING TO WORK **MIRACLES.**

AND THEN HE!...

... UP A BIT.. THEN HE DID IT DOWN A BIT.. THEN UP A BIT.. THEN AH! GAIN!

HOW COME IT NEVER FELT LIKE THAT?

BEFORE I COULD UNSCREW MY TONGUE SHE YANKED ME ON TOP OF HER LIKE A WOMAN....

LO, ALAS AN' THANK HEAVEN SHE WAS **BORN AGAIN!**

POSSESSED!! AN HOUR AND A HALF LATER...

OH! OH! OH!

„NOW LET'S DO IT ON THE DESK AGAIN!

SHE WAS STILL A WOMAN **POSSESSED!**

AGAIN?.. AGAIN?!

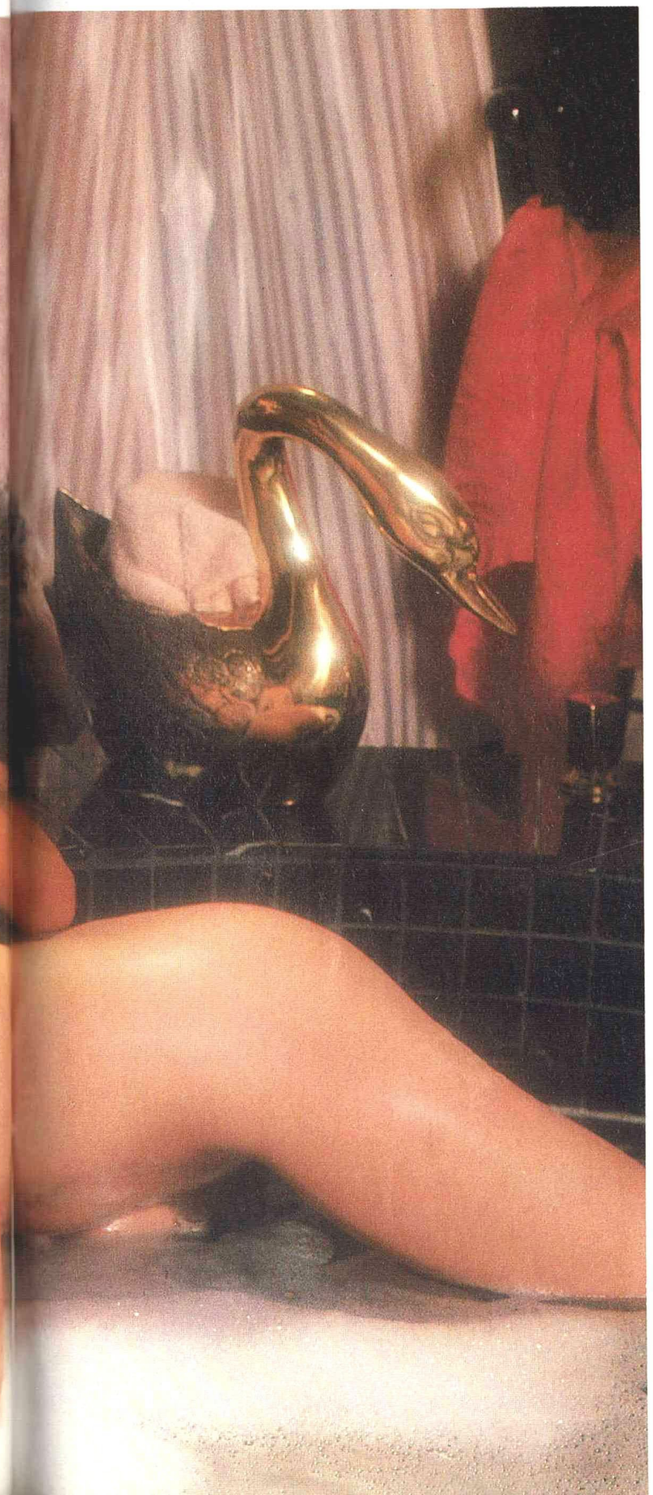
I GOT MYSTIC, "WHEN THE DOOR STRIKES 3," I SAID, "A MESSENGER WILL APPEAR.. "

PSST!

IT'S THE VOICE OF **PROPHESY** MY FRIEND.

FOR A GOOD TIME KNOCK THREE TIMES, APARTMENT TWO.

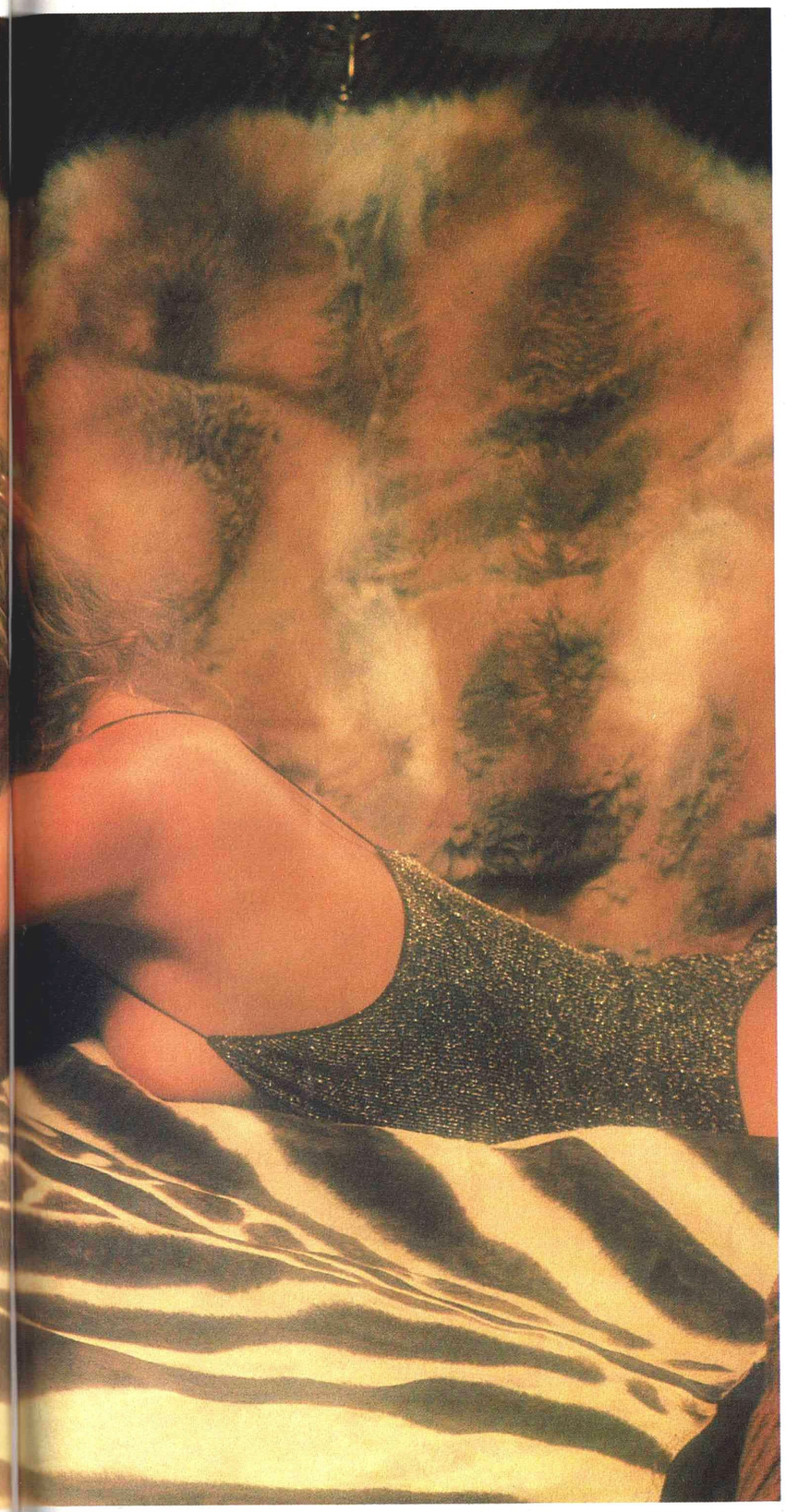
GOOD ANGEL **TOPPER** THAT'S ME!

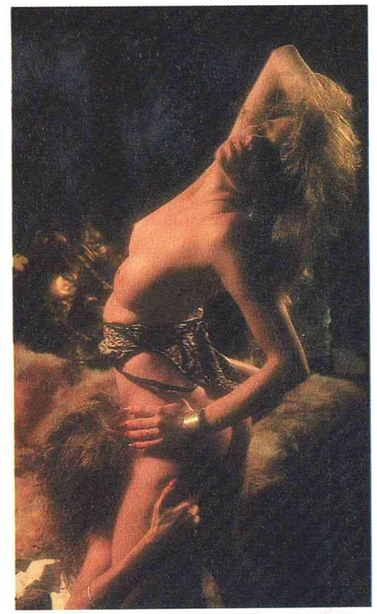


FLESH FOR FANTASY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

Robin was perusing the non-fiction section of the bookshop when Errin spied her. Robin has always preferred hard facts to imagination. She'd rather live something than wish for it . . . As Errin honed in on her, she realised there was something special which she would love to experience: Errin.





A few words exchanged and Errin was leading Robin to her lair. Robin knew exactly what she wanted, but didn't know how to ask. She didn't have to . . .

HARLEY

Continued from page 53

vibrations, the laid back riding position and the solid, stable handling of this 280 kilogram King of the Highway combine to offer an extremely addictive form of therapy and relief from whatever irks you have about the world — there's no pressure to match your own performance to the bike's by going in deep and taking risks, because the bike itself doesn't aspire to anything but a leisurely, legal way of riding.

When cornering, the Softail needs to be deliberately laid over and physically steered through each bend, but the idea is to hold a steady pace, take generous lines, and use the throttle rather than the brakes to adjust your speed.

On roads with wide open sweepers the Harley can be an absolute delight when ridden this way, but its weight and a lack of cornering clearance means that it makes pretty heavy work of tighter sections. Still, as long as you don't try to lay racers with it, the bike is still a pleasure here.

The Softail's suspension is set up to deliver a very plush ride, with long travel hydraulic forks up front and the underslung twin gas-charged shock arrangement at the rear.

On the '84 model the rear shocks were prone to fading and bottoming out on rougher bits of road, but the current model has upgraded units which still deliver the comfort without the long-term loss of performance.

Overall, it's a Cadillac ride, set up for comfort rather than speed, and up to 120 km/h the bike holds its line well and takes most bumps and potholes in its stride. There's no need to fear the plot letting go suddenly. You'll know well in advance of this that its handling limits have been reached because the rear suspension will react to road surface irregularities by setting up a slow wallow. Button off a little, and it will go away.

A feature of the Softail, and the Evolution range in general, is the minimal maintenance required to keep everything running smoothly. Hydraulic valve lifters mean no tappet adjustments are necessary and electronic ignition is virtually maintenance-free. Service intervals are now 8000km (double the previous interval), and while it's prudent to change the engine oil every 3000km or so there's really very little else to it.

The adoption of belt final drive has eliminated the need for frequent chain lubrication and adjustment. The belt, made of Kevlar/Aramid fibre, is claimed to outlast a chain by five times or more, and needs tensioning only every 10,000 to 15,000 kilometres. An unsuccessful experiment with belt primary drive on the Sturgis model resulted in a reversion to duplex chain primary drive on the Evolution machines, but after the initial running-in period this doesn't demand attention except at regular services.

There's no doubt that the Eighties have seen Harley-Davidson transformed from an inefficient builder of technically obsolete cult machines into one of the few bright performers in motorcycling. For while the Japanese factories continue to cut production and rationalise their operations all over the world, Harley is the one manufacturer that's going forward.

In Australia, where new motorcycle registrations have declined from over 45,000 in the '84-'85 financial year to approximately 23,000 in '86-'87, Harley Davidson frequently takes the number one spot in monthly new registration figures for the over 751 cc class, and with the Australian dollar doing so poorly against the yen, the price difference between Harleys and top of the line Japanese bikes is getting smaller as each month passes.

Warren Fraser, owner and Managing Director of Fraser's Harley-Davidson, the NSW importer and distributor of HD, attributes the growing popularity of Harleys to several factors: "Harleys are now being marketed properly. The Japanese are great manufacturers, but the Americans know how to market a product. And now that the Japanese don't enjoy the same price advantages they once did, Harley is doing well at their expense because they've got an excellent product which is being pitched at an ever-widening group of people."

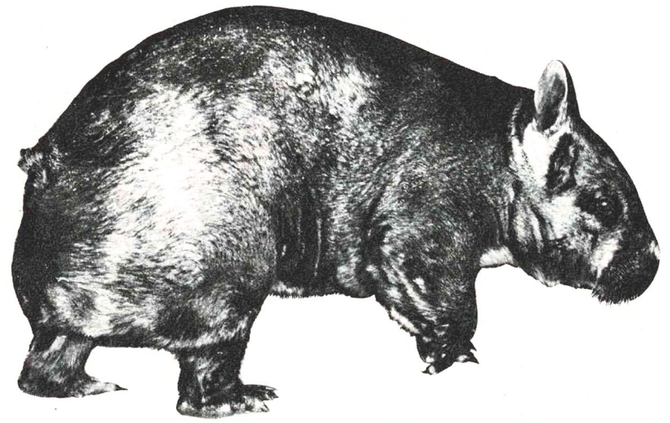
Fraser maintains that until the advent of the Evolution range, Harleys were bought by those wishing to aspire to an image. Now, he says, the product is selling on its merits. A growing percentage of his clientele is made up of affluent males over 35, who gave up bikes when marriage and the mortgage took over, but who now have a healthy disposable income and are taking up where they left off back in the early Seventies.

"Buying prestige cars for pleasure is now only a privilege available to the rich. If you've got $10,000-$15,000 to spend, then it's basically a choice between a bike or a boat. We're doing well because our bikes, unlike Japanese machines, won't be superseded by a completely different model next year, because they hold their value, and because we're selling enjoyment and pleasure, not straight out speed."

While Harleys are still quite a long way off from being considered one of middle Australia's favorite toys, they are, it seems, becoming more respectable all the time. And while it's unlikely that you'll meet the same extreme conservative backlash as Fonda and Hopper did when you're out for a Sunday ride on your Softail, you should get some interesting looks from your neighbor's 17-year-old daughter — plus a few from him, as well.

"Okay . . . but is it art?"

This is the hairy-nosed wombat.



Take a long, last look,

The hairy-nosed wombat is one of the most endangered mammals in the world.

As yet, we don't know why.

Even the populations living in national parks need special protection. And numbers continue to remain alarmingly low.

Saving this wombat is one of the 88 projects World Wildlife Fund Australia has adopted. It is one of 18 still awaiting funding. Won't you help?

Australia has been the home for unique plant and animal species for millions of years. Man has destroyed many of them in less than two centuries. Their loss is immeasurable. Such is the delicate balance of nature.

You can help World Wildlife Fund Australia save our endangered wildlife by becoming a WWF Australia member, by spreading the word, by cash donation, or by bequeathing money or life insurance.

Please support our work.

or fill in this coupon.

To: World Wildlife Fund Australia,
Level 17 St Martins Tower,
Sydney, NSW 2000,
GPO Box 528,
SYDNEY NSW 2001.

Telephone: (02) 29 7572.

Yes! I want to help World Wildlife Fund Australia to save our endangered wildlife.

Tick boxes where applicable:

Yes! ☐ I want to become an Annual Supporter for $25.00 which entitles me to receive a Panda Lapel Badge, Certificate of Support, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure and quarterly newsletters.

Yes! ☐ I would like to become a Life Member for $1,000.00 and receive a Gold Panda Lapel Badge, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure, quarterly newsletters and invitations to functions organised by World Wildlife Fund Australia.

Yes! ☐ I would like to donate $ _____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.

Yes! ☐ I would like to enrol a young Australian as a member of the Australian Wildlife Club for one year. I understand this will cost $5.00 per year and the Club member will receive a Certificate of Membership and Receipt, badge, sticker, poster, an Earth Watch Programme T.V. Storyboard and the Club's quarterly newsletter. Recommended age group: (3yrs – 16yrs).

Please find attached a cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of $ _____

Or charge my Bankcard with $ _____

☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐

Bankcard Expiry Date __ / __ / 19__

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Postcode: _____

51 Ogilvy MWW 0045.

Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail you order now to avoid disappointment.

The price for the Penthouse binder (magazines not included) is only $11.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

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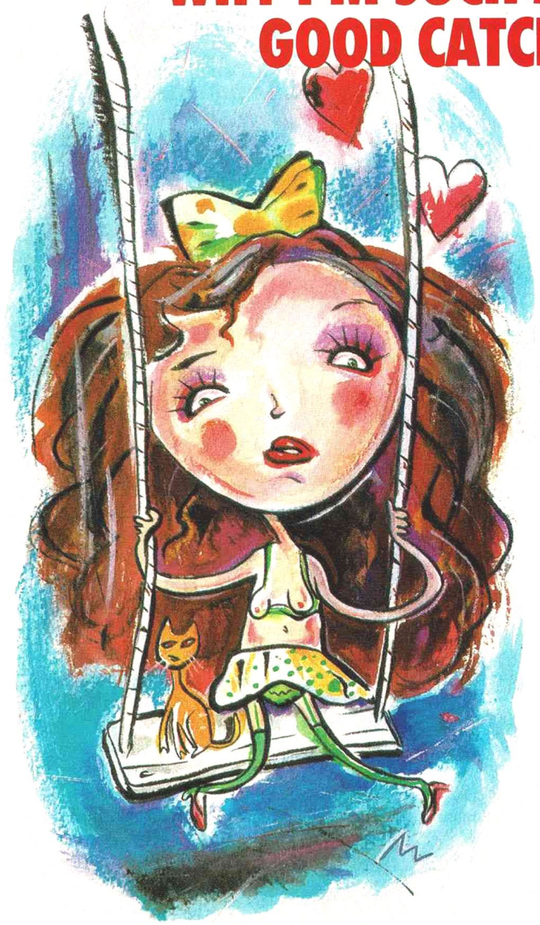
LOOSE ENDS

WHY I'M SUCH A GOOD CATCH



A little while ago someone had the unmitigated frigging gall to write to *Penthouse* accusing me of being an egotist. ME! I mean, *really!* I will give him this, he was reasonably polite about it. He struck me as the kind of well-brought-up chap who would have nice invitations printed up for a nigger lynchin' party. But his letter was funny and I enjoyed reading it. We egotists enjoy reading anything that concerns ourselves.

So I'm an egotist. In this dog eat dog world you've got to be your own best pal. A long time ago I learned a valuable lesson from this old bloke who downright refused to put a teabag in his Tooheys 2.2. Like him, I will never hide my Lite under a Bushells.

I was going to call this "Why I'm Such A Terrific Person" but I thought that "terrific" didn't do me justice. It didn't sum up the quintessential *je ne sais quoi* that is *MOI*. I tell a porkie — I was indeed going to call this that but my mother talked me out of it. She didn't want to see her daughter making such a fool of herself and getting nothing out of it but a smug inner glow. She's a practical old stick, my mum. She decided I should get a husband out of it.

The other day, there I was scalpelling the fat from a slice of roast lamb during one of my tri-annual visits to my parents' place when she started in with those statements of the obvious that mothers specialise in. "All your brothers are settled down and having kids." "You're not 18 any more." "None of us is getting any younger." "Maybe if you had a hobby you'd meet someone with similar interests." I told her I had a hobby but there wasn't a red hot social scene among we who collect Don Ameche memorabilia. She told me not to talk with my mouth full and handed me a wad of smartarse lonely hearts columns from the *Sydney Morning Herald*. She'd thoughtfully gone through them with a highlighter pen to mark those with the best prospects. This was one: "Mr 32: Now person. Career going places. Deep thinking Big R radical, though not in left/right spectrum. Happening type wants to meet fun Ms who digs Woody Allen, existential conversation, Nietszche and sushi." (This is the type of guy who's always whingeing that his first wife didn't understand him. Can you blame her?)

On the way home I got to thinking that I had nothing to lose by writing about what a one in a million kinda gal I am. As far as I'm concerned, pride is one of those things lions mooch around in. I did think though that perhaps *Penthouse* wasn't the ideal, um, organ for my treatise, but then, hell, in this life you takes what you can get. So here it is:

WHY I'M SUCH A GOOD CATCH

1. I have been well brought up. (Mum made me put that in.) 2. I have good strong teeth — only four fillings. 3. I have child-bearing hips, but you can't notice them if I wear the right clothes . . . like a potato sack. 4. I am buying my own house and I have a dandy roll-over plan (and big tits). 5. I can cook — Italian, Thai, Chinese, Japanese, Pekinese, money please — I've got more cookbooks than most people have had hot dinners. 6. I don't talk about my previous boyfriends (the egotistical bastards). 7. I don't talk about my periods. 8. Under no circumstances will I ask you to dance if we're out together. 9. If you take me home to meet your mum I will lie about where I work. 10. I will laugh at your jokes. Believe me, I will laugh at just about anything except . . . 11. I will not laugh at the size of your penis. I may, however, write about it at length — more than it probably deserves — so that 350,000 people will know all about it. Don't worry, I won't mention your name. 12. I can get you free men's magazines. 13. I have a collection of frilly feminine apparel as worn by *Penthouse* Pets in pictorials. If you don't like the cut of my jib, perhaps I can sell some of it to you. It has been washed, but if you're really interested I'll see what I can do. 14. I don't have AIDS. 15. I don't have bubonic plague, berri-berri or bad breath either. (Oh-oh, getting desperate, better stop here.)

Well, what do you reckon? Am I a bonza sheila or what? Girls like me don't grow on trees, you know, so why don't you write in telling me all about yourself? No rude stuff, please. When you've been in this job as long as I have porn is a yawn. Include a recent snap of yourself and $5 "handling" fee.

I don't know about you, but I've got the feeling that this may be the start of something big. So, on second thoughts, make that $10. — *C.J. Mackay*

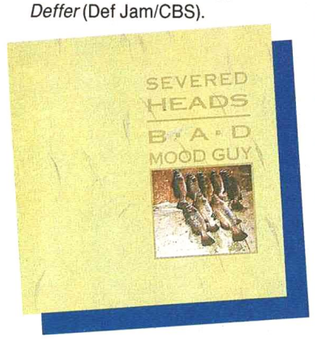
Illustration by Mark Tremlett

SOUNDS

MACHINE MUSIC: SILLY CON?

I love my machines. Don't you? Consider how many organise and control the basic functioning of our lives.

It seems irrelevant that people would bother to be vehemently against machine music. The fly-blown denim that programs much of local radio and hence influences local record companies' selection of music tends to opt for banal pop (thanks Kylie, we'll call you) or air-punching rock and roll with the assumption that Australians are too drunk or sunbleached to respond to the inherently infectious nature of anything too funky. **Kids In The Kitchen** make a serious stab at surviving in this *Terrain* (White), demonstrating that their songwriting has improved over the last couple of years, while a stylish mono-chrome is all that **Boom Crash Opera** (WEA) really offer for their debut. They both utilise the new music technology that has been at the core of the work of greats like **Peter Gabriel** and integral in the resurrection of **John Farnham**. The latter is typical of the use of machines for more traditional songs, whereas the likes of **LL Cool J** lets it take him to rappers' heaven on *Bigger And Deffer* (Def Jam/CBS).



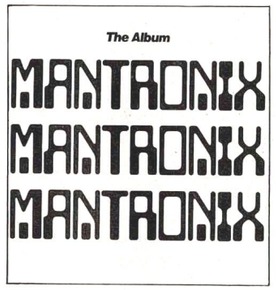
Also embracing the silicon chip over the guitar, **Mantronix** manage more light and shade in their skippy rapbeats and pegged-nose vocals on *The Album* (Body Heat). Two years old, it's just enjoying local release after their later *Music Madness*. This is the other end of the black-inspired musical universe to the Tamla Motown/Soul revivalism.

Local duo **Severed Heads** demonstrate the better signs of the Euro influence on *Bad Mood Guy* (Volition). Their music is very much a soundtrack to their video presentation, though definite songs emerge here. The bouncy beat of the title track and others like "Hot With Fleas" are balanced with the more atmospheric "Dressed In Air", while "Rabbi Nardoo Flagoon" is like a stuck record of a choral recital in an Arctic blizzard.

English band **Depeche Mode** use synths and digital samplers on *Music For The Masses* (Mute) to expand their musical palette from what they feel are the usually limited range of sounds utilised by rock and jazz bands. Emerging as a young synth pop band in 1981 with the tunes of Vince Clarke (who left to form Yazoo), they've evolved a sermonic tone to the often baroque flavor of their electronics.

Another band that has resolutely stuck to its musical guns over the last few years is **New Order** — arguably one of the best bands of this decade. *Substance* (Factory) neatly encapsulates their six-year existence. A double album, it features a dozen of their 12-inch single-a-sides. They've stuck fairly consistently to their techno-chugg feel though with a greater sense of song and melody than **Cabaret Voltaire**, whose groove tends to become a rut. New Order's tunesmithing should have been vindicated by Paul Young's treatment of "Love Will Tear Us Apart Again" from their days as **Joy Division** — though hardcore JD fans were upset. They're not above having a good whinge in their lyrics, but sometimes the aloof facade drops and a bit of vulnerable humanity shines through.

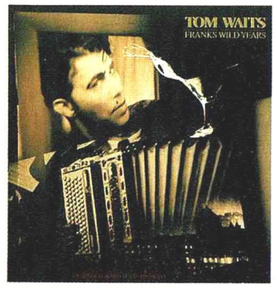
Jangling their way centrestage from the more traditional organic band corner are America's **REM** with their fifth *Document* (IRS) and the **Smiths** with their swansong decree of *Strangeways, Here We Come* (Rough Trade). REM have tidied their sound to the level of decipherable lyrics (with their querolous yankee tremolo whine). There is now obvious power in the recorded instruments as on their "Strange" version of throbbing rock. A show of normally veiled humor is the sarcastic "It's The End Of The World As We Know It (And I Feel Fine)." This is the sort of sentiment Smiths' vocalist Morrissey could relish and croon to a suitably inappropriate backing as in "Girlfriend In A Coma" with its jaunty, jolly musical swagger. This is the final parting of the strangeways between Morrissey and ace guitarist/writer Johnny Marr, who has gone on to write for that more mainstream crooner Brian Ferry. Morrissey's dreamy, vulnerable delivery of his hard-hitting lyrics made a good contrast to Marr's variety of settings which even here arrives at old time rock and roll on "Death At One's Elbow." Still, both REM and the Smiths have a sense of folk delivery about their songs. REM have a serious rural stench as if in sacred cowpats they have trod, whereas the Smiths have a sense of dodging garbage on England's not so grassy streets.

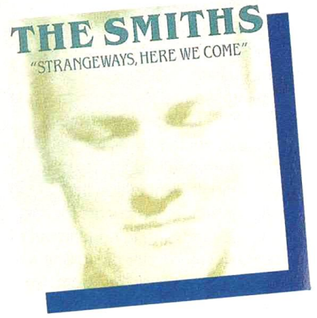


The crackly 78rpm version of "Innocent When You Dream" that closes **Tom Waits'** *Frank's Wild Years* (Island) captures the spirit of the rest of this collection of songs from Waits' play of the same name. The songs have been rearranged slightly to work as an album and operate as the last of a trilogy with *Swordfish-trombones* and *Rain Dogs*. Waits has evolved Frank as the central character living in lowlife who "packed up his accordion and said blow wind blow wherever you may go . . . 'cause I'm going straight to the top . . . " Pump organ, accordion, banjo and near tribal percussion have the funk of a New Orleans bender.

Waits' current label Island have just celebrated their own wild years (25 to be exact). *The Island Story* (Island) makes for a particularly diverse collection from **Millie** to **U2** and most points in between.

The **Jazz Butcher Conspiracy**, posing as *Distressed Gentlefolk* (Big Time), take up the mantle — or rather used skivvy — of Lloyd Cole. — *Jeremy Cook*





Clockwise from the top: Mantronix shade their skippy rapbeats; More spirit from Tom Waits; The Smiths dodge garbage with their folk delivery; Severed Heads strike a balance on their latest.

FILM

GUARDIAN ANGELS

Left and below: The look and feel of police/romance/thriller Someone To Watch Over Me is unadulterated Ridley Scott; Bottom two: Inner Space is fast-paced and fun — but what else do you expect from Spielberg?

Someone To Watch Over Me, director Ridley Scott's latest excursion, is yet another diverse dance step in the career of the man who gave us the lush Napoleonic epic of revenge *The Duellists*, the haunting gut-churning Gothic horror of *Aliens*, the sleazy futurism of *Bladerunner* and the scrambled fantasy fairyland of the abysmal *Legend*. Each film is different in its theme and setting, yet all share an exquisite visual styling that has become Scott's trademark.

The look and Forties feel of police/romance/thriller *Someone To Watch Over Me* is unadulterated Ridley Scott. From the mistily smudged and monied opulence of New York's Upper East-side millionaire belt and the pretentious, glitter-dripping glamor of the city's gallery and cocktail scene to the crass and homely gaudiness of the hero's modest Queens house, there is no mistaking whose film this is.

Tom Berenger (*The Big Chill, Platoon*) is Detective Mike Keegan, recently promoted homicide cop who's assigned the demeaning task of babysitting a coolly gorgeous socialite who has witnessed a murder and is under threat from the psychopathic killer. Keegan is happily married to Ellie (Lorraine Bracco), a pretty and tough wisecracking ex-policewoman. They have an eight-year-old son and their lives together are a world well away from the glitzy turf Keegan finds himself on for his first detective assignment.

From the moment he sets eyes on socialite Claire Gregory (Mimi Rogers) and is patronised and bullied by her snootily boring boyfriend (John Rubinstein), Keegan is gawky, uncomfortable and resentfully aware of the gulf that separates his life from theirs. Resigned to his job, he props himself up in a chair in the foyer of the witness' three million dollar apartment, wearily and sneerily drinking coffee and chucking balls of paper at ornate light fittings around the room.

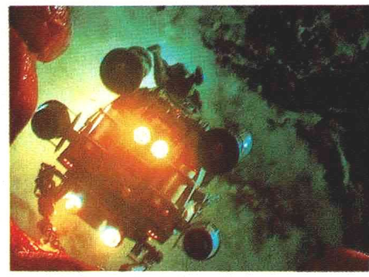
When his restless socialite insists that he accompany her to a society gathering he unwittingly allows her to fall into the hands of the man who threatened her. Keegan chases the killer but does not apprehend him before the man turns himself in to a street cop. Comforting the shaken Gregory after her shock and physical abuse, Keegan begins to see an attraction in her vulnerability. The unattainable is reaching out for him and his protection of her takes on a more personal and involved facet.

At the station he becomes the butt of jokes from his macho buddies and at home he begins to view his wife's humorous, down-to-earth coarseness with distaste. The ball rolls on until he's entrenched in a shared infatuation with his beautiful witness; his guilty admission of his feelings prompts his wife to take their child and leave him. The film rolls on gathering pace and blood-spilling action toward a climax that rivets and a conclusion that's inescapable.

Script (Howard Franklin) and haunting score marry with the film's characteristic visual appeal to mesmerise. All performances, particularly that of Berenger, are worthy of commendation. Rogers and Bracco make interesting and attractive chalk and cheese and there is a certain satisfaction in the fact that they never know or confront one another through the film. Rogers also has a facial similarity and bearing so strikingly reminiscent of Faye Dunaway in *Chinatown* that for me it was hard to resist making comparisons between the actresses and the movies throughout. It wasn't fair because *Someone To Watch Over Me* came off in second place and it is a film with merits that deserve to stand alone, merits that bear thinking about long after the closing credits. Recommended.

It is a vastly different guardian angel that watches over the unassuming hypochondriac shop assistant Jack Putter in Steven Spielberg's Joe Dante-directed newie **Inner Space**. Putter is protected and guided into hair-raising adventures and romance by a corpuscle-sized jet pilot who floats around the check-out jockey's innards in a tiny inner space capsule.

The jet pilot, a racy rascal by the name of Tuck Pendleton, doesn't know what he's doing in the body of our man Jack; he's supposed to be cruising around the vitals of a rabbit as a part of an experiment in micro-shrink medicine. Jack, sure as eggs is eggs, doesn't know what the little bloke is doing talking to him from his alimentary canal. Jack was minding his own business in a shopping mall when someone shoved a hypodermic containing Pendleton into the right cheek of his bum. Pendleton wants out and Jack wants Pendleton out, but first there's baddies to be battled and pretty girls to be kissed as the pair work out a way to retrieve the stolen technology that will return Pendleton to normal size before his air runs out.



Inner Space stars the extraordinarily likeable Dennis Quaid as the devil-may-care Tuck Pendleton and the wimpily funny Martin Short (*Three Amigos*) as the geeky Jack Putter. It is fast paced and fun and boasts great special effects — what do you reckon, this is a Spielberg flick, ain't it? Look at it as a kind of *Fantastic Voyage* that doesn't have to rely on Racquel Welch's acting talents for its laughs. Try it, you'll like it. — *C.J. Mackay*

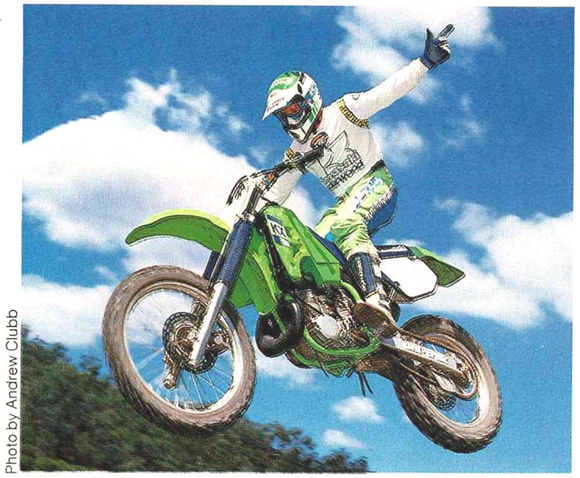
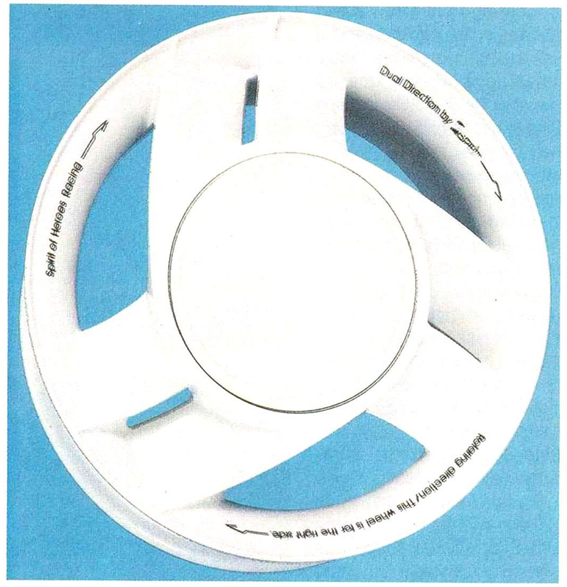


Photo by Andrew Clubb

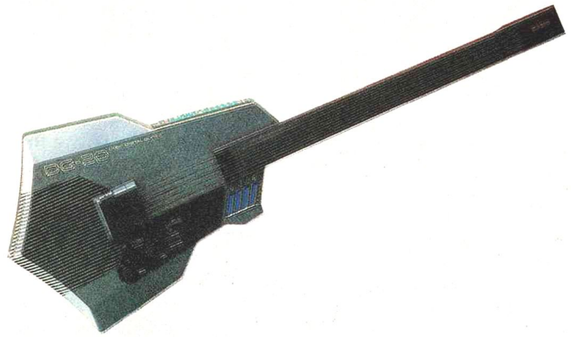
THE DIRT

When they say the new range of Kawasaki motocrossers has hit our shores, they're not kidding. Hit, gouged, shredded — this kind of horsepower is no tenderfoot when it comes from getting from point A to point B. The dirt is that further developments have been made to increase usable horsepower, refine suspension and improve the overall package of the KX series. Kawasakis have been the most prominent choice of machinery over the past few years for good reason, and the latest refinements ensure riders on these mean machines will have a head start. Pictured is Kawasaki's leading rider Dave Armstrong.



HOT WHEELS

Australia's hottest wheels you'll find under the one roof at any of the Mullins Wheels outlets — wall to wall sass, with either the style or grunt to suit your vehicle. Enkei is the brand pictured and the number that Mullins tout as the ultimate in automotive chic, but don't take their word for it. They've got outlets in all capital cities, so look them up.

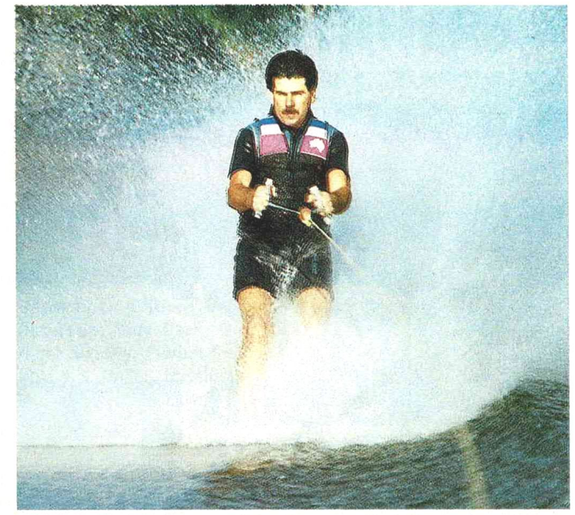


TURN ON, TUNE IN

For the home guitar tinkerer, here is the most exciting development in music for a long time. A big statement, yes, but listen to this: a guitar that never goes out of tune, a guitar with built-in speaker and 20-rhythm beat box, a guitar that can play tunes from blazing distortion to funky clavinet and clarinet — all battery-operated (or plug it into your car cigarette lighter). Great fun — but frankly, the guitar maestro will only find them fun for the first hour or so until the novelty wears a bit thin (no bending of notes . . . a little tinny . . .). To cater for him, Casio has produced the MG-500 and MG-510, a high performance MIDI guitar. MIDI stands for Musical Instrument Digital Interface — which means it understands the language of computers. It can talk to a computer, vice versa, or it can talk to other instruments. A Fairlight computer is a MIDI. Mind you, an MG MIDI guitar *will* go out of tune sooner or later; however, its built-in electronic tuner makes light work of that problem. The possibilities with this machine are limitless. For example, this machine enables you to assign different sounds to each string for a full orchestration. Or you can fatten up your sound by utilising the octave unison of the guitar sound . . . Hard to explain — only your ears will believe. DG models start around $600 while the MGs retail for around $1800.

VESTED INTEREST

From windsurfing, water skiing and speed power boating, to sailing, canoeing, fishing or leisure boating — whatever you're into, Driclad has a stylish buoyancy garment to suit. While "life jackets" must have a buoyant collar, and be produced only in standard safety yellow or orange colors to earn the title, buoyancy garments can lash out in vibrant fashion colors and provide specialist cuts for particular actions. A life jacket must be able to turn an unconscious wearer on to his back with the face safely out of the water, while buoyancy vests are designed to keep a conscious wearer afloat. Now you know the difference, Driclad makes them all. You can telephone them on (02) 72 0321 for a brochure. Twenty-five years in the business has proved their reputation for quality.



TASTE

Anyone who's slaked with a Steinlager or three obviously knows about taste. Steinlager's marketing whizzes now give you the opportunity to advertise that fact with a range of fashion leisure gear. There's a huge umbrella, cotton beach towel, beach chair, sun visor, sweatshirt, polo shirt or T-shirt — all reasonably priced and available through mail-order catalogues distributed in most places where Steinlager is sold. Otherwise ring (02) 356 2733 to find out more. If you *don't* know about taste, and haven't tried the Stein-and-dine recipe for a great evening, it's not too late to clean up your act.

CRAZE OR CRAZED?

Powerboards are one of the latest buzz machines for wet fun: powered by an outboard, controlled by one hand, and steered by body weight. The flotation cowling around the motor is designed to prevent the motor becoming submerged in case of a spill. All Australian, you can locate your nearest dealer by phoning the outfit on (02) 975 1200.

PREACHING TO THE CONVERTIBLED

Amazing that more motoring outfits aren't turned on to the pulling power of convertibles. At least Toyota's come to the party with its Celica Convertible; it has an electrically-operated power top that opens easily at the touch of a button. A sleek, sporty number available on order, it offers excellent performance and economy as only a Toyota can. Chat to a dealer if you like the look.

ALL MOD CONS

You don't have to be a Mod to enjoy the pleasure of a sporty Vespa Piaggio. But it probably helps. Vespas are at last overcoming their geeky image as cosmopolitan men and women are discovering their appeal and efficiency in zapping in and out of traffic and cruising on a Sunday afternoon. They're a barrel of fun, just like the old joke says. What old joke? The one that asks about the two things that are great fun until your friends see you on them. Fat women and motor scooters. Well, don't be afraid to have your mates see you on a Vespa. Put a skinny woman on the back, go fanging and they'll admire your style. This Vespa PX 200E was supplied by Action Suzuki, 61-65 Wentworth Avenue, Sydney.

REAL MEN'S TOYS

They say the best selling adult toy in New Zealand is the inflatable sheep. They are a simple, rustic folk, those denizens of the Land Of The Wrong White Crowd. Here in Australia, we may ride on the sheep's back but when it comes to buying toys, inflatable boats are the choice of the red-blooded, hairy-chested adult. And why? Because they offer the most fun you can have outdoors and not get picked up by the police doing it. The blow-up beauty pictured is available at KB Inflatables, Parramatta Rd, Sydney. KB's has one of the largest ranges of inflatable boats in Australia. Prices for quality goods start at around $1500.

Photo by Geoff Howden

ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS

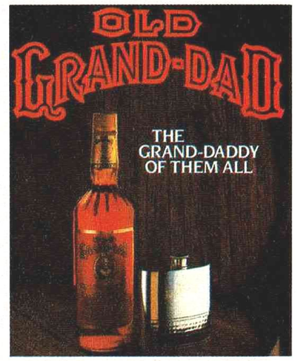
Reviving the era of plasticine porters, kaleidoscopes are again exciting and amazing all who peer into their impossibly beautiful depths. What's special about James Smail's kaleidoscopes is that they're more than easy on the eye from the outside, as well. James' company, Independence Studios, has the sole importing rights to a NZ outfit turning out these ornately carved and finished numbers out of kauri and rimu — raw, rare timbers which take 1000 years to mature. They also add the new innovation of being oil-filled, which gives the viewing an intoxicating fluidity as you turn it. All done with mirrors and with fragments of cut, colored glass at the end of the barrel, which rotates. The combinations are virtually infinite — and too beautiful for words. The big gun pictured with the tripod goes for around $750 — and redefines the concept of wide screen. The smaller ones start around $95. James carefully selects his outlets, so you'll have to call him on (02) 439 2216 to find out where to get one. Guaranteed to win the hardest heart.

Photo by Geoff Howden

WHAT A HIDE

No macho fashion victim is complete without a classic leather jacket and now's as good a time as any to give you a peek at a couple of the beauties in the Frantik winter leather range for men. Frantik are innovative leather experts whose ranges for men and women are eagerly awaited and snapped up by those who appreciate quality local leather and styling. On the left you'll find a khaki stone wash denim and leather number that'll be retailing for $795. The classic bomber jacket in brown stone wash leather will be retailing for $649. You'll find Frantik stores in Sydney, Perth and New Zealand.

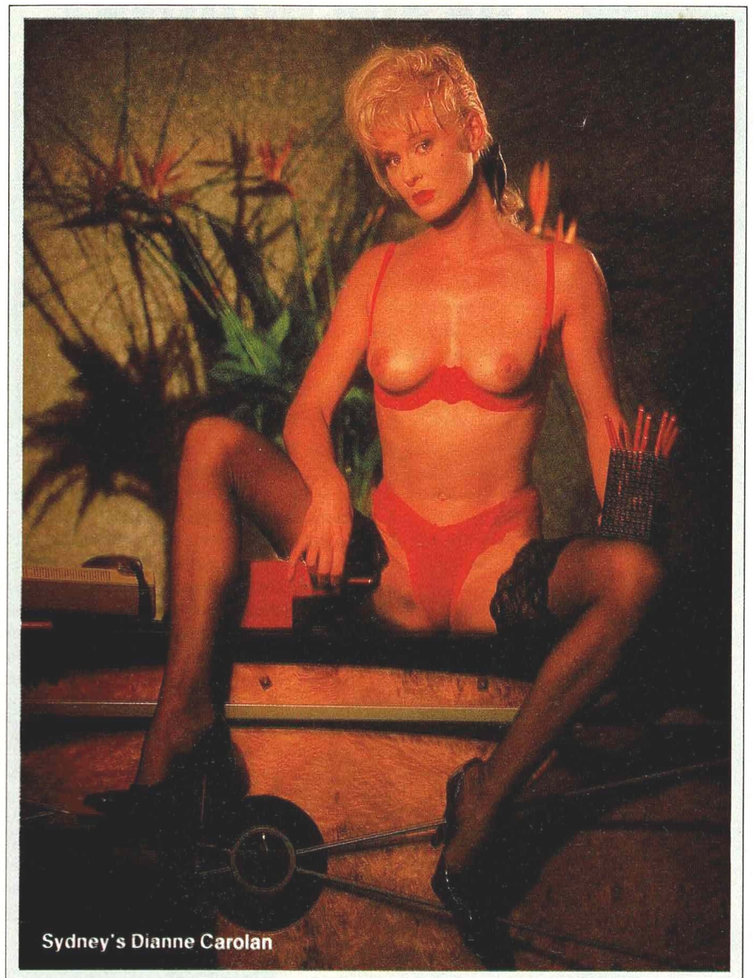
AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .



The following folk have each scored themselves a magnificent House Of York 6oz pewter hip flask bearing the Old Grand-dad logo by entering the Old Grand-dad Giveaway in our September edition: David Petersen, Bray Park, Qld; Nigel Allberry, Floreat Park, WA; A.S. Deller, Strathfield, NSW; S.D. Leudar, Ivanhoe, Vic; B.K. Watson, Coolangatta, Qld; Kerry Kay, Berri, SA; Peter Kelly, Caboolture, Qld; M. Connolley, Bellbird, NSW; Andrew Malczyk, Hastings, Vic; P. Beweling, Bullsbrook, WA; S. Scott, Mill Park, Vic; Peter Newbon, Greenwood, WA; A.F. Norman, Toowong, Qld, Ric Munro, Karratha, WA; Peter Ristuccia, Reservoir, Vic; Terrence M. Donnelly, Cairns, Qld; Chris Seeto, Burwood, NSW; Lee Appleby, Oak Flats, NSW; John Newman, Townsville, Qld; Shane Munro, Nth Adelaide, SA. Beware posties bearing gifts, and thank UDL, importers of this marvellous drop.

SPECIAL SPECIALS

Brand allegiance takes on another dimension with the release of the John Player Special range of toiletries. No bad jokes you'll read here about "essence of bumper" or its "baccy bouquet." Rather, the scent is described as having a top note of a combination of rosemary and lavender, woody notes of oakmoss and patchouli, and rounded off with the spicy freshness of bergamot and coriander. But who are we kidding? Have a snort and surprise yourself. The range consists of eau de toilette, aftershave, hair and body gel and deodorant. It's a quality range, distinctively packaged.



Sydney's Dianne Carolan

COMING IN MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Michael Jackson Profile — Timothy White, one of the world's top rock journalists, was probably one of the last people to conduct an in-depth interview with Michael Jackson. White's comparison between the teenaged Jackson, already a superstar, and the horrifying half-man, half-girl, half-black, half-white creature of today makes compelling reading.

Test Your Sexual IQ — This authoritative and comprehensive quiz investigates your knowledge of and attitudes towards the opposite sex. Are you a sexual genius, an average individual with a healthy awareness of sex, or an ignorant prude? March *Australian Penthouse* has the answers.

The Year Of Darren Clark — When he was 17 and shattering world age records, it seemed anything was possible for the glamor boy of Australian athletics. Gold medals at Seoul — two, maybe even three — were confidently predicted. Injury and back luck have dogged him for successive seasons but Clark is convinced that he needs only one good year — this year — to set the record book straight. Can he bring home the bacon in 1988? Find out in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

Divine Dianne — In India, a fainting spell is otherwise referred to as "divine swooning." That cultural analogy will come into its own for you when you find yourself blacking out at the dazzling beauty of 22-year-old Dianne Carolan next month. You'll agree that Dianne, from Sydney, is an angel incarnate. Don't miss her.

Car Theft — The statistics shock and alarm: joyriders and professionals steal 133,000 vehicles annually, adding between $44 and $95 to your car insurance premium. One quarter of all stolen cars are not recovered. Is there a direct link between high unemployment, poor transport systems and car theft? *Penthouse* also asks whether the vehicle makers are even trying to ensure their cars are difficult to steal.

THE PLUMBER

Continued from page 62

their house is broken and entered and the first thing the heroin freak takes is Harry's jar of coins.

With the blankets drawn up under her chin, Gayle is looking at him the way an echidna might objectively glance at the ant before zapping it with its tongue.

Harry feels he is a match for her mood. If not, he can always belt her one.

"A pool, huh? Is that your big joke for the night? Just how much did you lose on the poker machines? The first day's excavations?"

Harry clenches and unclenches two tight fists. "I've been watching that ad on TV. The one with John Singleton and the elephant." Harry is removing his tie. So far so good. ". . . I think it's called Blue Haven . . . you know the one . . . above ground with the built-in sauna . . ."

Gayle has had enough. She is out of bed and advancing on Harry, looking superb in her pink and white shortie pyjamas.

"You arsehole! You told Troy last week you couldn't afford a skateboard for his birthday and tonight you've probably lost enough to buy him a second-hand car."

That's it. That's finally it. Harry looks at her squat, round body . . . her curling upper-lip, dripping with disdain . . . Jesus Christ, that's it. He unwinds the backhander. Gayle waits for it, knowing full well that the guilt he will suffer will far outweigh the immediate pain. They have lived this way for many years.

It is Saturday morning. Harry is alone, fiddling with the portable barbecue. They have friends coming around for lunch. Gayle is at her aerobic class and Troy is at soccer. Harry is placing the T-bones on the side grill and painting them with a small brush which he dips into a mixture of chilli sauce and flagon claret. Nobody has ever liked Harry's marinated steaks.

Around his head, Harry has on his Walkman which Gayle gave him last Father's Day. He is listening to *Hooked On Classics* and snapping his fingers to the rhythm of a botched Bach fugue. His memory of the events of the previous night is slowly fading under the influence of six or seven icy cold cans extracted from the Esky standing by the barbecue.

Life isn't too bad. He is peripatetic in his own house . . . his kingdom. And the bruise under Gayle's left eye will be gone by next Wednesday's Neighborhood Watch meeting.

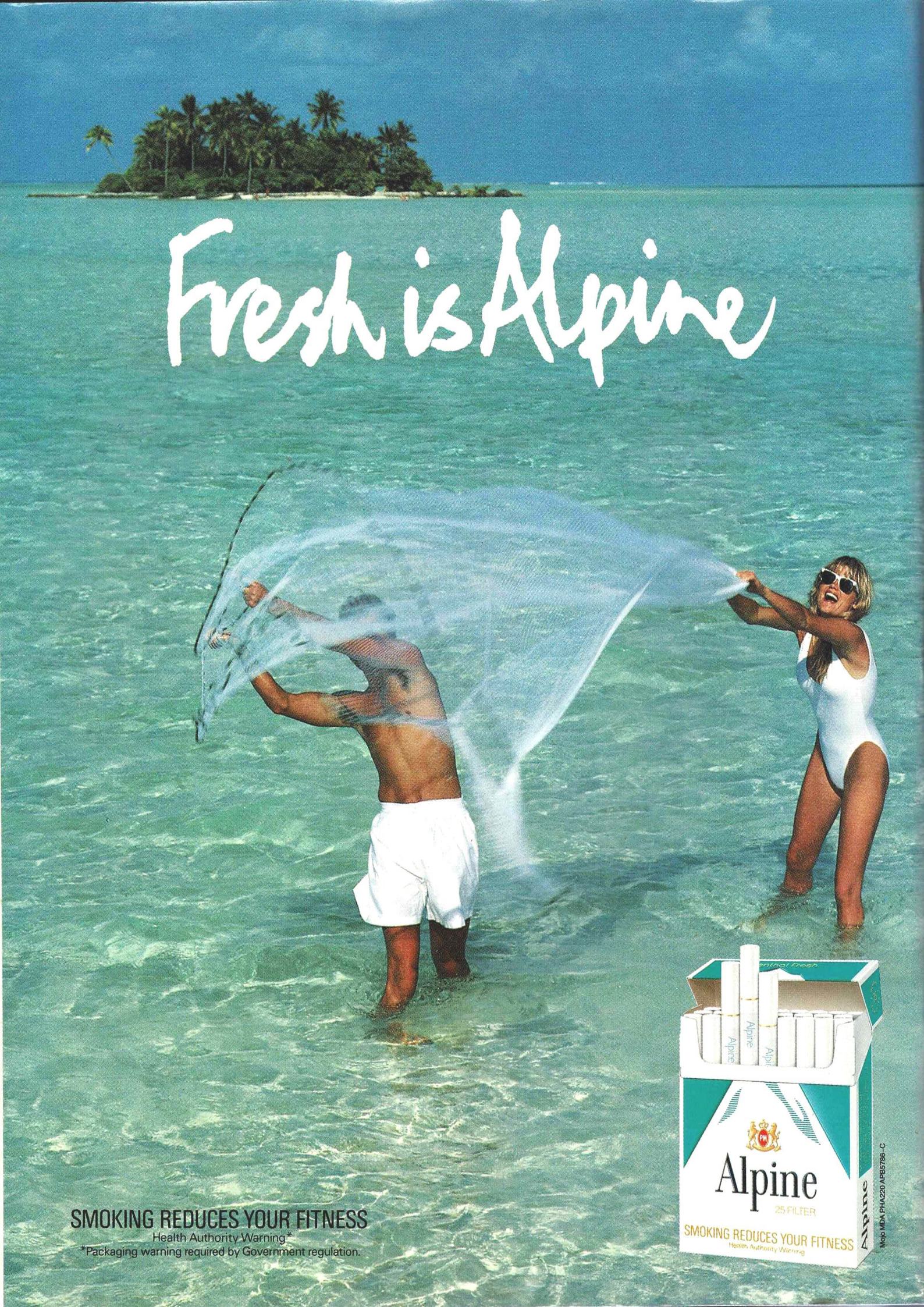
With the certain knowledge of Galaxy Kid winning the last at Rosehill that afternoon, life isn't too bad at all. With a lifting heart, Harry starts to gouge the little pieces of red shit out of the Tasmanian scallops. This barbecue is going to be a bit of class. Bloody oath it is.

As pure as the driven...

Ogilvy MCB 0007 APB 5986-A

PREMIUM CASCADE LAGER

'pure beer'



SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning*
*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.